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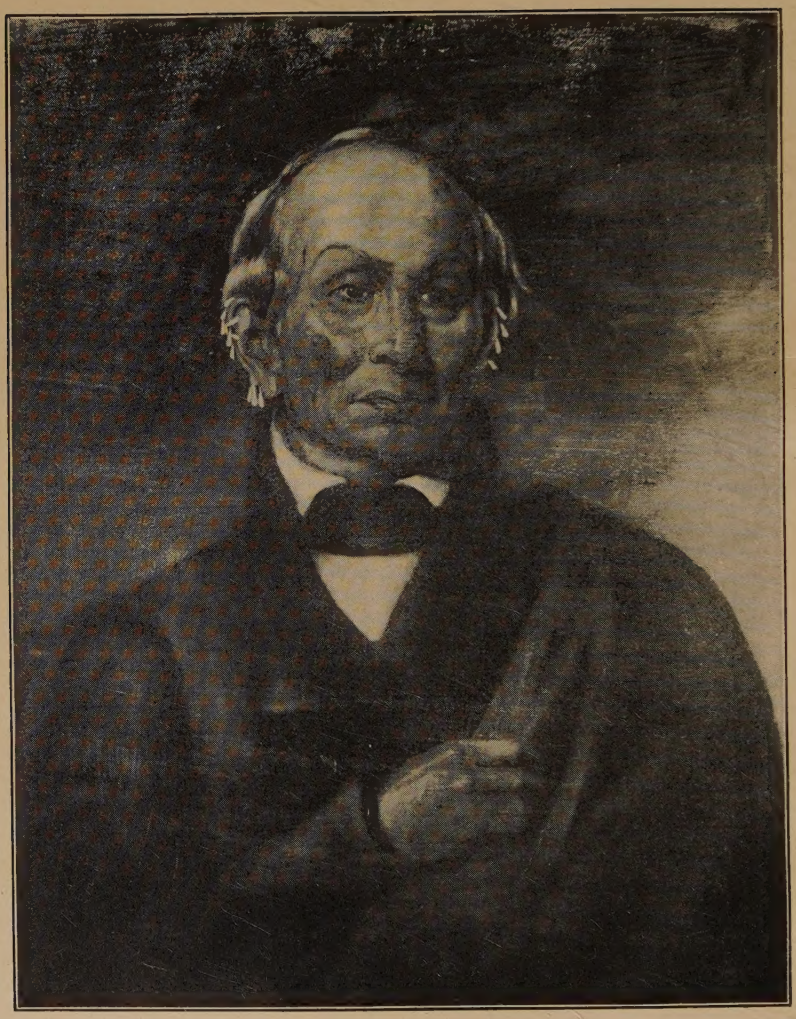

Black Hawk (1767-1838)

From original oil portrait by R. M. Sully, painted at Fortress Monroe, while Black Hawk was confined there in 1833. The property of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

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COLLECTIONS

OF THE

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

EDITED BY

LYMAN COPELAND DRAPER, LL. D.

SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY

VOL. V

Being a page-for-page Reprint of the Original Issue of 1868

UNDER THE EDITORIAL DIRECTION OF

REUBEN GOLD THWAITES, LL. D.

Secretary and Superintendent

Index

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1907

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Contents and Illustrations

Page

Portrait of Black Hawk . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Preface to Reprint Edition. *R. G. Thwaites.*

Vol. V

(Edited by Lyman Copeland Draper)

Part I

Facsimile of Original Title-page . . . . . .

Introductory iii

Objects of Collection desired iv

Officers for 1867 vii

Officers for 1868 viii

Synopsis of Annual Reports of Executive Committee, 1860–66 . 1

Thirteenth Annual report of Executive Committee, January 3, 1867 23

Officers for 1860 32

Officers for 1861 33

Officers for 1862 34

Officers for 1863 35

Officers for 1864 36

Officers for 1865 37

Officers for 1866 38

Eulogies—

John Warren Hunt. *Ezra S. Carr* 39

Louis Powell Harvey. *David Atwood* 48

Canadian Documents. Notes by *The Editor* 64

Documents: *Letters*—Frontenac to De Seignelay, 65; De Louvigny to the Sovereign Council, 67, 78; De Callières to the Minister, 73, 76; De Vaudreuil and others to the Minister, 77, 80, 92, 104, 106, 107; Bishop of Quebec, 85. *Narratives*—Father Charlevoix, 81; Father Crespel, 87; William J. Snelling, 95.

Page

Historical Notices of De Louvigny, Perrot, De Lignery, De Beaujeu, Marin, Du Buisson, De Villiers, De Noyelle, and St. Ange. *The Editor* 108

Early Days at Prairie du Chien, and the Winnebago Outbreak of 1827. *William J. Snelling* 123

Indian Honor: an incident of the Winnebago War. *Western Courier* 154

The Winnebago Outbreak. *Lewis Cass* 156

Letter to Gen. Henry Atkinson. *Henry Dodge* . . . 157

A Western Reminiscence. *Abram Edwards* . . . 158

Part II

Fourteenth Annual Report of Executive Committee, Jan. 4, 1868 . 161

Eulogy on Henry Dodge. *Silas Uriah Pinney* . . . 173

The Winnebago War. *Thomas L. McKenney* . . . 178

Reminiscences of Wisconsin. *John H. Fonda* . . . 205

Dodge's Volunteers in the Black Hawk War. . . . 285

DOCUMENTS: *Letter*—Henry Dodge to Potosi *Republican*, 285. *Statement*—Of Treasury Auditor, 285.

Reminiscences of the Black Hawk War. *Emilie*, in Galena *Advertiser* 287

Battle of the Bad Axe. *Henry Smith* 291

Capture of Black Hawk. *David McBride* 293

Dells of Wisconsin: Black Hawk's Cave. *Newport Mirror* . 298

Black Hawk's Autobiography Vindicated. *J. B. Patterson* . 300

DOCUMENT: *Letter*—Of Antoine le Clair, 302.

Death of Black Hawk. *Willard Barrows* 305

Winnebagoes and the Black Hawk War. *Washington Constitution* 306

Sioux and the Black Hawk War 310

DOCUMENT: Talk between Gen. Joseph M. Street and the Sioux, 310.

Personal Narratives of Black Hawk War. *Joseph Dixon* and *W. Davidson* 315

Part III

Early History of Education in Wisconsin. *W. C. Whitford* . 321

SUBDIVISIONS: French Missionaries and Traders, 321; No French Mission Schools, 323; Few First Settlers Educated, 324; First Schools in Families, 324; Schools among Indians, 326; Military Posts and their Schools, 329; Early Schools of Lead Region, 333; Settlers from Eastern States, 335; First Schools of Eastern Settlers, 335; System of Public Schools,

Page

337; State University, 345; Union or Graded Schools, 345; Blind Asylum, 346; Academies and Colleges, 346; Conclusion, 350.

History of School Supervision in Wisconsin. *W. C. Whitford* . 352
Life and Services of J. D. Doty. *Albert G. Ellis* . . . 389
Reminiscences of Hole-in-the-Day. *Julius T. Clark* . . 378
Sketch of Hole-in-the-Day. *Alfred Brunson* . . . 387
Note on Hole-in-the-Day. *The Editor* 400
Death of Hole-in-the-Day. *St. Paul Press* 402
Murder of Hole-in-the-Day. *St. Cloud Journal* . . . 406
Additional Note on the Younger Hole in-the-Day. *The Editor* 408
Gen. Cass at St. Marie, 1820. *Milwaukee Wisconsin* and *Charles C. Trowbridge* 410

INDEX. *The Editor* 416

Preface to Reprint Edition

The fourth volume of the *Wisconsin Historical Collections* was published in 1859; nine years elapsed, however, before its successor appeared. The outbreak of the War of Secession, with its enormous State expenditures, led to retrenchment in every possible direction. Among the publications issued under the patronage of the young Commonwealth were the *Collections;* but this being one of the enterprises not essential to the life of the State, very naturally it was in 1860 suspended by special act. Six years later, the war being concluded, the legislature authorized (chapter 135, Laws of 1866) a new volume, to be issued in three successive parts of a hundred and fifty pages each, during the years 1867, 1868, and 1869. Dr. Draper found it inconvenient to commence publication in 1867, but in the latter part of the following year published the three parts simultaneously. These were, however, bound separately, and in paper covers—part I, comprising pp. 1-160; part II, pp. 161-320; and part III, pp. 321-416, besides a general index to all. Issued in that ephemeral form, these parts were easily separated from each other, so that after a few years only persons accustomed to book collecting or having the library habit, possessed the three intact. The result was, that a complete set of volume v soon became known the country over as a rarity. The Society's own stock, although carefully husbanded, was quite exhausted as early as 1888, twenty years after publication; and collectors of Wisconsiniana have at any time within the past fifteen years often paid second-hand dealers for this volume as much as ten and twelve dollars. In hundreds of otherwise complete sets of these *Collections*, possessed by libraries and individuals, volume v is still missing;

by such, the present reprint will be welcomed with especial pleasure.

Apart from its interest as a bibliographical rarity, the volume possesses much merit from the historical point of view. The synopsis of the Society's Annual Reports for the years 1860-66, when it possessed no medium of publication other than the Madison newspapers, are important documents in the history of the institution—to these being added the detailed Reports for 1867 and 1868.

The documents ranging from 1690 to 1730, concerning the protracted Fox War, were of much importance to the early historian of the French regime in Wisconsin, and until recently were one of the chief sources for the story of this period. The much fuller and more accurate presentation of material thereon, in volumes xvi-xviii of the *Collections,* has, however rendered these earlier versions of small avail. As for Draper's historical notes thereon, they are of permanent value; although, of course, to be read in connection with later investigation of the subject.

The Winnebago War (1827) is interestingly dealt with by several writers—the articles of greatest concern being those by Snelling, Cass, and McKenney.

The Black Hawk War (1832) plays a large share in this volume, as in several of its successors; perhaps the most interesting feature of the present series of articles being the glimpses afforded of the methods and personnel of Dodge's rough riders, from the lead-mining district. Judge Pinney's eulogy of Dodge is in the same connection.

Hole-in-the-Day, a celebrated Chippewa head-chief, is elaborately treated by Messrs. Clark, Brunson, and Draper, and some anonymous newspaper writers. Born in 1800, and murdered in 1868, this warrior made a lasting impression upon the early American settlers in Wisconsin and Minnesota. These recitations of his daring deeds and high character, present him in a favorable light.

Two notable contributions to the educational history of the

State are presented by Prof. William C. Whitford of Milton College. Later accounts of this phase of State development have largely been based on his original study.

It has been our custom in this series of reprints, to publish as a frontispiece illustration to each volume the portrait of some person whose name is prominently connected therewith. Dr. Draper was thus given in volume i, Henry S. Baird in ii, Augustin Grignon in iii, and John Y. Smith in iv; Black Hawk is herewith presented, as the principal historical character in volume v.

R. G. T.

Madison, Wis.
October, 1907

REPORT

AND

COLLECTIONS

OF THE

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF WISCONSIN,

FOR THE YEARS 1867, 1868 AND 1869.

VOLUME V.

MADISON, WIS.:
ATWOOD & RUBLEE, STATE PRINTERS, JOURNAL OFFICE.
1868.

Introductory

From 1854 to 1859, four volumes of *Reports and Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin* were published by the State. In 1860, the Legislature, to lessen the public burdens, intermitted its publication; but with the return of peace and prosperity, the Legislature of 1866 authorized the Society to have published by the State Printer a *Part*, of 150 pages a year, to commence in 1867, and to be consecutively paged, so that three successive parts should form a volume. Circumstances unnecessary here to mention, prevented the Secretary and editor of the Society's publications, from commencing the issue of this new series until now; but the delay has added very considerably to the accumulation and completeness of the *material* from which to make the selection. For the convenience of the editor, and for the sake of securing uniformity of paper, the third Part, that for 1869, is a little anticipated in the order of time. The fifth volume of the Society's *Collections* presents, we believe, quite as varied a historic melange, and as replete with interest, as either of its predecessors.

Again we appeal to our friends for appropriate contributions—to our surviving pioneers for their reminiscences, and to our citizen soldiery who served in the late war, for diaries, documents, personal and general narratives.

L. C. D.

Madison, Wisconsin, Oct., 1868.

Objects of Collection Desired

1. Manuscript statements and narratives of pioneer settlers—old letters and journals relative to the early history and settlement of Wisconsin, and of the Black Hawk war; biographical notices of our pioneers, and of eminent citizens, deceased; and facts illustrative of our Indian tribes, their history, characteristics, sketches of their prominent chiefs, orators and warriors, together with contributions of Indian implements, dress, ornaments and curiosities.

2. Diaries, narratives, and documents relative to the war of the rebellion, and more especially of the part enacted by Wisconsin officers and soldiers—their heroic exploits, sufferings and services.

3. Files of newspapers, books, pamphlets, college catalogues; minutes of ecclesiastical conventions, conferences and synods, and other publications relating to this State or Michigan Territory, of which Wisconsin formed a part from 1818 to 1835—and hence the Territorial Laws and Journals, and files of Michigan papers for that period, we are particularly anxious to obtain.

4. Drawings and descriptions of our ancient mounds and fortifications, their size, representation and locality.

5. Information respecting any ancient coin or other curiosities found in Wisconsin. The contribution of such articles to the Cabinet is respectfully solicited.

6. Indian geographical names of streams and localities in this State, with their significations.

7. Books of all kinds, and especially such as relate to American history, travels and biography in general, and the West in particular, family genealogies, old magazines, pamphlets, files of newspapers, maps, historical manuscripts, autographs of distinguished persons, coins, medals, paintings, portraits, statuary and engravings.

8. We solicit from Historical Societies and other learned bodies that interchange of books and other materials by which the usefulness of institutions of this nature is so essentially enhanced—pledging ourselves to repay such contributions by acts in kind to the full extent of our ability.

9. The Society particularly begs the favor and compliment of authors and publishers to present, with their autographs, copies of their respective works for its Library.

10. Editors and publishers of newspapers, magazines and reviews, will confer a lasting favor on the Society by contributing their publications regularly for its Library—or at least such numbers as may contain articles bearing upon Wisconsin History, biography, geography or antiquities; all of which will be carefully preserved for binding.

Packages for the Society may be sent to, or deposited with, the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to take charge of them. Such parcels, to prevent mistakes, should be properly enveloped and addressed, even if but a single article: and it would, furthermore, be desirable that donors should forward to the Corresponding Secretary a specification of books or articles donated and deposited.

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Joseph Sabin, 84 Nassau St., New York.
Samuel G. Drake, 17 Bromfield St. (up stairs), Boston.
Geo. Remsen, 819 and 821 Market St., Philadelphia.
Hon. L. J. Farwell, Patent Office, Washington.
I. A. Lapham, LL. D., Milwaukee.

L. C. D.

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REPORT AND COLLECTIONS

OF THE

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF WISCONSIN

VOL. V. FOR THE YEAR 1867. PART I.

Synopsis of Annual Reports

1860-66

During the suspension of the publication of our *Report and Collections,* the fourth and last volume of which was issued in 1859, the annual reports of the Executive Committee have only appeared in the newspapers, and only in abbreviated form in some instances; a synopsis of them seems necessary in order to preserve the principal features of each year's labors and progress in accessible form. With the renewal, by liberal Legislative enactment, of the privilege of permanent publication, we shall resume issuing the Executive Committee's annual report *in extenso.*

Sixth Annual Report, January 3, 1860

A Society specially devoted to the single object of gathering, preserving, and disseminating whatever pertains to the

history of an independent Republic like Wisconsin, is engaged in a work of no unimportant character. History, from the Greek word *istoria,* signifies literally a knowledge of facts and events acquired by personal observation and research—an examination, investigation, or inquiry, in order to obtain a knowledge of the facts and events sought for elucidation. According to Verrius Flaccus, it means *the knowledge of things present;* so that the idea of narration would seem to be a secondary meaning of history. But in the progress of the science it designates, it has received a more extensive meaning, until it has come to signify that science which treats of man in all his social relations, political, commercial, religious, moral and literary, as far as they are the result of general influences extending to large masses of men, and embracing both the past and the present, including, therefore, every thing which acts upon men, considered as members of society; and its object is, to represent with truth and clearness, the relations in which man exists, and the influences to which he is subject.

In investigating these relations, and dispersing the clouds which often envelope truth, history is a science; in exhibiting its treasures of truth, it is an art. Individuals, events, actions, discoveries and measures, are historical as far as they have a bearing upon the many, in their relations to each other; or, as far as they disclose a truth, important with respect to the relations which that truth may sustain to other truths or to society.

History justly ranks among the highest and most useful of sciences. It is, indeed, the reflector which enables us to account for the present, and shows us what may be the future, by placing the past vividly before us. The chief aim, therefore, of such a Society as ours, is not so much to exhibit the treasures of history, as to gather scattered facts, investigate their credibility, and place them in their proper relation; or, in other words, such a Society is properly devoted to the science, rather than the art of history. The State Historical Society of Wisconsin has, then, a mission of no small importance; and such has been its conceded vigor and success, that its example has

been largely instrumental in leading to the organization of some eight similar associations in the Western and South-Western portions of the Union.

The Treasurer's Report shows the receipts of the year, including the small balance on hand at the date of his last report, to have been $1,030.89; the disbursements $948.47—leaving a balance of $82.72 in the General Fund. The balance of $47.77, previously reported in the International Literary Exchange Fund, still remains unexpended.

During the past year, the increase of the Library from ordinary sources has been 813 volumes—378 by purchase, 431 by donation, and 4 by exchange. The year preceding, the purchases were 424 volumes, donations 442, exchanged 241—the latter, except ten volumes, were from M. Vattemare, as the first fruits of his system of International Literary Exchanges. Deducting those received from M. Vattemare, we shall find the past year's increase of the Library comparing very nearly with that of the preceding year; and though the number of volumes purchased was 46 less, more money was expended for them, and a large proportion of them are really more rare and valuable. Our expenditure for books in 1858, was $586.29; while, in 1859, it amounted to $711.71. In 1858, among the large class of works added to the Library were 50 folios and 56 quartos—total 106 volumes; in 1859, 32 folios and 74 quartos—total 106 volumes.

In this exhibit of the increase of the Library the year past, we have given only the augmentation from the ordinary sources; but outside of these ordinary sources a still larger increase has been secured—from the large book publishers of the country. In the summer and autumn of 1858, the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, in his capacity of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, visited Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and called on several leading publishers, soliciting specimen copies of their standard publications suitable for School Libraries. Not having time to call in person upon all the principal publishers, he issued a circular addressed to them, on the 10th of Nov., 1858,

soon after his return home—the following extract from which will sufficiently explain the object:

"In my forthcoming Annual Report to the Legislature of Wisconsin, I shall strongly urge the adoption of a permanent State system of School Libraries; recommending that a special fund be set apart for this purpose, so that the Libraries may not only be creditably commenced, but annually replenished with solid and useful books, calculated to suit the tastes, and meet the wants, of all classes of community. I am well persuaded, that the Legislature will be inclined to adopt some good plan—probably the township system, similar to that of Indiana, Michigan and Ohio. It is urged by the leading educators, and principal men of the State, and cannot, I think, fail of success.

"While recently in Philadelphia and New York, I called on several of the most prominent publishers, and suggested that they send me a sample copy of such of their publications as they might think appropriate for School Libraries, so that I might use them for a double purpose—first to submit to the Legislature in evidence of the great saving that might be made by having a State system by which to procure the works at the lowest wholesale rates, instead of leaving the Towns to purchase of peddlers and others at the highest retail prices; and, secondly, from which to make, eventually, a suitable selection for such School Libraries. When done with them, I propose to place them in the Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, as the gift of the several publishers who contribute them—the Historical Society Library being the largest, best, and most consulted of any in the State, and hence the books, when placed in that collection, would still be in a position to attract the attention of the hundreds and thousands who visit the Library annually."

As the result of this solicitation, 987 volumes have been received—nearly all of which may be regarded as works of a sterling and standard character. It has been usual, we believe, for State Superintendents of Public Instruction to appropriate

such sample volumes to their private libraries; but, the late Superintendent thought that such a valuable collection should inure to the benefit of the public, and he deemed the State Historical Society a more fitting receptacle than the small library connected with the Superintendent's department, where they would have been consulted only to a limited extent. In the Library of our Society, they will better subserve the purpose of the publishers and donors, prove more accessible to the public, and are still ready for convenient reference to such person or persons as the State may designate to examine and determine the books for school library purposes. The cost of this collection, at ordinary rates, would not have been less than twelve or fifteen hundred dollars.

As these books have been formally conveyed to the Society, and added to its Library, the real increase the past year has been, from ordinary sources 813 volumes, from publishers 987 —total, 1800 volumes.

During the year past, 722 unbound documents and pamphlets have been received. And among the most valuable library additions have been forty-two bound newspaper files—eighteen of which relate to the last century, from 1763 to 1800; and many curiosities have been added to the cabinet. The Library now numbers 7,053 volumes, and 5,400 unbound pamphlets and documents, making together 12,453. No additions to the Picture Gallery reported.

A new volume—the fourth of the Society's *Reports and Collections,* has been issued during the past year, containing quite a variety of papers, of permanent value, on historical, antiquarian and scientific subjects, which, it is hoped, may prove as useful and acceptable as its three predecessors.

Seventh Annual Report, January 2, 1861

The Annual Reports of the Executive Committee and Treasurer, exhibit the receipts into the Treasury, including the balance at date of the last annual report, $1,203.19; disbursements, $1,115.48; leaving a balance on hand of $87.71. The

additions to the Library the present year have been 837 volumes, and 1,134 documents and pamphlets, making a total addition of 1,971 works. The total number of volumes now in the Library is 7,890, and including the unbound documents and pamphlets, 14,400. The whole number of bound newspaper files in the Library is 493, covering almost the entire period of the last century, with scattering volumes of an earlier date, and altogether replete with deeply interesting historic events and associations. There are fifty-one oil paintings in the Picture Gallery.

Eighth Annual Report, January 2, 1862

The receipts into the Treasury, including the small balance on hand at the commencement of the past year, have been $1,087.71, and the expenditures $965.13—leaving an unexpended balance of $122.58. .

The Library a year ago numbered 7,890 bound volumes, and over 6,500 unbound documents and pamphlets, or an aggregate of 14,400. During the past year the Library additions have been 610 volumes, and 711 unbound documents and pamphlets—giving an aggregate increase of 1,321; and exhibiting a total of 8,500 bound volumes, and over 7,200 unbound documents and pamphlets, now in the Library, or combined over 15,700. Of the past year's addition, 258 were folios, and 53 quartos—an unusual proportion of this class, owing to the large number of accumulated newspaper files which we have recently had bound and placed upon our shelves. In classifying these additions, 349 are works on history, biography, genealogy, travels, publications of Historical and other learned societies, and bound newspapers; 68 relate to agriculture, science and the mechanic arts; 148 pertain to laws and legislation, and 45 are of a miscellaneous character.

The chief feature of the Library increase the past year has been the large addition of bound newspapers. In 1855 we had forty volumes of newspaper files bound; the Society's files have been ever since accumulating. We have, the past year,

had 240 volumes bound, and obtained fifteen volumes by purchase and nine by donation, making the total increase of our newspaper collection 264 volumes, of which twenty-seven are of quarto and 237 of folio size. The fifteen volumes purchased are all, except one, English newspapers, published between 1758 and 1794—exceedingly valuable for their antiquity, as well as for the current record of events in the then American Colonies, and in the infancy of our new Republic. Beside these, there are 78 other newspaper files, also published beyond the limits of Wisconsin, from 1844 to 1860, of which 22 volumes are made up of daily papers of New York, Chicago and London, and eleven volumes of semi and tri-weeklies, aggregating 125 years of newspaper literature. One hundred and seventy-one volumes, of which seventy-four are dailies, and furnishing in the aggregate 300 years of newspaper literature, are exclusively Wisconsin papers, published from 1845 to 1861. Many of the volumes comprise as many as three or four years of a single weekly newspaper in a separate volume; so that the entire 264 bound newpaper files added to our collections the past year cover in the aggregate a period of 425 years.

The entire collection in the newspaper department now numbers 757 volumes, and must aggregate very nearly a thousand years of this valuable class of historical literature. There is no other such collection, nor any thing at all comparable to it, to be found in the West, and but few equal to it anywhere; and probably there is no State in the Union which has so complete a collection of its own leading newspapers as our Society has brought together during the past eight years.

Such newspaper files, besides their uses for the purposes of history, their gratification and interest as objects of curiosity, and the opportunities they so richly afford us for contrasting the tame and simple past with the astonishing strides of the ever-onward present, also contain thousands of published legal notices, advertisements, and records of public events. These are often required as evidence in our higher courts: and upon these unpretending newspaper files, which are too generally regarded as of little value, immense property interests fre-

quently depend. In some important cases, not only the Courts but the Lawyers on both sides, have gladly availed themselves of the files and documents in the archives of our Society. It will not be unreasonable to predict, that in the course of time, titles to landed property in litigation in Wisconsin, to the value of millions of dollars, will depend—perhaps exclusively depend—upon the legal notices and advertisements found in the precious files of newspapers preserved by the Society, and which commence with the newspaper literature of Wisconsin, in 1833, and extend to the present time—each day contributing additions to the collection. In this particular alone, the Society is silently, yet constantly, collecting and preserving what will inevitably prove of vast importance to the pecuniary interests of the people of every part of our State. By means of our preserved newspaper files, citizens from distant parts of the State have come to the seat of Government, and been enabled to prove their just claims, and get them allowed by the Legislature—and, in some instances, newspaper publishers themselves, for advertising for the State.

The Library rooms have undergone some important changes and improvements, particularly in appropriate shelving for the largely increased bound newspaper collections. The Librarian has devoted his time exclusively to the interests of the Library—receiving some ten thousand visitors during the year —re-arranging and better classifying the books on the shelves —arranging and collating newspaper files for binding, and cataloguing the books proper and newspaper files on the amplified card system of Prof. Jewett, now so generally adopted by all the large Libraries of the country. This important work of systematic cataloguing is designed to be prosecuted until all the unbound documents and pamphlets are included.

In drawing to a close, our report of the Society's last year's history, we cannot but express the conviction, that with the additions made to the Library and Cabinet, and the largely increased facilities and conveniences of the Library itself, the year 1861 has shown as much advancement in all that attaches to a good and useful public Library as any former year.

And what a field of historic culture is still spread out before us! Look at the wide extended territory from Lake Superior on the North, to the Illinois prairies on the South, and from Lake Michigan on the East, to the Mississippi on the West—presenting an area of fifty-four thousand square miles, nearly as large as England and Wales combined, and five-sixths the size of Scotland and Ireland together. Such is Wisconsin!—and she can boast a history as varied and interesting as that of any of her sister States of the North-West. For ages the Red Man had roamed her luxuriant woodlands and undulating prairies, when the adventurous Catholic missionaries, nearly two hundred years ago, penetrated her borders, and planted missions at Depere, and at Che-goi-me-gon, or La Pointe, on Lake Superior. Marquette and his hardy band of explorers soon ascended Fox River, and down the Wisconsin, and from our own territory first discovered the great Father of Waters, the Mississippi. Following closely upon the self-denying missionaries in their indefatigable labors to plant the banner of the cross on our soil, came those untiring couriers of the wilderness, the traders or merchant princes of the forest, with their train of voyageurs, who, in the gainful pursuit of commerce, penetrated almost every portion of Wisconsin, where water-courses enabled them to float their light canoes, and reach the Indian settlements. Then followed in their order the successive and romantic French expeditions of De Louvigny, Marin and De Lignery, for the chastisement of the intractable Sauk and Fox Indians. About 1745 the bold and adventurous De Langlades made at Green Bay, the first permanent settlement in Wisconsin; and the younger De Langlade led forth the tawny warriors of Wisconsin, who shared in the many sanguinary conflicts of the old French and Indian war, from Braddock's defeat, in 1755, to the final English conquest of Canada, in 1760. The location of an English garrison at Green Bay in 1761, and its evacuation in less than two years thereafter; the movements of Sieur Charles De Langlade and the Wisconsin Indians during the Revolutionary contest; the war of 1812, and the military affairs at Prairie du

Chien; the Winnebago disturbances of 1827, and the Black Hawk war of 1832, and the succeeding rapid settlement and development of the country—all combined to furnish fruitful subjects of historic research and investigation.

But a new field of historic culture has been suddenly and unexpectedly opened up before us in the great Southern rebellion of 1861. With over twenty thousand men in the field and under arms, Wisconsin has a deep and abiding interest in the result of the mighty contest now pending—a contest which will mark a new era in the history of our common country. So much, at least, of this history as the men of Wisconsin may assist in making, it is the imperative duty of our Society to collect and preserve, as minutely detailed as we can possibly obtain it. To this end, several hundred circulars have been sent to the brigade, regimental and company officers of our volunteers, appealing to their State pride to preserve for the Society, diaries of the services, especially of our own troops, and secure diagrams of interesting military localities, and collect relics and trophies of the pending contest. Our hopes are sanguine of securing much valuable material from this source; and we confidently trust that the Society, in future years, may not want for facts or details to prepare a full and impartial history of the services of our gallant volunteers in aiding to successfully quell the wicked and unnatural rebellion of our misguided brethren of the South.

Ninth Annual Report, January 2, 1863

The Treasurer's Report gives a detailed statement of the finances of the Society for the past year—exhibiting $1,130.08 in receipts, and $1,090.30 in disbursements, leaving a balance of $39.78 in the Treasury.

During the past year earnest appeals have not been wanting to the officers of the several regiments which have been sent from our State for the national defence, to keep diaries, and preserve war trophies and relics, for the Society—some few scattering fruits have already resulted therefrom; but a much larger harvest, we trust, is yet to come.

The Library additions, so far as bound volumes are concerned, have not been quite equal to the year preceding, while the pamphlets and unbound documents exhibit a large increase. A year since the Library numbered 8,503 bound volumes, and 7,318 unbound documents and pamphlets, or an aggregate of 15,821. The past year has added 544 bound volumes, and 2,373 unbound documents and pamphlets—or 2,917 together; so that the total number of volumes now in the Library, bound and unbound, aggregate 18,733. Of these, 674 are folios, and 790 quartos, after deducting about 44 duplicate quartos, which have been exchanged for works of lesser size; while the remainder of the works are chiefly octavos. Another year, with proper interest and industry on the part of the officers, members and friends of the Society, should bring the Library up to fully 20,000 volumes.

During the nine years since the efficient re-organization of the Society, the total cash disbursements of the Society have been $9,128.36, of which $5,031.79 has been for books alone, and $4,096.57 for rents, fuel, postage, cataloguing, and other incidental purposes. These figures will probably show that a larger portion of the total amount expended, has been for books alone, than in any similar instance that can be cited in the history of a public library. The average annual book expenditure has been $459.08, and $455.17 for incidental purposes.

Among the more important and noticeable additions of the year is a nearly completed set of the *Transactions of the Royal Society,* London, from 1665 to 1835, in 137 volumes, in fine condition. This rare and valuable work, together with 1,921 unbound documents and pamphlets, upon historical, scientific, literary and other subjects, were purchased at the sale of the library of the late learned Dr. John W. Francis, LL. D., who died in New York city in February, 1861, in his seventy-second year, and who was one of the founders of the New York Historical Society, and a member of many of the learned associations of both continents. It is a matter of no small moment, that our Society has been so fortunate as to secure such

valuable literary treasures from the library of so eminent a scholar, author and antiquary.

A file of the *Pennsylvania Gazette,* for eight and a half consecutive years, from July, 1755, to the close of December, 1763, conducted by the American Philosopher Franklin, is a rare and precious relic of the past century, which has been secured, by purchase, from Joseph Musser, an aged resident on the borders of Wisconsin and Illinois, whose ancestors in Pennsylvania took and preserved the numbers as they appeared, and the whole has been kept as an heir-loom in the family for the past one hundred years. The Society is greatly indebted to Hon. J. W. Stewart, of Greene county, for his services in securing this venerable addition to our newspaper collection. This paper gives us a most interesting account, from week to week, of the progress of the old French and Indian war of that period, when Washington, Putnam, Gates, Marion and others of the chiefs of the Revolution, held but subordinate military positions, and were being schooled for their subsequent great and useful services to their country.

Tenth Annual Report, January 2, 1864

The Treasurer's Report shows the financial condition of the Society for the past year—exhibiting $1,042.78 received, including the small balance on hand at the commencement of the year, and $852.17 disbursed, leaving an unexpended balance of $190.61. During the ten active years of the Society's existence, the total cash disbursements have been $9,980.53; of which $5,387.79 has been for books and binding alone, and $4,592.74 for rents, fuel, postage, cataloguing, and other incidental expenses—thus exhibiting an average annual book expenditure of $538.78 against $459.27 for incidental purposes.

During the past year, the Library additions have been 248 volumes, and 356 unbound documents and pamphlets, making the total addition 604. Of these 112 are bound volumes of newspapers, of folio size, 5 volumes of quarto size, the rest being chiefly octavos. There are now in the Library 790 volumes of folios, and 795 quartos.

The whole number of bound newspaper files in the Library reported last year, was 811; we now add as the result of another year's efforts, 112 volumes—making a total of 923 volumes in the newspaper department. Of these additions, the *Boston Evening Post,* 1769–74, in three folio volumes; the *Pennsylvania Packet and Advertiser,* from 1782 to 1822, nearly complete, and from 1831 to 1838, inclusive, in 79 volumes; the *Carolina Gazette,* 1798–1800, 1 volume; and the *Western Courier,* Louisville, Ky., 1813–16, 1 volume, deserve special notice.

A brief resume of some of the more important additions to the Library during the past ten years, will enable us better to comprehend their extent and value. Among these may be enumerated the *Gentleman's Magazine,* from 1731 to 1833, in 156 volumes; the *Monthly Review,* from 1749 to 1828, 203 volumes; *European Magazine,* from 1782 to 1823, in 84 volumes; Dodsley's *Annual Register,* 1758 to 1854, 95 volumes; *Edinburgh Annual Register,* from 1810 to 1825, 23 volumes; *Political Magazine,* from 1780 to 1891, 21 volumes; *Literary Magazine,* from 1788 to 1794, 12 volumes; *Port Folio,* 27 volumes; *American Museum,* from 1787 to 1792, 11 volumes; *Analectic Magazine,* 11 volumes; Niles's *Register,* from 1811 to 1849, 74 volumes; *Transactions* of the Royal Society, London, from 1665 to 1835, 137 volumes; *Repository of Arts and Sciences,* 10 volumes; *British State Papers*—Rolls Office Publications, 65 volumes, the *Senator and Parliamentary Register of Debates,* 38 volumes; *Universal History,* 38 volumes; British *Annual Obituary,* 20 volumes; Rees' *Cyclopedia,* 45 volumes; Appleton's *New Cyclopedia,* 16 volumes; Marshall's *Naval Biography,* 12 volumes; *Transactions* of the Spanish Royal Academy of History, at Madrid, 32 volumes; *Annals of Congress,* 42 volumes; *Congressional Globe and Appendix,* 40 volumes; *Transactions* of American Philosophical Society, 17 volumes; *Publications,* Smithsonian Institution, 11 volumes; *American Archives,* 9 volumes; *Plymouth* and *Massachusetts Records,* 16 volumes; New York *Colonial Documents,* and *Documentary History,* 14 volumes; Pennsylvania *Archives* and

Records, 24 volumes; the *North American Review,* in part; *Transactions* of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in part; the publications nearly complete of all our American historical and antiquarian societies; collections of voyages, biographical dictionaries, and a very large and invaluable collection on the early French explorers and explorations of the North-West, on American genealogy and American bibliography.

Probably few historical or literary institutions in our country have succeeded, in so brief a period, in accumulating so rich and rare a collection of American and English newspaper files of the last century as it has been our good fortune to bring together. It is probably much more extensive than has been supposed even by those most familiar with that department of our collections. As a matter of general interest we give a list of such files as were published in the last century alone—being only about *one-ninth* of our whole newspaper collection, yet this particular portion numbers 123 volumes and may almost be literally said to be worth their weight in gold:

	Vol.	*Year.*
London Gazette	1	1680–82
True Briton	1	1723–24
Edinburgh Evening Courant	1	1727
Pennsylvania Gazette	4	1755–63
London Evening Post	1	1757–58
London Evening Post	1	1757–59
Edinburgh Chronicle	1	1759
Edinburgh Chronicle	1	1760
Maryland Gazette	1	1760–62
Maryland Gazette	1	1763–67
Boston Gazette	1	1764
Edinburgh Advertiser	1	1765
Boston Chronicle	1	1867–68
Boston Evening Post, &c	1	1769
Boston Evening Post, &c	1	1770
Boston Evening Post, &c	1	1771
Edinburgh Advertiser	1	1772
Boston Evening Post, &c	1	1772–73
Edinburgh Advertiser	1	1773
Boston and New York Papers	1	1774
Pennsylvania Gazette, &c	1	1775
Pennsylvania Evening Post	1	1776–77
Boston Gazette, &c	1	1776–77
Boston Journal, &c	1	1778
Boston Journal, &c	1	1779
Edinburgh Advertiser	1	1779
Boston and New York Papers	1	1780–83

Royal Jamaica Gazette	1	1782
Pennsylvania Packet	1	1782
Boston Chronicle	1	1782–84
Pennsylvania Packet	2	1783
Edinburgh Advertiser	1	1783
Maryland Gazette	1	1784
Edinburgh Advertiser	2	1784
Edinburgh Advertiser	1	1785
Pennsylvania Journal	1	1785
Pennsylvania Packet	3	1786
Massachusetts Gazette	1	1786
Edinburgh Advertiser	1	1786
Pennsylvania Packet	2	1787
New York Journal	1	1787–88
Pennsylvania Packet	2	1788
Pennsylvania Journal	1	1788
United States Gazette	1	1789–90
Pennsylvania Packet	1	1790
United States Gazette	1	1790–91
Pennsylvania Advertiser	1	1791
London Chronicle	1	1791
London Chronicle	1	1792
Pennsylvania Advertiser	2	1792
Massachusetts Spy	2	1792
London Chronicle	1	1793
Poughkeepsie Journal	1	1793–94
Massachusetts Spy	1	1793–94
New York Diary	1	1794
London Chronicle	1	1794
Philadelphia Advertiser	1	1794–95
Baltimore Intelligencer	1	1794
Baltimore Gazette	1	1795
United States Gazette	1	1795–96
Philadelphia New World	1	1795–97
Philadelphia Minerva	1	1795–99
Pennsylvania Advertiser	2	1796
Massachusetts Spy	1	1796
Pennsylvania Advertiser	3	1797
Massachusetts Spy	1	1797
New York Time Piece	1	1797–98
New York Journal	1	1797–99
Philadelphia Advertiser	2	1798
Philadelphia Advertiser	1	1798–99
Columbian Centinel	1	1798
Carolina Gazette	1	1798–99
Columbian Centinel	1	1799
Baltimore Gazette	1	1799
London Gazette	34	1767–99

Ten years ago this very month, Gen. W. R. Smith, Rev. Charles Lord, Hon. Hiram A. Wright, Dr. John W. Hunt, Prof. O. M. Conover, S. H. Carpenter and L. C. Draper, met in the office of State Superintendent Wright, in the North West corner room of the main floor of the old capitol, adopted a new constitution, and re-organized the Society

under the charter obtained the year previous. The Society had had a nominal existence for five years, and had secured a small book-case, three and a half feet wide, and four feet high, containing four shelves. During the first year, Frank Hudson—the first donor to the Society—contributed two volumes of Transactions of the American Ethnological Society, and an original drawing of a lizard-shaped mound, discovered by him, in 1842, near Third Lake, in Madison; a bibliographical volume on the Literature of American Local History, was received from the author, Herman E. Ludewig, of New York; and a patent deed of land in the State of New York, dated 1794, and signed by Gov. George Clinton, from Dr. J. W. Hunt. Gen. W. R. Smith delivered the first anniversary address. And thus we have the sum total of the first year's doings and collections of the Society. During Gov. Farwell's term, he caused a set of the Territorial and State Legislative Journals to be placed on the shelves as the gift of the State; an unbound file of three or four years of the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* accumulated; and Hon. M. L. Martin delivered an historical address, and Rev. A. Brunson and Joshua Hathaway contributed historical papers. Thus the first five years' gatherings of the Society did not exceed fifty volumes; and considerable unoccupied space was still left in the small book-case. This case—which we still retain—occupied a conspicuous place in the Executive office during the administrations of Governors Dewey and Farwell, with a lettered plate at the top, "State Historical Society." The Society during that period was certainly in no very prosperous condition.

But at the annual meeting of January, 1854, it was resolved to make an earnest effort to accomplish something commensurate with the hopes and purposes of such an institution. A circular was directed to be prepared and distributed by the Corresponding Secretary, appealing for suitable contributions for a Library and Cabinet. A committee was appointed to memorialize the Legislature for an annual appropriation to aid the Society in its objects and collections; and when the Secretary read the memorial he had prepared for that purpose, to

Gen. W. R. Smith, the latter approved the general scope of the document, but strenuously objected to asking for so large an appropriation as five hundred dollars a year—two hundred, he thought, was as much as should be asked for; that by asking for five hundred, we should defeat the whole object, and get nothing. The Secretary replied, that he thought the Legislature would as readily grant five hundred as two hundred for such a purpose; that little could be accomplished with two hundred dollars, but with five hundred, we could make a beginning, and he was willing the wisdom of the appropriation should be judged by its results. While the old General shook his head in doubt, the memorial was signed by the committee, and a few others—was presented to the Assembly by Judge Orton, then the Madison representative, who had it referred to the committee on State affairs, of which Hon. Sam. Hale, of Kenosha, was chairman. At Judge Orton's suggestion, Judge Hale and his committee spent a Saturday afternoon with the Secretary, at his private library, who entertained them with an exhibition of his private collections on Western history; and the committee concluded—we hope wisely—that if a single individual could accomplish so much, what might not the associated effort of a whole State, like Wisconsin, effect? They unanimously recommended the passage of an act in accordance with the prayer of the memorialists—and, with the friendly attention of Judge Orton in the Assembly, and Beriah Brown's efforts among the Senators, the bill passed without any material opposition. This was the beginning of friendly legislative action in the Society's behalf, which has since led Hon. Richard S. Field of New Jersey, to point to its success as the result of the "enlightened liberality of the Legislature of Wisconsin."

At the re-organization of the Society, in January, 1854, Dr. Hunt was chosen Librarian, and transferred the Society's bookcase from the Executive Room to the office of the Secretary of State, where it remained that year; though long before the year closed, it was crowded with additions to the Library, and

several hundred volumes had to be stored in the private library of the Secretary. In January, 1855, a small room, 15 feet square, in the south-eastern corner of the basement of the Baptist Church, was rented and occupied for two years, when further room was needed—and in January, 1857, a room on the west side of the basement of the same building, forty-four feet in length by fourteen in breadth, was rented and occupied for one year—when we removed into our present quarters, which have since been somewhat enlarged. Our rooms, covering a ground area of 45 by 60 feet, are so well packed, that further extension would be exceedingly desirable.

More room *we must have,* sooner or later—and the next removal should be a permanent one and to a fire-proof building, if possible. A few friends sufficiently realize its importance, and evince their willingness to lend a generous helping hand in providing a fund for a fire-proof building sufficiently commodious for the present and prospective wants of the Society. Will not the friends of the Society in Madison and elsewhere, resolve to make suitable provisions for this greatly needed edifice?

And when, ten years hence, those who may have the management of the Society, meet to review its progress during its second decade, may we not fondly hope that they may have—not twenty thousand volumes, as our present number nearly approaches—but twice twenty thousand volumes upon its shelves, in a durable fire-proof building, worthy of our noble Society, and worthy too of its generous, unflagging friends who, from first to last, have sturdily and manfully adhered to its fortunes?

Eleventh Annual Report, January 3, 1865

The Treasurer's Report exhibits the receipts of the Society, including the balance on hand at the commencement of the year, $1,241.61—the disbursements, $1,226.64, leaving an unexpended balance of $14.97. Among the receipts of the year, it is pleasant to notice a donation of $50 from the venerable

James Boorman, of the state of New York, an Honorary Member of the Society, and a gentleman of proverbial benevolence. Of this expenditure, $609.10 has been for books and binding, and $617.54 for rent and other expenses.

During the eleven years the Society has received State aid, our total disbursements from the general fund has been $11-207.17; of which $5,996 89 has been for books and binding, and $5,210.17 for rents, fuel, postage, cataloguing and other incidental expenses—thus exhibiting an average annual book expenditure of $545.17, and $473.66 for other purposes.

During the past year, the Library additions have been 520 volumes, and 226 pamphlets and unbound documents—making, of both together, 746; of which 242 were secured by purchase, and 504 by donation and exchange. Of this increase, 34 are quartos, 161 folios, the rest being chiefly octavos. The Library now numbers 829 quartos, and 951 folios, which may he regarded as a large proportion of such works for a collection of its size.

Among the past year's additions are 163 bound volumes of newspapers—ten of them of the last century; making the total number of bound files in the newspaper department 1,086—of which 132 were published in the last century, and one volume in the century preceding. A majority of the bound files added the past year cover the period of our civil war, and embrace three leading dailies of New York city, one of Cincinnati, and four of our own State—the remainder are weeklies. The ten volumes of the last century range from 1755 to 1788. At a recent sale of the literary effects of the late Rev. John D. Shane—a singularly industrious collector of matters pertaining to Western history, 37 valuable volumes of newspapers were secured; among them are files of papers published in Cape Town, Africa, Sandwich Islands, Melbourne, in Australia, Liberia, China, Smyrna, Constantinople, New Zealand, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, California, Washington and Utah Territories; and the *Cherokee Phoenix*—remarkable in the history of newspaper literature—established thirty-five years ago, and printed chiefly in Cherokee, though a part of

the English alphabet was used by GEORGE GUESS, or SEQUOYAH, a half breed Cherokee, the inventor of a syllabic alphabet of his native language, though he was himself unable to read, and had no knowledge of any language save his own. These curious files, representing the newspaper literature of so many distant and diversified countries, will be examined with singular interest by all classes of visitors.

Our newspaper files are becoming more and more complete and consecutive, and consequently more valuable and useful for all the purposes of history, statistics and general reference. There are but few collections of the kind in the country that exceed it—certainly none west of the New England States, New York and Pennsylvania. It is invaluable and richly repays the labor and expenditure necessary to its collection; and the Society should continue to make its newspaper department a special object of attention and augmentation. Such files serve to preserve, among other things, a vast number of statements and narratives relative to our unhappy internecine war, which will prove invaluable, and almost inexhaustible, sources of reference to the future historian of these troubled times.

Efforts have been made to secure pledges for a sufficient amount, payable in five equal annual installments, to erect a fire-proof building for the use of the Society. Success did not equal the efforts made. In these exciting war-times, with so much uncertainty attending all business calculations, most men are timid and cautious about making pecuniary pledges beyond what their necessities imperatively require As the lease for the rooms now occupied by the Society expires with the present year, and ampler accommodations are demanded for our steadily increasing collection, the Executive Committee has concluded to seek suitable rooms in the Capitol, where greater conveniences, and increased safety from fire, will be secured. We cannot but hope that those having this matter in charge will generously respond to this request, and thus render the Library—now scarcely second in numbers or variety to any in the West—more accessible and useful to the State officers, Supreme Court and Legislature. It is quite certain that

the Library, Cabinet and Art Gallery would, in such new quarters as it is hoped will be assigned for their reception, present an attractiveness which could never be expected in the cramped, ill-suited basement apartments we now occupy; and give to the whole collection a higher estimate of intrinsic and literary value than has hitherto been generally accorded to it.

Twelfth Annual Report, January 2, 1866.

The receipts of the year were $1,057.97; the disbursements $1,051.53—leaving an unexpended balance in the treasury of $6.44. Of this expenditure, $661.12 has been for books, newspaper files and maps, and $390.41 for rent and other purposes—exhibiting $115.95 above the average amount expended for books, and $83.25 less than the average for miscellaneous purposes.

During the year, the Library additions have been 368 volumes, and 806 unbound documents and pamphlets; making together 1,174 volumes and documents. Of the volumes proper, 170 were purchased, and 198 secured by donation and binding up newspaper files; of these 35 are quartos, and 50 folios—making a total in the Library of 1,001 folios, and 864 quartos.

To the *Newspaper Department* have been added 50 bound volumes, of which six volumes are the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, published by Dr. Franklin, in 1728 29; 1739–40; 1753-55; and 1764—making, altogether, fifteen years of this rare and valuable newspaper file. A collection of 137 maps and atlases has been added to that department—many of them early and rare American maps—Speed's of 1626; others of 1675; one of Quebec, 1694; and 40 different American Colonial maps from 1700 to 1775, and 19 maps and battle plans of the Revolution, 1775–83. The atlas, map and diagram collection now exceeds 400 in number; and they form a curious study of American geography, settlement and progress.

For several years past, the great want of the Society has been to secure safer and more ample accommodations. To our

appeal, the Legislature responded promptly and generously. by setting apart for our use a fine suite of rooms, occupying the entire second main story of the south wing of the new Capitol. That want happily supplied, we can now turn our attention to the pressing necessity for re-commencing the publication of Collections and Transactions. Such a volume, if issued only once in three years would prove a powerful stimulant in securing historical narratives, which, persons competent to write them, are now slow to prepare and furnish, with no certain prospect of their publication for many years. Never was there a time when so many deeply interesting, and, in some cases, even thrilling narratives, could be secured as now—with reference not only to the early settlement of our State, but to the heroic part performed by Wisconsin's sons in the recent war for the Union. Our own means are too limited to warrant such an enterprise; but, perhaps, the Legislature might authorize such publication, to commence two or three years hence, and limiting its issue to every three years thereafter—or by yearly installments.

Just eleven years ago the Society moved into this building,* with a thousand and fifty volumes, and one thousand pamphlets in its Library; and each returning anniversary meeting has shown a steady annual increase, sufficient, we trust, to meet the reasonable expectations of all. Designing, in a few days, to remove, with our twenty-one thousand volumes and documents, to the new suite of rooms so fittingly prepared for our reception by the State, may we not hope that our improved facilities and accommodations will stimulate every true friend of the Society to redoubled efforts and exertions for its increased prosperity?

*The basement of the Baptist Church.

Thirteenth Annual Report

SUBMITTED JANUARY 3d, 1867

Never before has the Society met under such favorable auspices as on the present occasion. Last year we assembled for the last time in our old, cramped and uninviting rooms—now in our new commodious, light, airy and tasty apartments. Immediately succeeding our last annual meeting, several weeks were necessarily devoted to the removal of the Library and collections, re-arranging and placing them in the cases in the Cabinet, and in the Gallery; and, in effecting this removal, it is but an act of simple justice to gratefully acknowledge the aid and friendly offices of Gov. FAIRCHILD, Superintendent COLEMAN, and Assistant Superintendent MEREDITH. This transfer from our old quarters to our new suite of rooms has imparted to the whole collection, Books, Cabinet, and Art Gallery—with their improved arrangement and better display—an interest and importance never before adequately comprehended or realized, even by the oldest and most devoted friends of the Society.

Removal—Dedication—Visitors

Gratified, as we are, with the happy change and improved appearance of our collections, we must feel doubly so when we realize that these attractions and conveniences draw, as they have, a largely increased number of visitors to our rooms—thus greatly augmenting the popularity and usefulness of the institution. The large attendance on the occasion of the ded-

ication of our new rooms, on the 24th of January last, when President LAPHAM and ex-Gov. SALOMON delivered appropriate addresses, proved but a precursor of the steady interest manifested in the Library and Collections during the entire year. While in our old rooms, the visitors, from the data kept by the Librarian, numbered ten to twelve thousand annually; and, during the past year the number could scarcely have been less than fifteen or twenty thousand. The unflagging interest thus manifested is the best evidence of the worth and usefulness of the Society; and this will be better appreciated, when it is contrasted with comparatively few visitors to similar institutions in some of the older States. When your Secretary visited one of them, where some forty thousand dollars had been expended in providing a fine library building, he asked the custodian of the attractive rooms and valuable collection, how many visitors, during the year, honored themselves and the library with their presence. The reply was "about one hundred and fifty."

Publication of Transactions

Another event of no small importance to the usefulness and growth of the Society, occurring the past year, deserves special notice—the authorization by the Legislature of the re-commencement of the publication of our Reports and Collections, on good paper; not a volume a year as formerly, but a hundred and fifty pages, so that three successive yearly installments will serve to form a full volume. By the exercise of careful scrutiny in the admission of none but really valuable historical papers, we shall be able to publish much useful information pertaining to the early settlement and progressive improvement of Wisconsin, and the worthy part our State and people have taken in the late war for the preservation of the Union. The regular publication of our Collections, commencing with the present year, will tend to stimulate, we may fondly hope, the contribution of much valuable historic matter which would otherwise be finally buried in the grave with

their possessors; and while such an annual report goes forth, it will bear upon its face the evidence that ours is a *live* Society doing well its part in garnering and preserving the past and passing history of our portion of the Great Republic. And it will, furthermore, furnish a means of literary exchange with scientific and historical associations as well as individuals, and thus enable our Society to add largely to its Library and other collections.

Receipts and Disbursements

The Treasurer's Report exhibits the receipts and disbursements of the year. Including the small balance on hand at the commencement of the year, the receipts have been, $1,044.94, and the disbursements $928.02—leaving an unexpended balance of $116.92 in the Treasury. Of this expenditure, $778.04 has been for books, papers, freight and binding—all relating to the direct increase of the Library, and $149.98 for postage, printing, repairs and incidental purposes. In no former year have the expenses been proportionately so large for the Library proper, and the incidental expenses so small.

Library Additions

During the past year, the Library additions have been 923 volumes, and 2,711 unbound documents and pamphlets, numbering together 3,634. Of the volumes proper, 210 were purchased, including newspaper files, bound by order of the Society, and 713 donated; and, of this number, 50 are quartos, 123 folios, and the rest chiefly of octavo size The Library now includes 1,124 folios, and 914 quartos. To our newspaper department have been added 160 bound volumes, making the total number in the collection 1,296—of which 138 were published in the last century, and one in the century preceding.

SEATTLE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

Progressive Library Increase

The past and present condition of the Library are shown in the following table:

Date.	Volumes added.	Documents and pamp's.	Both together.	Total in library.
1854, Jan. 1	55	.....	55	50
1855, Jan. 2	1,000	1,000	2,000	2,050
1856, Jan. 1	1,065	2,000	3,065	5,115
1857, Jan. 6	1,005	300	1,305	6,420
1858, Jan. 1	1,024	959	1,988	8,403
1859, Jan. 4	1,107	500	1,607	10,010
1860, Jan. 3	1,800	723	2,528	12,535
1861, Jan. 2	837	1,134	1,971	14,504
1862, Jan. 2	610	711	1,321	15,825
1863, Jan. 2	544	2,373	2,917	18,742
1864, Jan. 2	243	356	604	19,346
1865, Jan. 3	520	226	746	20,092
1866, Jan. 2	368	806	1,174	21,266
1867, Jan. 3	923	2,811	3,734	25,000
	11,101	13,899	25,000	.....

Extent of Library Additions

It will be seen by these figures, that the book additions have been larger the past year than for either of the six years preceding, and with the book and pamphlet additions together, larger than any previous year in the history of the Society. These additions are varied and valuable, imparting additional interest and completeness to the several departments of history and biography, science, newspaper and magazine literature, statistics, bibliography, genealogy and local history, works on the late rebellion, and several volumes of the valuable reprints and translations of W. Elliot Woodward's, Joseph Sabin's, and John G. Shea's historical series.

Character of the more Important Donations

The peculiarity of the year's additions have been a large contribution of Madison newspaper files, from S. D. Carpenter, and a valuable donation of New York and Madison pa-

per files, from Messrs. Delaplaine & Burdick; twenty-one volumes of the *Congressional Globe,* to complete our set, from Hon. J. R. Doolittle; a fine collection of educational pamphlets and documents, from Prof. C. H. Allen; a choice collection of 122 war pamphlets, and several bound volumes, from Robert Clarke, of Cincinnati, and a valuable file of the *Scientific American,* and other serials, from Gen. James Richardson. We have secured, by purchase, an exceedingly desirable collection of pamphlets and documents on the rebellion, numbering about sixteen hundred, making our entire collection on that subject nearly nineteen hundred.

Principal Donors of the Year

Beside the generous donors just named, we gratefully acknowledge donations also from Hon. J. R. Doolittle, Hon. T. O. Howe, Hon. W. D. McIndoe. F. A. Holden, Alanson Holly, John S. Dean, F. W. Case, Gen. Simeon Mills, Gen. James Sutherland, Silas Chapman, Col. S. V. Shipman, E. B. Quiner, Gov. Fairchild, G. W. Fanestock, Gen. A. Gaylord, Col. F. H. Firmin, B. W. Suckow, Rev. Geo. Fellows, Mrs. Ballard, Maj. L. A. H. Latour, J. H. Sheppard, J. D. Baldwin, J. Gallagher, Lieut. L. W. Pierce, Hon. J. H. Rountree, C. E. Bross, E. W. Young, C. J. Hoadley, E. Shippen, H. B. Dawson, O. H. Marshall, J. R. Bartlett, J. P. Bates, S. Hayden, and J. H. Ray; also from the States of Wisconsin, Vermont, Michigan, Illinois, West Virginia, Iowa, and Kansas; and from the American Philosophical Society, American Antiquarian Society, New England Genealogical Society, the Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Chicago and Fire Lands Historical Societies, and the Boston Public Library.

Pamphlet Additions

Aside from the large purchase of pamphlets and documents on the Rebellion, the additions to the pamphlet department have been large and valuable. The fine donation of educa-

tional documents by Prof. C. H. Allen, and of war pamphlets by Robert Clarke, have been already adverted to; other donors have been: Gen. Simeon Mills, 168; G. W. Fanestock, 162; Gov. Fairchild, 69; Hon. T. O. Howe, 36; S. H. Carpenter, 15; Col. S. V. Shipman, 12; Chicago Historical Society, 9; Hon. C. A. Eldridge, 8; L. C. Draper, 7; G. B. Holden, 6; and many others a lesser number.

Map and Atlas Department

To the map and atlas department but a single addition has been made—a chart of Libby Prison, from Capt. Nat. Rollins. The atlases, maps, charts and diagrams in our collection exceed four hundred.

Magazines and Newspapers

Seventy-five magazines, newspapers and serials come regularly to the Society, all, except six, as donations. The daily papers are bound, and placed on the shelves for reference, as frequently as there are enough of a kind for binding; the weeklies are laid aside till not less than three years of a kind are accumulated, which serve to make a volume of sufficient thickness for binding and lettering.

Portrait Gallery

To the Art Gallery three portraits have been added during the year. One of Hon. Daniel Wells, Jr., an early Milwaukee pioneer, who served in the Territorial Legislature, and since in Congress—painted by S. M. Brookes, and presented by Mr. Wells; one of the late Hon. Joshua Hathaway, an early settler of Milwaukee; and one of Rt. Rev. John M. Henni, Catholic Bishop of Wisconsin—both painted by Bernard J. Dorward, and presented by Mrs. Anne J. Hathaway, of Milwaukee, in fulfillment of a promise of her late husband, Mr. Hathaway We have now sixty oil paintings in our Gallery, and, it is to be hoped, now that we have good

apartments for the display of paintings, that others of our Wisconsin pioneers and war heroes will furnish theirs at an early day.

Additions to the Cabinet

Nine Indian relics and curiosities; twenty-one specimens of Confederate and Southern shinplaster currency; one hundred and eighteen coins and tokens; twenty specimens of natural history; about fifty war relics, and twelve miscellaneous articles—making a total of two hundred and thirty additions to the Cabinet. Among them, a copper coin, of the reign of Louis XIV of France, dated 1655, found at Ashford, Fond du Lac county, from N. B Bull; a fine three penny piece of the reign of William and Mary, 1689, from Samuel Barber, Mendota; a "Mind Your Business" penny, 1787, from Wm. Hoefling, Mendota; a fine collection of 51 tradesmen's tokens, and six European coins, from W. H. Holt; also a fine collection of 57 tokens from I. A. Lapham; a large and valuable specimen of lead ore, weighing 196 pounds, almost pure, from Ridgeway, Wis., from Hon. N. W. Dean; fine specimens of lead ore from Hazel Green, Platteville and Galena, and cinnabar from the Alamanden mine, Cal., from Hon. D. J. Seely; a fine collection of shells and other war relics from Maj. H. A. Tenney, J. H. McFarlane, Capt. G. Jackson, Hon. L. S. Dixon, Isaac Markins, Mrs. S. A. Barton, Capt. C. H. Barton, Mrs. S. H. Smith, A. J. Cole and D. W. Fernandez, including a large rebel flag captured by the 12th Wis. volunteers at Orangeburg, S. C., Feb. 12th, 1865; a proclamation of Sir Wm. Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, 1641-60, found at Warwivk C. H., Va., from J. W. Winter; a wax candle, said to have been brought to America in the reign of Charles II; Isaac Baldwin's Yale College Diploma, Sept. 10, 1835; an ivory cane head, curiously inlaid, said to have been made by a French prisoner in the Bastile, from Mrs. E. M. Williamson; a piece of wood and a piece of wall paper from the private box in Ford's Theatre, in which President Lincoln was shot, from J. S. Bliss; a fac simile letter, folded

and bound in miniature book form, of Gen. Cass to the Chicago Internal Improvement convention, 1848, from Gen. David Atwood; and the seal of the village of Madison, 1846, from T. H. Bovee.

Endowment Needed—Conclusion

There is probably no similar Society in the country that has done so much with such limited means, as ours—much that we have accomplished having been secured by donations. While our annual means remain substantially the same as in former years, the cost of all new books, as well as old historical literature, has very largely increased—hence we cannot now purchase as many volumes in a year as before the war; and this enhanced cost of books tends to restrict book buyers, and hence necessarily lessens book-givers. Very much of the old historical literature, as well as the new issues, are beyond our reach—our means being too small for our varied purposes of binding, postage, freight, and incidental expenses, to enable us to purchase only a tithe of what we ought to secure.

In this dilemma we ought more earnestly than ever before to take energetic action to secure *Endowment Funds,* as many of the kindred institutions of our country are doing. Probably a Binding Fund would be the most desirable with which to commence. Had we such a fund, of from three to five thousand dollars, the income from it would enable us to do much needed binding each successive year, of which we now have necessarily to deny ourselves—our thousands of classified pamphlets, and our new addition of Rebellion documents, are of this class. With such a fund secured, our General Fund would be relieved of a heavy tax, and thus enable us to purchase more largely of works on history, science and solid literature. The commencement of a Binding Fund might be made by subscription, payable one-fifth a year till all be paid, and thus render it of easy payment; a series of lectures might be provided in our rooms from good speakers in the State, who could be secured at a little or no cost to the Society; and our lady friends of Madison would gladly, no doubt, take the lead

in an Annual Festival for the benefit of such a fund. Cannot some such idea be adopted, and pushed forward with unflagging energy till success should crown the effort? What other Societies have done, ours can do *if we try.*

At the close of eighteen years from the formation of the Society, and thirteen since its re-organization—whence its real prosperity may be dated—we report, with no small pride and pleasure, a Library of twenty-five thousand volumes, bound and unbound, including nearly thirteen hundred bound volumes of newspaper files, over four hundred maps and atlases, four volumes of published Reports and Collections, several hundred manuscripts, a Gallery of sixty oil paintings, and a Cabinet of curiosities, embracing objects of *virtu* from almost every portion of the globe.

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Eulogies

Dr. J. W. Hunt

At a special meeting of the Executive Committee, Tuesday evening, Dec. 20, 1859, Prof. Ezra S. Carr, of the State University, rose and said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Historical Society: I have been requested to make a few remarks concerning the life and public services of one who has been called in the prime of manhood, to exchange life, usefulness, the charms of home and household ties, for an early grave. I come at your bidding "to fling my pebble on his cairn," conscious that many of you who were wont to meet him at the stated gatherings of this Society, many who were more familiar with his private and personal history, could do better justice to the subject and the occasion.

If anything can quiet the pulses of the busy life in which most of us are absorbed, it is when that life is confronted by the twin mystery of being, when funeral bells solemnly toll out the lessons of man's mortality, the brevity of his career, the equality of all in suffering and death.

To-day, all is brightness—hope invites activity—the heart beats high with expectation, and the brain labors for the accomplishment of great purposes—to-morrow both are dust. The present seems our only possession, so dim are our recollections of "that immortal sea which brought us hither," so faint and fugitive our conceptions of the mysterious river through which myriads pass and none return.

"Oh, none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale—
We hear the dip of the golden oars—
We catch the gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning sight—
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye—
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day."

"Gone for aye," leaving behind them sorrow and vacancy. We turn from the still face of the dead, from the tenantless house of clay, not altogether comfortless; for we know that even from the sacred dust will spring new creations of beauty that Nature, by her endless transformations, teaches how the body hath immortality, and we know "this voice of Nature to her foster child," her "inmate man," is but a type and shadow of the higher immortality which revelation brings to light as the soul's prerogative.

We do not mourn when the gray-haired pilgrim lays aside the enfeebled body, the benumbed senses which only imprison the spirit enriched by long experience and knowledge; it is in the loss of the young, those who are arrested in mid career, that the world seems too much bereft.

Yet, truly, "that life is long which answers life's great end;" and, judged by this standard, the friend whose loss we deplore to-night has neither lived briefly nor in vain.

Dr. John Warren Hunt was born in Upper Lisle, Broome County, New York, Feb. 28, 1826, and was the second son of Dr. Samuel M. Hunt of that place. I remember him first as a bright, intelligent lad of fourteen, greatly interested in the geological explorations then progressing in his native town. He assisted me in collecting some of the fossils now in the cabinets of the State University, and the Geological Hall at Albany, and accompanied me in my examination of neighboring localities. Soon after this time he entered Homer Academy, where he remained several years. Leaving the Academy, he commenced the study of medicine, first with his father, and afterwards under my instruction at Castleton, Vt., where he distinguished himself among a large body of students for his rigid economy and abstemiousness, and close application.

The peculiarities of his mind were apparent in his choice of studies, the literature and science of the profession being more attractive to him than those specific studies which are essential as preparation for its practice.

He left Vermont before completing his course, but subsequently received from Castleton Medical College the degree of Doctor of Medicine; and I next heard of him in Wisconsin, where he arrived in June of '49. He first settled in Delafield, where he experienced the anxieties and vicissitudes of a physician's life, and where some members of this Society first knew and befriended him. Dependent upon his own exertions and generous to a fault, but for the kindness of those friends, whose favors he delighted in acknowledging, he could not so soon have risen to a station of responsibility and usefulness.

In January, 1851, he was appointed assistant Secretary of State, by William A. Barstow, then Secretary, removed to Madison, and with the exception of a part of Col. Robinson's Secretaryship, continued to serve in that capacity until Jan., '57, a period of five years. In this office he gained a knowledge of public affairs and public records which have become proverbial.

During the first four years of his residence in our State, while the order of the Sons of Temperance was vigorous, Dr. Hunt was actively engaged in furthering its interests. He was their Grand Scribe, and for a time edited the *Old Oaken Bucket,* a neat quarto which was the organ of the order. Upon the decline of the popular interest in that organization, Dr. Hunt became interested in Masonry, which he believed to contain all the advantages of associated effort in the cause of Temperance, Charity and Social Brotherhood. Masonry attracted him by its imposing ceremonies, and its historical associations. He was a diligent student of its literature, and revered it as the asylum of Democracy in times when by means of mystic rites and symbols, architects and artisans hid their secrets of chemistry and metallurgy, and natural philosophy from the eyes of popes and princes, who feared the spread of knowledge among the people. To him it was an inheritance

from the age of chivalry, when men armed and battled for a rood of land in Palestine as now they would not for an empire. He knew that by its aid arts were protected, and the marvels of Gothic Architecture given to the world. In common with all imaginative minds, he enjoyed those forms that seem to link the present with the past, which make the symbolic "work" of the Masonic Lodge, as it were, commemorative of the operative work which built Strassburg Cathedral, and the noblest edifices of Great Britain.

Dr. Hunt was for many years one of the most active and prominent Masons in the state. He presided for a long time over the *Hiram Lodge* in this city, and for the past two years has been the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin; Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter; Grand Recorder of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters; Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Wisconsin, Commander of the Robert McCoy Commandery at Madison, and was at the time of his death High Priest of the Royal Arch Chapter of this city.

To his zeal and industry in the discharge of all these offices, his Masonic brethren bear grateful testimony; he died at his post—the records of these various offices bear traces of his busy pen until within a few days of his death. Besides attending personally to an enormous correspondence and these records, he prepared and published in the last two years nine different reports of proceedings of Masonic bodies with which he was connected, making no less than 748 octavo pages.

In those charities which are enjoined as the first of Masonic duties—in sympathy for the sick and afflicted, Dr. Hunt was never wanting. Many friends had he among the poor and lowly—he could not see a brute beast, much less a human creature, suffer, without pain; he gave lavishly and without ostentation.

As Justice of the Peace in his ward, an officer of the Dane Cavalry, a member of the Hook and Ladder Company, and as deputy County Treasurer, he served the young city of his adoption. As a trustee of the Baptist Society, he labored for its

prosperity, and gave cheerfully and liberally to the erection of its edifice and support of its ministry; the originator, and formerly an officer of the Madison Institute, he contributed to it also, and lamented the suspension of its usefulness.

The number of societies having for their object benevolence and the public weal, to which Dr. Hunt belonged and contributed from his moderate income, is sufficient evidence that benevolence was a distinguishing trait in his character.

For the past six years he has been the Recording Secretary of this society; he has always been a steady contributor to its Library, and in many ways has aided to advance its interests. One of his last acts was to send a large contribution of pamphlets, ancient almanacks and other literary matter, thus evincing his continued interest in it.

He was himself a contributor to the literature of Wisconsin. His first publication was the Wisconsin *Gazeteer,* issued in 1853, an octavo volume of 256 pages, the first work of its kind published here, and still valuable as a book of reference. The next was the Wisconsin Almanac and Annual Register, in 1856, a valuable statistical work of 96 pages, which had a general circulation, and was regarded as furnishing the most reliable information concerning the political and industrial condition of the State. During the same year he visited Toronto, Montreal and Quebec, on the occasion of the celebration of the Grand Trunk Railway, and wrote for the *Argus & Democrat* a series of descriptive letters over the signature of Kewassa, and the following year another series from the Lake Superior country, over the same signature. The latter originally appeared in the Milwaukee *Wisconsin.*

Loving books, with them he furnished his modest dwelling. There you will find the most valuable geographical and statistical library in the State, with nearly everything in standard literature, and much that is curious and rare.

He loved art too, and a few copies of the best ideals embellished his home. Into that home, so changed and desolate, we will not enter save to leave upon its threshold our memorial garland. As brother, husband, father, we know he is mourned

there by bruised hearts; as a friend, many of us can bear witness to his unselfishness and fidelity.

The disease to which Dr. Hunt fell a victim was hereditary, and had given him repeated warnings of its approach. By vigorous exercise, by varying his sedentary pursuits with manly sports, and out door pleasures, he kept it in check for a time. He knew when it obtained the mastery, and although he availed himself of all the resources of medical skill, proceeded to set his house in order and finish his earthly work.

Industrious to the last, his physician and friends found him always among his papers and books, at work himself, or dictating to the willing hand which divined his every wish. They always found the ready welcome, the cheerful word.

He spoke of death as he would speak of a journey, regretting it for the sake of his young and devoted wife, of his child, who would never know a father's love, but for himself willing that "God's will be done." On the 12th of December, 1859, just as the wintry day was closing, he peacefully closed his eyes upon the scenes of earth and the faces of those he loved, and breathed out his life in one farewell sigh.

"When frail nature can no more,
Then the spirit strikes the hour,
My servant, Death, with solving rite,
Pours finite into Infinite."

Those very characteristics which gave Masonry such a hold upon the imagination and heart of our friend, inclined him toward those religious denominations which have an historical association. He believed that through the established church, from the glorious company of apostles and martyrs, an influence had descended, especially powerful for the regeneration and sanctification of men. Though he did not live to receive from the hands of the venerable Bishop confirmation and communion, *he died a Christian,* in the hope and promise of a happy immortality.

That Dr. Hunt was appreciated in the community which he had served in such various capacities, was evidenced by the mournful throng which followed his remains to their last rest-

ing place. High and low, rich and poor, native and foreign born, mingled in that solemn procession. Beside the companion of his early youth they laid him down to his long slumber, and over his dust was heard the voices of brothers in arms, speaking, "Rest to his ashes, and peace to his soul."

The chair appointed Mr. Draper, Prof. Carr and Judge Atwood a committee to report suitable resolutions, who, through their chairman, submitted the following, the adoption of which was moved by Prof. Conover:

"*Resolved,* That we have heard with deep regret the death of Dr. John W. Hunt, one of the corporate members of this Society, for the past six years its Recording Secretary, and always prominent among its friends and contributors.

"*Resolved,* That in the death of Dr. Hunt we feel sensibly the loss of an earnest co-worker in the field of historical and statistical research and collection, and a friend of his race, whose varied sphere of usefulness in society will long remain unoccupied, and that we tender to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathies and condolence.

"*Resolved,* That in respect for the memory of our late lamented associate, Dr. Hunt, the Society do now adjourn, and that the Secretary be directed to furnish a copy of these proceedings to the family of the deceased."

Judge J. P. Atwood then rose and said:

Mr. President: There is silence through all the house. The doors swing slowly to and fro. The windows are darkened, and the mirror gives back its images in a dim mysterious light. The knocker on the door is muffled, and the soft, slow step scarcely scares the cricket, enticed away from his home beneath the hearth by the nocturnal seeming of everything around. The voices of the grate are hushed and the fire burns with a purer and a serener glow. The half spoken words strike harshly on the ear, and awaken echoes on every hand. All is strange, mysterious and awful. Death is here.

John Warren Hunt was a remarkable man. Few even of his associates knew him. He was reserved and taciturn. Attentive to his duties and domestic in his habits, he mingled but little with the multitude in places of public resort. Extremely temperate, and but little given to convivial pleasures and amusments, he was seldom seen at the festive board. He was eminently reflective and inventive. He was ever busy and ever thoughtful. No rust corroded his mental machinery, nor enervated the native vigor of his mind.

Dr. Hunt was peculiar. His every taste and aspiration was marked with a significant individuality. Every act, whether public or private—every production of his pen—every one of the many objects of his benevolence—his weightier and his lighter works—the friends whom he chose for associates—his home—his library—the fittings of his office—even the gems of art which adorned his laboratory of taste, all spoke his idiosyncrasy. The objects of his ambition were alike the objects of his taste. Whatever he sought to attain lay beyond pleasant fields, which it seemed to him he would like to traverse, for the treasures which he could gather on the way. If he should fail to accomplish all that his ambition might prompt him to undertake, the expended effort and labors would not prove a fruitless sacrifice. He gathered as he went—he secured what he acquired—he husbanded the harvest before the seed had fallen to the ground, or been scattered by the merciless wind.

The past was fresh and green to him. No vices had vitiated his memory; no half buried wrongs rose up between him and the precious memories which cluster along the pathway of life, far back to the spots hallowed by scenes of early childhood, and the curiously happy day of youth—and turned them all to hissing serpents, which he might not look upon. He liked to dwell in the past—to live over the events and incidents of his own life; and to linger in the sacred shadows of ages, and decipher the inscriptions on the monuments of Time, which tell the epochs of the world.

The present was to him propitious and satisfactory; the future a great battle-field, whereon victories were to be achieved

or lost. Glorious trophies awaited there the faithful, the honest, the sagacious, and the brave. He looked on the objects dimly seen in the morning twilight with a philosophical eye. Experience had taught him to sack no untaken Troy.

With almost prophetic faith, he believed in the realization of all he hoped for, and felt that no anticipation could turn to ashes on his lips.

He was cautious and deliberate in study, and indefatigable in research and investigation. His opinions were not hastily formed, and seldom changed. They were conclusions which he had wrought, and were with him as inflexible as truth. Those who thought him dogmatical, were strangers to that conviction which is the result of perfect comprehension.

Dr. Hunt had not passed the summer of life. The flowers still bloomed about him, and gave their incense to the approaching autumn. The fruit had scarcely begun to ripen on the bended bough, and yet he was stricken, and he fell.

> "——The good die first;
> While those whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
> Burn to the socket."

Our friend died where he most loved to live—in the quiet seclusion of his own home. Those whom he most cherished, watched and guarded him e'en to the dark valley, and there left him only because they could go no farther. The fair young hand which but yesterday he held in his at the altar, smoothed the pillow of the dying man. The eyes in which he had found encouragement and sympathy looked in his as they closed in that sleep which knows no earthly waking. Friends whom he had proved in life, were with him in death, and bore him tenderly to his last resting place.

Sad, sad indeed, is this event to her whose life-destinies were linked with his by ties which now bind her to the spirit world. I would not intrude with words of condolence upon the sacred reverie of that widow, weeping with her orphaned child beside the fountain, where the silver cord has been loosed and the golden bowl been broken. Her sorrow is too sacred for the ministrations of human consolation. From the wounded heart

will go forth an aspiration for that solace which the world with all its kindness, and all its benevolence, cannot give. She will seek and obtain from a higher source, that purer illumination of which human reason is but the reflection. Mr. President, I second the resolutions.

The resolutions as reported, were then unanimously adopted; after which, on motion of S. V. Shipman, Esq., copies of the eulogies just delivered, were requested for the archives of the Society.

Gov. Louis P. Harvey

At a special meeting of the Executive Committee, Tuesday evening, May 13th, 1862, Gen. David Atwood rose and said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the State Historical Society:

"In the midst of life we are in death."

The people of this State, have, of late, been most fearfully admonished of the great truth contained in this sentence. In consequence of the war that necessarily exists in our beloved country, to put down a desparately wicked rebellion that has sprung up in one portion of the Union, every loyal State has been called upon to make the sacrifice of some of its best and bravest citizens. Of late, Wisconsin has contributed her full share to the roll of honored dead, which is made up with the names of the noble men who have fallen in dreadful conflict. Officers and privates in whose veins flowed the best blood of our State, have fallen willing victims of this war—whose friends in almost every neighborhood of the State, have been suddenly called to mourn their loss, and who, in their affliction, have received the warmest sympathies of the whole people of the State.

But a greater and sadder calamity has fallen upon our people as a State, in the loss of a citizen who occupied a position in

the civil walks of life! The chosen head of the Commonwealth, Louis P. Harvey, is dead! Death has snatched from our midst, the beloved statesman and friend, who filled so ably and satisfactorily to the people, the Executive Chair of this State!

In bringing to the notice of this Society, the death of this distinguished fellow citizen, and of discharging the duty assigned me, of preparing a brief sketch of the life and public services of Governor Harvey, I feel that I have assumed a heavy responsibility; but with the limited knowledge I possess, I will put in form such record of the events of the life of our friend, as I can, that they may find permanence in the proceedings of this Society, of which he was an honored and most active member. I shall confine myself principally to a plain recital of the prominent events in the life of our departed Governor, most of which are entirely familiar to those present; but they may prove of interest to future generations who may be in search of facts connected with the history of the State, and of its more distinguished citizens, in its early years. It is therefore, more for the benefit of the future inhabitants of Wisconsin, than the present, that I submit this paper to the Society.

Louis Powell Harvey was born in East Haddam, in the State of Connecticut, on the 22d day of July, in the year 1820. We have little or no knowledge of his early boyhood. Of his parents we know but little; but understand that they are both most exemplary and Christian people, and early instilled into the minds of their children the importance of cherishing correct principles and of pursuing an upright and pure life. And in their example they illustrated to their children the beauties of the principles they taught in their own daily walk. These parents survive the son, and now reside in Shopiere in this State. They have but one child left, a son, now residing in Chicago.

The parents of Governor Harvey were not wealthy, and at an early day the young son felt that it was necessary that he should be the artificer of his own fortune. In 1828, when

Louis was eight years old, his father removed with his family to Strongville, Cuyahoga County, in the State of Ohio. This was, at that time, the *Far West*. Ohio was then young and vigorous—just the place for a young and vigorous intellect like that possessed by young Harvey to expand and mature.

In 1837, Mr. Harvey entered the Freshman class in the Western Reserve College, located at Hudson, Ohio. Here he pursued his studies for something over two years, with eminent success, when, on account of ill health, he was compelled to leave the Institution. He deeply regretted, in his whole after life, the necessity that had prevented his completing his collegiate course.

Concerning his college days, I cannot do better than to adopt an extract from the remarks of Rev. Mr. Brown, at a meeting in La Crosse, a few days ago. Mr. B. was a class-mate in college with Mr. Harvey, and thus speaks of him:

"As class-mates and members of the same literary society, and boarders in the same family, our acquaintance was of the most intimate kind. I can bear testimony to his early character, that it was without a stain. He was a noble youth. With brilliant talents, good scholarship, and pleasing manners, he became a favorite among his fellow students. Impulsive in temperament, of unbounded wit and humor, yet chastened by Christian principles. He possessed that rare quality of true nobility, a promptness to retract an error or confess a wrong. When a sharp word or sally of wit had wounded the feelings of a fellow student, I have seen him repair to his room, and with a warm grasp of his hand, and a tear in his eye, say: 'Brother, forgive me, if I have hurt your feelings!' "

On leaving college, the active business of life commenced with Mr. Harvey. He started out as a teacher; and we first hear of him, in Nicholasville, Kentucky, where, for a year or two, he had charge of an Academy. In a short time, however, he obtained a situation as tutor in Woodward College, Cincinnati, where he remained some two years, giving complete satisfaction in this capacity.

We are indebted to Judge A. L. Collins, an old resident of this State, for a letter referring to Mr. Harvey's first appearance as a public speaker on political matters, and of the circumstances of his coming to this State. Judge Collins writes:

MADISON, May 2, 1862.

GEN. ATWOOD:

Dear Sir—In compliance with your request, I most cheerfully give you a short account of my early acquaintance with our late lamented Governor Harvey, whose sudden and melancholy death has brought the State into mourning.

My acquaintance with Gov. Harvey commenced in Ohio, in the year 1840. During the memorable campaign of that year, I was occasionally engaged in public speaking in behalf of the Whig cause and its party. On one occasion, in the month of October of that year, while fulfilling an engagement at Strongville, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, I met and was introduced to Mr. Harvey, who was spending a season with his father, a highly esteemed and worthy man, residing at that place, and who, I believe, is still living at Shopiere, in this State, though I have not had the pleasure of meeting him since I left Ohio, in 1842.

Pleased with young Harvey's appearance and modest demeanor, and discovering (which no one could fail to discover), "signs of promise" in him, and full of good sound reasons for the Whig faith that was in him, I was desirous of introducing him to the stump and to the public, which I felt he would please and enlighten. After some considerable persuasion he consented to accompany me to Brunswick, in Medina county, where I had accepted a call to address a meeting within a few days from that time. At the appointed time we met and proceeded to Brunswick. The meeting was large and enthusiastic, as was characteristic of Whig meetings in that campaign. Mr. Harvey preferred to make the opening speech, and did so. I was only *happily* disappointed in the effort. It was his maiden speech, and, I need hardly add, that he made not only a bril-

liant and beautiful speech—one calculated to arouse the people —but a profoundly doctrinal one, instructive and suggestive to men of intelligence of riper years. Certainly, I felt happy on his account, for his perfect success, and proud myself of the honor of having been instrumental in bringing out a star.

From this place Mr. Harvey accompanied me to several other gatherings, large and imposing, during that campaign, and made several speeches, and in every instance acquitted himself admirably, and won for himself a decidedly enviable reputation.

An intimacy from this time, sprang up betwixt Mr. Harvey and myself, and in the following summer, 1841, I visited and traveled through Wisconsin. Mr. Harvey remained at Strongville. On my return to Ohio, having determined to remove to Wisconsin, he resolved to come out with me, and we agreed to come together to Madison in the autumn of that year; but circumstances prevented my getting ready to come that fall. But Mr. Harvey having no impediments in the way, came on, and finding greater inducements to settle in Kenosha (then Southport), took up his residence there, and engaged in teaching for a time, in which he was entirely successful. For about six years he remained at Southport, during which time or a part of it, he was Post Master, and for many years of the time, he edited the *Southport American,* a sterling and able advocate of Whig principles—a more dignified, straightforward and reliable journal than the *Southport American,* was never published in Wisconsin.

From the time when Mr. Harvey's connection with the *American* ceased, you have been familiarly acquainted with his life and character—political and private—will do him ample justice, and I will not intrude upon your province of giving his history for record. Justice to my own feelings on this occasion, however, will not allow me, in conclusion, to say less, than this, that, added to Governor Harvey's rare qualifications of head and heart, was that of *courage to be honest and do right.* Men of that character, among politicians, are rare. Indeed, good men oftentimes fail in this particular. In these

times of political strife and official delinquency, the element of *bravery*, in the sense I use it, too often wanting—and when we find the elements of talent, patriotism and *moral* courage combined, as in Governor Harvey, we may safely say, when he falls, "verily a great man has fallen."

Yours, &c.,

A. L. Collins.

In the fall of 1841, Mr. Harvey turned his steps in a westerly direction, and made his first stop at Kenosha (then Southport), in this state. Of his career at that place, we must allow Col. Frank, of the *Kenosha Telegraph*, who was then, and has ever since been, an intimate friend, to speak:

"He came a stranger, without influential friends to aid him and without capital, except a good character and a well cultivated mind, which are, after all, better foundations for a young man to build upon than money.

"The first business in which he engaged here was teaching. He found a building which had been erected for the purpose of an Academy, but which had never yet been occupied for educational purposes. He immediately hired the building, put out advertisements, inviting students, and opened his school on the 25th of December, 1841. His patronage was not large, but all that could reasonably be expected, in view of the newness of the town. In the summer of 1843, he took the editorial charge of the *Southport American*, a Whig paper which had been established in the fall of 1841. He, however, did not relinquish the business of teaching, but continued his school. Although this was his first attempt at editing a newspaper, he displayed tact and ability in this new vocation. The *American* while under his charge was a lively and spirited paper. He was an ardent politician, but never indulged in personal invective, and was generally courteous in the discussion of political differences.

"He was generous, genial, possessing an unusual flow of humor; and it was, perhaps, these qualities, combined with

others of more intrinsic worth, which rendered him popular among all classes. As an evidence of the strong hold he had on the favor of the people, during his early political career, it may be mentioned that after the expiration of his first year's residence here, he was put forward annually by his political friends, for some ward or town office. The contest at the polls for these offices, was usually spirited, and conducted on party grounds. It is a noticeable fact, seen by reference to the town election returns for those years, that Mr. Harvey invariably ran ahead of his ticket, and usually succeeded to an election, even when his party was clearly a minority one.

"Mr. Harvey, in early life, exhibited more than ordinary talent as a public speaker, and possessed the elements of a popular orator in a good degree. While engaged in the business of teaching, he was zealous in his endeavors to organize the young men of the town into Lyceums, for public discussions, on the important topics of the day. Doubtless this early practice of public speaking, was the means of giving him prominence in after times, as a good debater in the State Senate, and as an effective platform orator. His example in this respect, is well worthy the imitation of all young men who aspire to positions of influence and usefulness among the people.

"As a friend of education, and the interests of our public schools, Mr. Harvey was always ready to aid and give encouragement. In short, in all enterprises—educational, philanthropic or benevolent, he could always be counted upon, to give his influence and to speak a good word.

"Although Mr. Harvey, while a young man, was the object of popular favor and applause, yet he preserved a gentlemanly equanimity, and did not allow himself to become inflated with pride and conceit; nor did he give way to the temptations which surround young men who are the subject of flattering regard. He was a temperate man from principle —abstaining from all intoxicating liquors. He was moreover a religious man, and a church communicant (Congregational). There is much in the life of Gov. Harvey, while a young man, that is instructive and worthy of example by the young

men of the State. To a large extent it may be truly said, he was a self made man. Before the age of 19 years, he was thrown upon his own resources; by untiring industry and perseverance, he achieved a reputation that will live in history, and command the respect and admiration of men in after ages."

While a resident of Southport, Mr. Harvey received the appointment of Post Master. It was during the administration of President Tyler; and it was but a short time before he was called upon to adhere strictly to the fortunes of that corrupt man, and to cordially support all the acts of his administration, or lose his place as Post Master. To his honor Mr. Harvey adhered to the honest convictions of his own mind --to the real principles of his party—and the result was, his removal from office after holding it a very short time.

In 1847, Mr. Harvey was married to Miss Cordelia Perrine, and in the same year he settled in Clinton, Rock County, where he commenced trade. Some four years afterwards he removed to Waterloo, (now Shopiere,) in the same county, which place continued to be his residence during the remainder of his life. Of his labors here, his old friend and class-mate, Rev. Mr. Brown, thus speaks:

"He purchased the water power, tore down the distillery that had cursed the village, and in its place built a flouring mill and established a retail store, and exerted a great influence in reforming the morals of the place. A neat stone edifice was built, mainly by his munificence, for the Congregational Church, of which he was a member."

Gov. Harvey leaves no family but his beloved wife. They were blessed with one child, a daughter; but when yet a child, she was called from earth to a better world.

It was at this time, in 1847, that our acquaintance with Gov. Harvey commenced, and it continued to be most intimate during the balance of his life. Having given a brief sketch of his private life, we will now make reference to the more important events of his public career.

Outside of his own town, the first appearance of Gov. Harvey in a public capacity, was as a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of our State. This Convention met at Madison, on the 15th day of December, 1847. It was here that we first began to know and to admire Mr. Harvey as a public man. He was among the youngest members of that distinguished body of men, but in ability he had few superiors; and, in integrity, he was excelled by no one. He took a leading position in moulding the organic law of the State, and in all the discussions of that body he stood conspicuous as one of the ablest and clearest debaters in it; and it comprised many of the best minds in the then Territory—men, who, with him, have since held distinguished positions in the State government, formed under the Constitution produced by that Convention.

We next hear of Mr. Harvey in a State capacity, as a Senator in our Legislature, to which position he was elected by the people of the southern district of Rock County in the fall of 1853, entering upon the duties of his office in the following January. He was continued in this position for four years, being re-elected in 1855. He was a leading spirit in that body. Being familiar with State affairs and with the wants of the people, and possessing great energy of character and purpose, his ready talent found a congenial field in the Legislative Halls, and the records of the Senate will show that he was most able and efficient in the discharge of his duties as Senator. During his last term, he was elected as the President *pro tem.*, and performed the duties of the position most acceptably.

In 1859, the people of the State called Mr. Harvey to the responsible position of Secretary of State. In his office, perhaps the most laborious and responsible of any in the State, he discharged the duties with such energy, ability and scrupulous regard for the public good, as to inspire the highest confidence in him among the people of the State. As Secretary and *ex officio* School Land Commissioner, he rendered the State very great and valuable public services. As a member also, of the Board of Regents of the Wisconsin University, he was

ever found a true friend to that institution, and to the great cause of education generally. No public man in the State has evinced a greater degree of interest in educational matters, or done more to elevate the condition of our public schools, in proportion to his opportunities, than Mr. Harvey. He was ever alive to the subject of educating the youth of the State, and in his speeches and public acts, has shown his zeal in a most effective manner.

In 1861, he was elected Chief Magistrate of the State by the largest majority that has ever been given to a Gubernatorial candidate, since the formation of our State Government. He entered upon the duties of this high position on the 6th day of January last, and fulfilled all the hopes and expectations of his most sanguine friends, in the able and judicious manner with which he performed the manifold and laborious, and oftentimes intricate duties entrusted to him, until the 19th day of April last, when, by a mis-step, he was lost to the people of Wisconsin as a Governor and friend.

We have thus spoken of the official positions Governor Harvey has held in the State. His name was prominently mentioned in connection with the office of Governor in 1855, and again in 1857; and in the same years, he was frequently mentioned in the Legislature, as a proper man to be elected a Senator of the United States, though, in neither instance, did he consider himself a candidate for those distinguished positions. In 1854, his name was used in connection with the nomination for Congress, with almost sure prospects of success, until he forbid its use, and urged the name of Hon. C. C. Washburne for that nomination. Mr. W. was largely indebted to Mr. Harvey's magnanimity in withholding the use of his name, and to his zeal in urging that of his friend for the first and subsequent nominations as a member of Congress.

As a politician, Gov. Harvey was earnest, active and efficient. He commenced political life as a member of the old Whig party, when it was more especially under the leadership of Henry Clay, and he was a most enthusiastic admirer of that distinguished patriot and statesman. He continued to act with

that party until it was abandoned and the Republican party was inaugurated, with which party he united with zeal, and for whose advancement he labored with earnestness and efficiency during the remaining years of his life. His political principles were the result of honest conviction, and when he had once satisfied his mind of the correctness of a principle, he could not easily be swerved from it, but threw all the energy of his body and mind into the work of its advancement. He was always a true lover of *freedom,* and a sincere hater of *slavery* in any form. When a member of the Whig party he belonged to that wing that was most radically anti-slavery, and during the time of excitement on that subject, was a firm believer in, and an advocate of, the *"Wilmot Proviso,"* as it was called. In 1848 he was a zealous advocate of the nomination of Henry Clay for the Presidency, believing that distinguished man to be right on the great question of slavery; and when his favorite was defeated, and Gen. Taylor was made the candidate, Mr. Harvey's political zeal in the campaign was almost entirely crushed. Gen. Taylor living in the extreme South, and being an extensive slave-holder, it was hard for Mr. Harvey to believe that he would prove true to the principles of the "Wilmot Proviso." As that principle was a predominating one in his mind, it was a long time before he could convince himself of the propriety of voting for Gen. Taylor; and we are not sure that he did overcome his scruples on that subject previous to election. During this entire campaign, for the first and only one since we have known him, Mr. Harvey was inactive. We mention this incident, as it goes to show that in his political action he was governed solely by *principle,* and did not drink of the cup set before him by his party simply for the sake of party.

He was a man of great practical sense. He was not especially pre-eminent in any one direction, but he brought soundness of views to bear upon all subjects; and he possessed a mind that readily adapted itself to circumstances. In short, he was a most ready man, either in council, with his pen, or upon the speaker's stand. Wherever there was work to do, L. P. Harvey was always found *available* and *willing.*

Public speaking with Gov. Harvey seemed to be a gift of nature. It is very rare that a man can be found, not trained in some profession calculated to develop this talent, that was his equal as a speaker. His manner was easy and graceful, his language fluent and refined, and his voice clear and strong. We have heard him speak on many occasions and on many subjects, with preparation and without it, and we never heard him when he did not do remarkably well, and adapt himself, in a superior degree, to the time, the subject and the circumstances of the occasion.

Prominent among the characteristics of Gov. Harvey, was his strict integrity. In all the heat of partisan strife, his honesty of purpose was never questioned, by friend or foe. In all the public positions he has held, he has proved reliable and true to the trusts reposed in him. He was a member of the Senate, during the Land Grant Session of 1856, when the integrity of all the members of the Legislature was put to the severest test, and he came out of that contest, with his garments clean, and with his character untarnished with the remotest suspicion of being bribed. He was then a poor man, and his influence was greatly needed by the mammoth corporation, that was so munificent in its "pecuniary compliments"; but the allurements of no prospective wealth had the effect to swerve Mr. Harvey in the slightest degree from what he believed to be the path of *duty* and *right*. His character was pure, above suspicion.

As a friend he was cordial and sincere, ever ready to lend a helping hand, wherever aid was deserved. As a citizen he was ever foremost in all good works. Benevolent, kind and obliging. Any community is blessed that can claim such a man. The community to which he belonged, embraced the entire State of Wisconsin.

As has been before indicated, Gov. Harvey was a religious man. He made no ostentatious display in this character, but taught by example, the true way to live. His whole life was such an one, as the young may well strive to imitate.

"Divinely gifted man
Whose life in low estate began;
Who grasped the skirts of happy chance,
Breasted the blows of circumstance,
And made by force, his merit known;
And lived to clutch the golden keys,
To mold a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;
And, moving up from high to higher,
Becomes, on fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a World's desire."

Having thus adverted in an imperfect manner to some of the more important events of Gov. Harvey's life, it remains simply to allude briefly to the sad manner of his death.

Immediately upon the receipt of the news of the battle of Shiloh, Gov. Harvey felt it to be his duty to repair at once to the scene of action, and to do whatever was in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the many loyal sons of Wisconsin who had been wounded on that occasion. As the Chief Executive of the State, he exerted himself to his utmost, for a single day, in arousing the people to contribute of such articles as they could spare that would seem most likely to be needed for the comfort of their wounded friends, and have them in immediate readiness, stating that he would be the bearer of them to the scene of that great and terrible conflict. The contributions were liberal and of the right kind. On the following morning, in the full vigor of the most perfect health, and with most humane and benevolent motives, he left his home duties, his family and comforts, to seek out the afflicted soldiers and carry comfort and consolation to them. His mission was eminently successful. His presence among the troops had an electric effect—giving them *new life* and *new hope*. A friend, who accompanied him, thus writes of his labors:

"He had brought comfort, courage and substantial relief to the men, who, after that awful Pittsburg battle, needed them if ever men did. He had accomplished much more, in every way, than any other man that I know could have accomplished under the same circumstances. For his sauvity of manner and energy of purpose had won from the authorities

privileges which were at first flatly refused, and his goodness of heart had won the hearts of soldiers, while at all points of our journey, he had made friends and admirers among those who had never before heard of him."

As an indication of the great satisfaction his labors had given to himself, we copy two brief letters, probably the last he ever wrote, both dated on the 17th of April. The one to his wife reads thus:

"Pittsburg Landing, April 17, 1862.

"Dear Wife: Yesterday was *the day* of my life. Thank God for the impulse that brought me here.

"I am well, and have done more good by coming than I can well tell you.

"In haste,

Louis."

In the other, to his private Secretary, he writes; "Thank God for the impulse which brought me here. I am doing a good work." He *was* doing a good work, and doing it well; —and had finished what it seemed necessary for him to do, previous to the dreadful accident that resulted in the loss of his life.

Having bid adieu and God speed to all of our soldiers in Tennessee, he had repaired to a boat in the harbor of Savannah, to await the arrival of another that was soon expected, which was to convey him and his friends to Cairo, on their homeward trip. It was late in the evening, and the night was very dark and rainy. He requested the friends that were with him to seek a little rest, while he would keep watch for the expected boat, and arouse them in season to go on board. The boat hove in sight—the Governor aroused his companions, and all were making ready for a start in the direction of home. Governor Harvey stood upon the boiler deck of the boat, near the centre, in conversation with friends; and as the expected boat rounded to,—the bow touching the one upon which he stood, he took a step,—as it would seem to move out of danger—but by a mis-step, or perhaps a stumble,—he fell

overboard between the two boats, into the Tennessee River, where the current was strong, and the water over thirty feet deep.

Although friends were near, the night being very dark and rainy, it was impossible to render that aid necessary to save him. Every thing was done that friends could do. A cane was extended to him by Dr. Wilson, of Sharon, which was grasped by the drowning Governor with such force as to wrench it at once from the Doctor's hands. Instantly, Dr. Clark, of Racine, plunged into the river, and, making himself fast to the boat, stretched out his feet in the direction of the Governor, in the hope that he might reach them. Gov. Harvey passed within a few inches of the Doctor's feet, but failing to reach them, immediately sunk, and passed under a boat lying just below—never to rise again, alive!

Thus died the noble hearted Governor of Wisconsin, for whom the whole people of the State most sincerely mourn. For the last few days, he had been doing the greatest work of his life; and just as he had finished it, was suddenly called to give an account of this, and of all the work of his active life, to the Great Judge, to whom we must all, sooner or later, render an account of the deeds done in the body! After living such a life—at the conclusion of such a mission as the one in which he had been engaged, and having performed its requirements so well as he had done—no one can doubt, but he was fully prepared to meet his God in peace!

Let us fervently hope, the lessons we have had of the certainty of death, will not be lost upon us. May they make us less fond of the pleasures of this world, so rapidly passing away! May they cause those in high places of trust and honor, to remember, now, in the days of health, manhood and prosperity, that

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour—
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

Hon. H. S. Orton, from the committee appointed to prepare an appropriate preamble and resolutions, reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, It having pleased Almighty God, in his mysterious providence, to deeply afflict the people of this State, by the sudden and untimely death of Louis P. Harvey, our late honored and beloved Chief Magistrate—whose last act was one of signal devotion to the highest interests of the State, and to the common cause of our country and humanity: It is our melancholy duty as a Society, of which he was a most honored and useful member, to record the virtues and excellencies of his life as a valued legacy to the history of the State: Therefore

"*Resolved,* That in the death of Gov. Harvey, the State has lost a most able and faithful public officer, and an excellent and respected citizen, universally honored and beloved for his unwavering integrity, his philanthrophy and patriotism, his firm adherence to principle and duty, and for his private virtues as a man and a Christian. He has left an example in both his public and private character which may be safely and profitably imitated, and unreservedly commended. In all his official relations, he has been faithful to every trust, and rising above mere personal and partisan considerations, he has in all things sought the public good. His personal and official influence has always been used, freely and cheerfully, in support of the benevolent and educational institutions of the State, and especially is this Society lastingly indebted to him for his enlightened appreciation of its objects, and for his constant and unsolicited efforts in its behalf.

"*Resolved,* That the memory of Louis P. Harvey is most worthy to be cherished by the members, and preserved in the annals, of this Society, and that we most heartily tender to the friends and family of our deceased member and friend, our warmest sympathy in an event so deeply afflicting, and for them a loss so irreparable."

Canadian Documents

In 1862, application was made to Alpheus Todd, Esq., Librarian of the Legislative Library of Canada, for transcripts of several ancient unpublished documents preserved by the Canadian Government, relating to early Wisconsin History from 1690 to 1730. Mr. Todd most obligingly complied with this request, and transmitted to the Society some forty pages of transcripts from the French originals—a service for which he justly deserves the lasting gratitude of the Society.

The late Prof. H. J. Turner, Principal of the Janesville French and English Academy, very kindly consented to translate them for publication. In doing so he frequently found it difficult to understand some of the ancient French idioms; but it is quite apparent, that he succeeded exceedingly well in giving substantially an accurate and faithful translation.

Prof. Turner was born in the City of New York, March 11th, 1809, and when an infant, was taken by his parents to Bordeaux, France, where at the age of seven, he was placed in a College conducted by the Jesuits, and graduated at fourteen. His father was a sea-faring man, and commanded a vessel, and wished that his son might become thoroughly versed in all that pertained to life on the sea; and desiring to impress on his mind the importance of first learning to *obey*, as a preliminary acquisition to learning to *command*, sent him in a friend's ship on a voyage as a Cabin boy. Such was his proficiency, and his devotion to his new pursuits, that at the age of nineteen he was the owner and commander of a large vessel of his own. He continued to follow the sea for several years.

He at length engaged in teaching—first in New York City, and then in Utica, where he met with marked success as an instructor of youth, and especially in the French language, of which he possessed a thorough and critical knowledge. Loving change and excitement, he finally removed to Wisconsin, first locating at Sauk City, and subsequently at Janesville—at both which places his French and English boarding school was largely patronized, and highly appreciated. After an illness of two weeks, Prof. Turner was called from his useful labors, Nov. 24th, 1864, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He had few superiors as a teacher, and was an accomplished Christian gentleman.

These *Canadian Documents* thus procured, and translated by one so competent, follow in their chronological order, and will be found to reflect much new light on portions of our earlier Wisconsin history hitherto involved in doubt and obscurity. They not only furnish some important official data relative to DeLouvigny's expedition against the Foxes in 1716, but give us some account of the subsequent expedition against the same war-like tribe by the Sieur De Villiers, in 1730,—an expedition which has been, hitherto, singularly unnoticed by the historians of the country.

To supply some intervening links in the interesting story of this desperate war with the Foxes, we insert in their proper chronological order, Charlevoix's account of De Louvigny's expedition; and two papers on De Lignery's expedition against the Foxes, in 1728—one written by Father Crespel, who was an eyewitness, and the other an official account furnished to the French government procured from the archives at Paris

by the late Gen. Lewis Cass, while serving as the American Minister there, and by him communicated to Gen. W. R. Smith, of our State.

We also append a traditionary account of Sieur Marin's expedition against the Foxes, in March, 1730, written by the late Wm. J. Snelling, a son of Col. Josiah Snelling, of the Army. He was born Dec. 26, 1804, spent three years at West Point, and repaired to Fort Snelling, his father's post on the Upper Mississippi, and passed seven years in that frontier region, in company with hunters, trappers and Indians. "A man," said Mr. Snelling, "must live, emphatically *live* with Indians; share with them in their lodges, their food, and their blankets, for years, before he can comprehend their ideas or enter into their feelings." Thus he did, before he wrote his interesting work, now rare, *Tales of the North West; or Sketches of Indian Life and Character*, published in 1830, and in which appeared the traditionary sketch of the Fox war, which he has apparently given substantially as he received it from the Indians. A writer in the *Literary World* declared that it was during Snelling's long frontier residence that he gained a familiarity with the Indian character and customs most remarkably displayed in his work; and Catlin, the well-known Western traveler and Indian chronicler, pronounced the book to be the most faithful picture of Indian life ever written. Mr. Snelling, a man of real genius, a wit and a scholar, died at his residence, at Chelsea, near Boston, Dec. 24th, 1848. Had he not been a victim of an appetite which has beclouded many noble minds, he would have been one of the brightest ornaments of American literature. His satire poem, *"Truth,"* has been represented by good judges as instinct with the genuine fire of genius.

Some notice of De Louvigny, Perrot, De Lignery, De Beaujeu, Marin, Du Buisson, De Villiers, De Noyelle, and St. Ange, who figured so prominently, as these documents show, in the early Wisconsin military expedition, seems to be necessary; and such a paper, prepared from a careful review of the New York Colonial Documents, and valuable historical writings and annotations of Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, Mr. J. G. Shea, Rev. E. D. Neill, and others, is appended to the series.

L. C. D.

SIEUR DE LOUVIGNY'S EXPEDITION TO MACKINAC.

[Extract of a letter from M. De Frontenac to the Marquis De Seignelay, November 12th, 1690, relating to the exploits of Sieur De Louvigny.]

M. De Seignelay:

My Lord—Although Sieur De Limonet has given you a pretty exact verbal description of the matters I had confided to his charge, I think it my duty to send you a duplicate of the dispatch that he was obliged to throw into the sea, in order that you may still better ascertain the extent of our wants, and

the result of the affairs of this country at the time of his departure.

You will see with how much reason and foundation I feared the conclusion of the treaty of the Outaouas with the Iroquois, and the precautions I was taking to prevent its accomplishment. I fortunately succeeded. I dispatched, in the month of May, Sieur De Louvigny, of La Porte, a half-pay captain, whose valor and prudence were known to me, with a detachment of 170 men, Canadians and Indians, with a large amount of presents. I also sent with him Sieur Nicolas Perrot, an inhabitant of the upper part of this country, who, by the long practice and knowledge he has of the disposition, manners and the languages of all the nations of the upper part of this country, has acquired much influence among them. They arrived just in time at Missilimakinac, so much so that if they had delayed eight days longer, the ambassadors of the Outaouas would have been gone to the Iroquois, returning to them all the slaves and prisoners they had, concluding thus definitely their treaty and their alliance. Matters shortly bore another aspect. They had no sooner learned that their ancient father had returned, with the same feelings of friendship that he had always had for them, than they exclaimed that they wished to come down and see him once more, being convinced that he would not abandon them, and leave them at the discretion of the enemy.

The conspiracies and intrigues of those who were most in favor of the English and the Iroquois were promptly quelled, and the Outaouas prepared to descend in large numbers, and with much peltry, as you will learn hereafter.

Sieur De Louvigny very dexterously made use of a fact which occurred during the march of our people, to show all these nations that the French were not as much discouraged as they had been persuaded they were, and that he had resolved that his conduct would be quite opposite to that of those in previous years.

Having met thirteen canoes with Iroquois, at sixty leagues from Montreal, who endeavored to oppose his passage, he cap-

tured nine of them, killed more than thirty men, and wounded as many. He took four prisoners, two women and two men, one of whom was taken to Missilimakinac and given to the Outaouas, who burned him and ate him, to show that they desired no peace with the Iroquois; the other was given to me. I delivered him into the hands of the chief I brought back with me from France, whose name is Oreaoue*, to dispose of him as he should wish. One could not believe what effect this confidence has had in his feelings.

You will see, my Lord, all the details of this action, in a very exact and circumstantial relation, I have caused to be made of all that has taken place here since the departure of the vessels last year. The Sieurs De Louvigny, D'Hosta and La Gemeraie have distinguished themselves very much in it.†

SIEUR DE LOUVIGNY'S PETITION AND DEFENCE

To our Lords of the Sovereign Council of Quebec:

Louis De la Porte, Sieur De Louvigny, Captain of Infantry, and Second Lieutenant of a Ship of War, humbly prays that you will please examine and take notice of the request presented by him to my Lord Lieutenant, which goes

*OUTREOUATI, otherwise called by the French GRAND GUEULE, or *Big Mouth*—whose name LA HONTAN calls GRANGULA by merely Latinizing the French. He was an Onondaga, and his manly and magnanimous speech to GOV. DE LA BARRE, in 1684, has placed him in the front rank with LOGAN and RED JACKET, as a forest-born DEMOSTHENES. L. C. D.

†Of this fight and two of its actors, we may add, that on the 2d of June, 1690, when three leagues above a place called *Les Chats*, the French discovered two Iroquois canoes some distance from them; when Sieur DE LOUVIGNY, after having sent out a party of thirty men in three canoes, who were fired upon by the Iroquois in ambush, and four killed on the spot, now joined by Sieurs D'HOSTA and DE LA GEMERAYE, led on some fifty or sixty men, ran overland, attacked the enemy in their ambuscade, and forced them to a precipitate embarkation in their canoes, with the loss indicated in the narrative.

Sieur D'HOSTA, it would appear, was at the burning of Schnectady in February, 1690; then served on this expedition under DE LOUVIGNY, and aided in defeating the Iroquois, when he returned to Montreal, and, in August, 1691, was killed in the defense of Chambly.

Sieur DE LA GEMERAYE was serving as a Lieutenant at Fort Niagara when that fortification was demolished in September, 1688; in 1690, accompanied DE LOUVIGNY and took an active part in fighting the Iroquois near *Les Chats;* he led a party against the Iroquois in 1692, and had an engagement with them at Long Sault on the Ottawa River; and, in 1697–'98, we find him in command of Fort Frontenac. L. C. D.

to prove clearly, that the accusation made against him can not be prejudicial to him, inasmuch as he only acted in the service of the king, and for the good of the Colony, during the time he served in Canada. The petitioner is well persuaded that you, our Lords, know the above stated facts, and that in all the employments which he has had, our Lords the Governors General have not complained of his conduct, which is very clearly explained in his request, and proved by the certificates that they have given him of it.

You know, my Lords, that he has been honored with several commands from which he retired with the approbation, not only of his Generals, but of also of all the public To-day, notwithstanding he is accused of having acted contrary to the orders of his Majesty, during his command of the Fort of Frontenac, where the petitioner hoped to reap more glory and advantages than in any other place where he had been, on account of what he had done for the glory of the King, and the great advantage of the Colony.

The petitioner is accused of having negotiated with the Iroquois Indians. He has never done it; and this crime cannot be imputed to him, without a desire of wounding his honor, tarnishing his reputation, and telling a falsehood. If it is said that when Indians came to ask peace of my Lord the Governor General, they stated that the petitioner had sold to them goods at high prices, it is an expression made use of by all nations, as they are in the habit of attributing the evil or the good which occurs to them, to the Governors and Commanders of the posts where they are. They also have a natural habit of always complaining of the dearness of merchandize, if they were even sold at the same price as in France. Persons who have frequented them are convinced of this fact.

Although the Indians never acknowledge the benefits which they have received, yet on this occasion there is an exception, for these have acknowledged in the general council held to conclude the peace for which your petitioner has employed his energies and his means, that they were under obligations to him

for having assisted them in their need. The disposition of these wild men, little accustomed to praise any one, suggests reflection, and would suffice even to convince you, our Lords, of the uprightness of the proceedings of your petitioner, who to pursuade the notable men of the Iroquois nation to come and ask peace of my Lord, the Governor General, and engage others to bring their skins and fur to Montreal, has not spared any effort, either in the knowledge which he has acquired during the five years he has had the honor to command the Outaouas or in all the voyages that he has made, using all the necessary means to reach the end arrived at to-day, securing a solid peace, which must give a new life to the Colony.

To give you an idea of the manner in which your petitioner acted, he prays our Lords to consider that when he reached the Fort Frontenac, according to the order of my Lord the Chevalier De Callière, the Iroquois gathered there to the number of 600 men or more. They were very resentful on account of the blow struck by the Algonkins and others, our allies, on the Chaudière River. They only thought of revenging themselves. Notwithstanding the parleys for peace they had had during the war with my Lord the Count De Frontenac, and continued during this apparent suspension of hostilities with my Lord the Chevalier De Callière, they were naturally inclined to war, as they were warriors; but this strong desire was still more increased by the number of their wounded, who are now at their homes, and whose condition stimulates their brethren to vengeance.

If the petitioner had to answer judges who were ignorant of the habits of the Indians, he would explain to them how difficult it is to captivate their minds, how much it is necessary to expend to persuade them to carry out any plan, and how little confidence can be placed in their words; but, my Lords, you are too much enlightened, and know the steps which have been taken, the sums which have been expended to the present time to obtain a peace so necessary to this Colony—all to no effect, although several embassies were received from the enemy. You are acquainted with the perfidy of this nation, and the

examples which they have given in violating the most sacred laws, by the destruction and cruel death of the ambassadors sent to them by my Lord the Count De Frontenac, without my undertaking to tell you of them, nor my recalling to your memory the unheard of cruelties of these barbarians.

The petitioner has no desire, except that of explaining to our Lords his behavior whilst he remained in Fort Frontenac, taking in consideration the knowledge he had of the utility of peace and the great good which resulted from it, and that according to the insight he has of the politics of the Indians.

The petitioner who saw that this numerous party of Iroquois wished to attack the Algonkins on their hunting grounds, from which, at the most, they were only sixty leagues distant, and knowing that if they succeeded in their attempt, it would destroy all the measures taken for peace, and entirely ruin the commerce of Montreal, he proposed to some trusty Indians to go down to Montreal, in order to inform my Lord the Governor General, that the next spring they would go down in number to listen to his voice.

The petitioner thought of this expedient to separate them, and avoid the blow they were meditating; and he succeeded. Two amongst them accepted the terms. With the assurance that the others would not commit any act of hostility, he sent with them a Frenchman to be witness of their actions on the route.

The petitioner had the honor to write and state to my Lord the Governor General, the feelings of the Iroquois towards the Algonkins; he even took the liberty to tell him that he thought it necessary to send some authorized persons to their village to pacify their minds, and persuade them to go down to Montreal, as they, according to his belief, were not disposed to do it. The petitioner prays our Lords to notice that the effects which followed were the result of his thoughts.

During the absence of the deputies the petitioner treated those who remained near the Fort, in such a way as not to excite their ill-will. Extraordinary precautions were necessary, inasmuch as news came of the loss of forty-two persons who had been killed by the Outaouas. The petitioner granted to

three or four Indians at a time, permission to enter within the Fort; he feasted them, gave them some of his own clothes, powder, balls, bread and other provisions, he had bought for his voyage. He even gave them some of the blankets from his own bed, and some of his shirts; but as he had not sufficiency to give to all those who wished to obtain presents, and fearing also the exasperation of some of the more turbulent spirits amoung them, he felt constrained to permit the officers and soldiers to exchange some clothing they had with the Iroquois for elk and deer skins, of which they had an abundance. Your petitioner had encouraged them to hunt these animals, as much to prevent them from entering into the depth of the woods, on account of the Algonkins, as to divert them from hunting the beaver, which is the commerce they generally carry on with the English.

These Indians believed what the petitioner told them, and went down with a large number of loaded canoes to Montreal. Judge, I pray you, my Lords, of the advantage the Colony has reaped from the cares of your petitioner, and of those further advantages it will receive hereafter, from the willingness of the Iroquois to trade now with our Colony, not only on account of the convenience of transportation of their effects by water, but also on account of the market they have found for all kinds of skins and furs—advantages they have not met with in New England, and for which this country is obligated to the petitioner.

The return of the envoys was no sooner known, than the petitioner sent some men to give advice of it on all of the hunting grounds, where he exhorted the Indians to remember the promises they had sent to my Lord the Governor General, and order them to return from their hunt, and go down to Montreal. They went, and you know, my Lord, the result of the steps of your petitioner, inasmuch as they went down, and that they took with them to their villages, persons capable of conciliating their minds, and inducing them to come and solicit peace from my Lord the Governor General. The petitioner can say without dispute that matters have resulted as he had intended them.

The petitioner cannot avoid acknowledging to our Lords, that the Iroquois, feeling grateful for the kindness they had received at his hands, presented to him and his officers, many elk skins and other furs. You are aware, that no nation excels them in generosity, and that they have a sense of honor on this point, which surpasses all other people; besides the large quantity of peltry they had, which they thought they could not transport, and upon which they placed but little value, facilitated them in their liberalities. These presents so justly acquired, have been sent without the precautions that would be taken with articles obtained by unlawful means; therefore, the petitioner confiding in the uprightness of his proceedings, not anticipating that goods so rightfully his, would be seized, did not endeavor in any way to send them secretly.

What should not your petitioner fear after accusations as strong as those which have been brought against him, if he was not persuaded our Lords, of your justice, of your equity, and of the faithful examination you will please make of the papers which tend to his justification, exhibited in the request to my Lord Lieutenant—transactions principally in a distant land, while living with Indians with whom he was obliged to conduct himself according to the caprices and occurrences of the occasion, or run the risk of losing very considerable advantages, had he acted otherwise than he did. Relying upon that penetration which characterizes you in the settlement of incidents which occur in this Colony, his Majesty approves all your decisions; and replying as your petitioner does, upon the same penetration, and upon the equitable distinction you make in the affairs of this New World, as compared with those which might occur in France, added to the knowledge you have of the conduct of him during the eighteen years that he has been employed in the service of this Colony, with pleasure and with general praise, that he hopes from our Lords a favorable judgment.

Taking this into consideration, our Lords, please discharge the petitioner from the accusation brought against him; order that he may claim the skins and furs seized from him, and

that they may be returned by the depositaries on an order certified by him; or, at least, that the skins and furs may be immediately sold for the benefit of the one to whom they may be adjudicated; for if they should remain longer, they would lose in value, either in the price, or for the want of care; and that you will execute justice.

Signed: De La Porte Louvigny.

Compare with the original, remaining in the registry of the Sovereign Council, by me King's Councillor and Secretary, Recorder in chief. Undersigned.

Signed: Peuvret.

In Quebec, November 6th, 1700.

SIEUR DE LOUVIGNY'S DISOBEDIENCE OF ORDERS

[Extract of a letter of Chevalier De Callières to the Minister, November 7, 1700, informing him of the judgment which had been rendered in the affair of Sieur De Louvigny.]

My Lord:—I had the honor to write to you in my last, of the 16th of October, that they were trying the case of Sieur De Louvigny and other officers, for having acted against the orders of the King, and that I would inform you exactly of the judgment that would be rendered in this affair.

It has been conducted in a manner which deserves that you should have particular information of it, and that I should give you an exact account of it from the commencement to the decision, which has just been made by the Sovereign Council.

You have already learned, that last autumn I sent for Sieur De Louvigny to command at Fort Frontenac, forbidding him, according to the orders of the King, to carry on any commerce there. I was apprised of his violation of these orders by some Indians of the Sault this spring. They told me they had been stripped at that post, where they traded for their furs,

thereby depriving them of the means of paying their debts in Montreal.

This news was confirmed to me a short time afterwards by an advice that I had, that Sieur De Louvigny was sending down several canoes loaded with skins; upon which I took a detachment, commanded by Sieurs Clerin and De Chacornacle, to go and attach them. It was punctually executed. I afterwards had the furs put in the King's storehouse, causing the store-keeper to give me an account of the same. I summoned to my house the persons who had brought them down. Mons. De Champigny arriving at this time from Quebec, and seeing that I was commencing legal proceedings, told me that it was an affair in his jurisdiction, having replied to him that it was rather within mine, as it was a case of military justice, on account of the contravention of Sieur De Louvigny, and the disobedience of the orders which I had given in conformity with those of the King. He answered, and asked if I had not as much confidence in him as I had in my major, adding that, if I desired it, he would prepare the case for trial and adjudication.

Being desirous of acting in concert with me, this proceeding obliged me to let him conduct the affair, having no doubt but it would be referred to me, and that both of us would judge it in the Council of War; but the result was different, for M. De Champigny went down to Quebec and referred it to the Sovereign Council, without advising me of the fact. I learned it through Sieur De la Martiniere, who was appointed reporter, and who came and told me of it. I answered that I thought that this affair would be referred to me, since I was the competent judge of it; but having ascertained that it was not their intention to do so, and wishing to avoid all discussions and delays as the vessels were at the moment of their departure, I advised my Lord Lieutenant of my willingness to have the affair judged by the Council, as it was necessary to make a prompt example, which would tell in this country —remedy its disorders and prevent their ill consequences; and at last, that I might render to you an account of it.

I have thought it my duty, for the good of the service, to be present at the rendering of the judgment, and to add to it the orders and the necessary papers which prove sufficiently the disobedience of Sieur De Louvigny and others; of which I also here add his petition, shewing clearly the specious pretext he alleged to justify his conduct, wishing to convey the idea that this commerce had contributed towards establishing the peace with the Iroquois; whereas, on the contrary, it delayed it, by furnishing the enemy with necessary articles, and came near preventing them from coming to see me.

I have remarked that this trial was defective, inasmuch as no inquiry had been established against the merchants who furnished the merchandise, nor against those who secreted the remainder of the furs, which could not be seized; nor has there been any established against those who brought the merchandize to Fort Frontenac, although they had the testimony of one of the witnesses.

The Council has at last referred Sieur De Louvigny and his accomplices to the King; also the trial which they have had. This was done against my opinion, as you will see, my Lord, by my advice enclosed among the papers of the Register of the Sovereign Council, according to the extract which I add here, although the opinion of their guilt was established, and the furs confiscated for the use of the King, and that in order to sell them to pretended merchants, who obtained them at two-thirds less than their actual worth at the current price, as you will see by the account that I shall send you.

If these kind of contraventions and disobediences remain unpunished, it is very certain that it is useless to forward orders to this country, since it is impossible to have them executed on account of the indulgence these gentlemen have had in finding the means to elude the punishment so necessary to stop the reckless violation of the orders of his Majesty.

It is incontestible, that the means adopted by the Sovereign Council are very captious, inasmuch as the question was to absolve Sieur De Louvigny and others, or punish them for their disobedience; but it has done neither the one nor the

other with reference to annihilating my authority concerning the orders I have given.

This is why I am obliged, my Lord, to pray you to make a regulation which will decide to whom it will belong to take cognizance of cases in which there will be a question of contravention, especially on the part of the officers, when the orders of the King will be addressed to me, or that I shall issue orders for the good of the service of his Majesty. I could not have them executed according to your intentions, if this authority remained any longer undecided, because I am happy to preserve all the moderation you will desire until the King has declared his will.

It is, however, to be regretted, that the Sieurs De Louvigny and De la Perotiere have been so far blinded by interest as to commit such a fault, having fulfilled their duty well heretofore, they deserve that the King should take it into consideration.

[Extract from a letter from Messrs. De Callières and De Champigny to the Minister, October 5, 1701, concerning the Sieur De Louvigny, Major of the Three Rivers.]

We shall not fail to execute the orders he gives us concerning the seizures of the furs of Sieur De Louvigny, and to advise the Sovereign Council that he has not been satisfied with the judgment rendered in this affair.

M. Sieur De Champigny, however, hopes that when the Council will have explained the reasons for acting as it did, his Majesty will not disapprove it.

It is a pleasure for us to learn that he has given to M. De Louvigny the company he had; but that which embarrasses us a little, is, that this company having been given to Sieur De Tonty through the promotion of Sieur De Louvigny to the rank of Major of the Three Rivers, finds himself without a company, although he is the oldest of the Captains on half pay, three of whom have been made Captains on full pay this

year. But as there is a vacancy made in a company through the death of Sieur De Grais, we are persuaded, my Lord, that you will authorize us to pay the salary to Sieur De Tonty, from the day that the Sieur De Louvigny takes charge of his; and we pray you very humbly to send to us next year an order by which Sieur De Tonty will be entitled to the charge of the company, as it is not just that whilst he is now serving his Majesty in the establishment which is being made in Detroit, he should be deprived of a salary and a company.

His Majesty has made Sieur De Louvigny a Major on condition that he would give to the widow of the deceased Sieur De Grand Pre, heretofore provided with the employment, the sum of 2000 li;* but the money not having been received, it could not be executed. However, as the salaries attached to the rank have been sequestered on account of Sieur De Louvigny's affair of last year, and that you have not paid them back, his Majesty could grant to this poor widow, with a large family of children, the revenue of those two years, which amounts to 1700 li. We humbly pray that his Majesty will do it.

DE LOUVIGNY'S PROJECTED EXPEDITION

[Extract of a letter from Messrs. De Vaudreuil and De Beauharnois, November 15th, 1703 concerning a proposition of De Louvigny relating to an Expedition beyond Lake Superior.]

The Sieur De Louvigny, major of Quebec, has proposed to us, my Lord, to go on an expedition beyond Lake Superior. As his project is herewith annexed, we beseech you to cause an account to be rendered to you of it, and to tell us, my Lord, your intentions. We will have the honor to say to you, that the Sieur De Louvigny is a very good officer, and capable of directing well an enterprise.

Li—an abbreviation for livre, a former French coin, equal to 20 sous or 18½ cents.

L. C. D.

Origin of the Fox War

In the year 1700, the Sauks and Foxes were defeated in a contest with the Sioux or Dakotahs and Ioways; and, in May, 1712, we find them instigated by the Iroquois, and led on by their brave and enterprising Chief Pemoussa, planning the destruction of Detroit, then having only a small garrison of thirty men, with M. Du Buisson as commandant. The French made the best defence they could, and were happily soon joined by a large force of friendly Indians, sallied out and surrounded their invaders, who were ensconced in holes they had dug in the ground. Much severe fighting took place, and, after nineteen days, the Sauks and Foxes escaped one dark and rainy night, but were overtaken at Presque Isle, near Lake St. Clair, where, in the exaggerated French accounts of that day, in a desperate fight which ensued, they lost a thousand men, women and children, and during the whole expedition two thousand.

L. C. D.

DE LOUVIGNY'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE FOXES

[Sieur De Louvigny's letter, thanking the Council for having granted to him the Lieutenancy, and giving an account of his Expedition against the Foxes, from the 13th of March to the 13th of October, 1716.]

I have the honor to thank very humbly, the Council, for the Lieutenancy of the King, which it has pleased them to grant me, and I will endeavor to fulfill my duty in such a way that they will be satisfied with my services. I will also have the honor to render to them an account of the expedition I have made against the Foxes, from whence I returned the 12th of this month, having started from here the 14th of March:

After three days of open trenches sustained by a continuous

fire of fusileers, with two pieces of cannon, and a grenade mortar, they were reduced to ask for peace, notwithstanding they had five hundred warriors in the fort, who fired briskly, and more than three thousand women; they also expected shortly a reinforcement of three hundred men. But the promptitude with which the officers, who were in this action, pushed forward the trenches, that I had opened at only seventy yards from their fort, made the enemy fear the third night that they would be taken. As I was only twenty-four yards from their fort, my design was to reach their triple oak stakes by a ditch of a foot and a half in the rear. Perceiving very well that my balls had not the effect I anticipated, I decided to take the place at the first onset, and to explode two mines under their curtains. The boxes being properly placed for the purpose, I did not listen to the enemy's first proposition; but they having made a second one, I submitted it to my allies, who consented to it on the following conditions:

That the Foxes and their allies would make peace with all the Indians who are submissive to the King, and with whom the French are engaged in trade and commerce; and that they would return to me all the French prisoners that they have, and those captured during the war from all our allies. This was complied with immediately. That they would take slaves from distant nations, and deliver them to our allies to replace their dead; that they would hunt to pay the expenses of this war; and, as a surety of the keeping of their word, they should deliver me six chiefs, or children of chiefs, to take with me to M. La Marquis De Vaudreuil as hostages, until the entire execution of our treaty; which they did, and I took them with me to Quebec. Besides I have reunited the other nations at variance among themselves, and have left that country enjoying universal peace.

I very humbly beseech the Council to consider, that this expedition has been very long and very laborious; that the victorious armies of the King have been led by me more than five hundred leagues from our towns, all of which has not been

executed without much fatigue and expense; to which I ask the Council to please give their attention, in order that they may allow me the gratification they may think proper, as I have not carried on any kind of commerce. On the contrary, I gave to all the nations which were with me, the few beaver skins that the Foxes had presented me with, to convince them that in the war the French were prosecuting, they were not guided by motives of interest. All those who served in the campaign with me, can testify to what I take the liberty to tell the Council.

Signed: LOUVIGNY.

At Quebec, October 14, 1716.

DE LOUVIGNY'S SERVICES IN THE FOX WAR

[M. De Vaudreuil's letter, dated Quebec, October 30, 1716, relative to the services of M. De Louvigny.]

By my memorial of the 16th of this month, I informed the Council of the manner in which the Sieur De Louvigny put an end to the war with the Foxes.

I now feel it my duty to call the attention of the Council to the merits of that officer. He has always served his country with much distinction; but in his expedition against the Foxes he signalized himself still more by his valor, his capacity, and his conduct, in which he displayed a great deal of prudence. He urged the canoes that ascended with him to make all possible speed, and he obliged those in Detroit to accompany him. He showed the Hurons and other Indians of that place, that he was going to the war in earnest; that he was not a trader, and he could dispense with their services. This brought them back to their duty. But it was especially at Michillimakinac, where he was anxiously expected, that his presence inspired in all the Frenchmen and Indians a confidence which was a presage of victory. Again; he made the

war short, but the peace which results from it will not be of short duration.

I shall be obliged to dispatch him in the very commencement of next spring to return to Michillimakinac to confirm this peace, embracing in it all the nations of the Upper Country, and to keep the promise he made to the chiefs of the Foxes who are to come down to Montreal, that they would find him at Michillimakinac. All these movements are not made without great labor and many expenses, and I cannot omit saying, that this officer deserves that the Council should grant him some favor.

Signed: VAUDREUIL.

On the margin is written: "Approved by the Council, February 26, 1717.

Signed: LA CHAPELLE."

CHARLEVOIX'S ACCOUNT OF DE LOUVIGNY'S EXPEDITION

Charlevoix, the historian of New France, has given us a narrative of De Louvigny's expedition, which, from the vagueness of the date he assigned it, has been by subsequent writers construed as having taken place in 1714, but a reference to the original work will quite as well warrant the conclusion that it was the year 1716—which it really was, as De Louvigny's official account, now first published over a hundred and fifty years afterwards, conclusively shows. To preserve Charlevoix's account in this connection, we give it by combining with our own, the partial translation of it in Wynne's *British Empire in America,* London, 1770, and in Smith's *History of Wisconsin:*

The Outagamies,* notwithstanding the blow which they had received in the affair at Detroit in 1712, were more exasperat-

*This was the Indian name by which the Foxes were generally known, which the French translated *Les Renards.* L. C. D.

ed than ever against the French. They collected their scattered bands on the Fox River of Green Bay, their natural country, and infested all the communications between the Colony and its most distant posts, robbing and murdering travelers; and in this they succeeded so well, that they brought over the Sioux to join them openly, while many of the Iroquois favored them clandestinely. In short, there was some danger of a general confederacy amongst all the savages against the French.

This hostile conduct on the part of the Foxes, induced the Marquis De Vaudreuil to propose a union of the friendly tribes with the French, in an expedition against the common enemy, who readily gave their consent. A party of French was raised, and the command of the expedition was confided to M. De Louvigny, the King's Lientenant at Quebec. A number of savages joined him on his route, and he soon found himself at the head of eight hundred men, all resolved not to lay down their arms while an Outagamie remained in Canada. Every one believed that the Fox nation was about to be entirely destroyed, and so the Outagamies themselves judged, when they saw the storm gathering against them, and therefore determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

More than five hundred warriors and three thousand women, shut themselves up in a sort of fort,* surrounded by three ranges of oak palisades, with a good ditch in the rear. Three hundred men were on the route to reinforce them, but they did not arrive in time. De Louvigny now attacked them in form; he had two field-pieces and a grenade mortar; the trenches were opened thirty-five toises [twelve rods and three-quarters] from the fort, and on the third day he was only twelve toises distant, when the besieged opened a heavy fire upon the French. While De Louvigny was preparing to undermine their works, the Foxes proposed terms of capitulation, which were rejected. In a little time they submitted others: First, That the Outagamies and their confederates should make peace with the French and their allies: Secondly, That

*Gen. SMITH adds: On Fox River, now known as the *Butte des Morts*, or Hill of the Dead. L. C. D.

they should previously release all their prisoners: Thirdly, That they should replace the French whom they had killed by slaves, whom they were to make prisoners from the distant nations with whom they were at war: Fourthly, That they should pay the expenses of the war by the products of the chase.

De Louvigny pretended to his allies, to whom he distributed a few beaver skins presented to him by the Outagamies, that he had consented to pardon the besieged on these conditions; but he should deceive himself if he believed the Foxes sincere. It was apparent to every one that they could not conceal their dissimulation; but he left them, and returned to Quebec, where it is certain that the reception his General gave him, and the yet greater distinction that he received from the French Court the following year, proved that he had already distinguished himself; that he had done nothing without authority; and the sequel shows, that this command had not been given with a knowledge of the cause. M. De Louvigny concluded peace with the Foxes, having received from them six hostages, either chiefs or sons of chiefs, as a surety for the fulfillment of their pledge to send deputies to Montreal, in order to ratify the treaty there with the Governor-General. And this treaty, which they had reduced to writing with De Louvigny,* contained an express cession of the country to the French.

Unfortunately the small pox, which raged the following winter in the Colony, and among the neighboring tribes, carried off three of the hostages, who died at Montreal, and among them the famous war chief Pemoussa. De Vaudreuil, fearful lest the treaty should fail, hastened upon the ice to Montreal, and despatched De Louvigny to Michillimakinac, with orders to execute the conditions accepted by the Foxes, and to bring to Montreal the chiefs of that and neighboring tribes, together with the ranger-deserters, to whom the king had granted a full pardon.

De Louvigny set out at the close of May, 1717. One of the surviving hostages, who had been attacked by the small-pox,

*Probably referring to an engrossed copy. L. C. D.

with the others, and had lost an eye by it, was taken along, that he might bear testimony to his people with what tenderness he and his companions had been treated. As soon as De Louvigny arrived at Michillimackinac, he dispatched this one-eyed chief to the Foxes, attended by two French interpreters, with presents to cover the three dead hostages. They were well received, smoked the calumet, and sang the songs of peace, and after spending some days in grieving for the dead, they met to listen to the hostage. He represented all matters in a proper manner, and severely reproached the chiefs for not having repaired to Michillimackinac.

The chiefs declared to the interpreters, that they were very sensible of the kindness which the Governor General continued to show to them; but excused themselves for not having already sent deputies to fulfill the treaty, and promised to comply with their word the following year, giving this pledge in writing, adding that they would never forget that they were indebted for their lives entirely to the clemency of their good father, the Governor. The hostage then set out with the interpreters, to rejoin De Louvigny, at Michillimackinac; but after traveling about twenty leagues, he left them, saying it was necessary he should return to urge upon his people a faithful compliance with their promise. Nothing further was heard from him. The Foxes failed to send deputies to the Governor General, and all the fruit De Louvigny reaped from this laborious journey, was bringing back to the Colony nearly all the ranger-deserters, and engaging a very large number of Indians to transport their peltries to Montreal, in greater quantities than they had done for a long while before. Gov. De Vaudreuil flattered himself for a long time that the Foxes would send the promised deputies to him; but he was only taught by the renewal of their old conduct, that an enemy driven to a certain point is always irreconcilable.

While the Foxes were discomfitted in many encounters, they, on their own part, compelled the Illinois to abandon their river forever; although after repeated defeats, it could

scarcely be conceived that there remained enough of that nation to form even a trifling village, yet no one ventured to go from Canada to Louisiana, without taking the utmost precaution against their surprises; and, it is said, that they had formed an alliance with the Sioux, the most numerous Indian tribe of Canada, and with the Chickasaws, the bravest nation of Louisiana.

DEATH OF SIEUR DE LOUVIGNY

[Extract from a letter from the Bishop of Quebec, dated October 4, 1725, announcing the death of Sieur De Louvigny.]

I was awaiting the arrival of the King's vessel to speak to you of many things; but, O, good God! what news have we just learned! After a happy voyage as far as the shores of L'Isle Royal, those who managed her took their measures so badly that they cast her away on the night between the 27th and 28th of August, at two leagues from Louisburg, on a reef of rocks, where she was entirely broken at the first stroke. All on board perished; not one soul was saved.

When the news reached here, it caused such dreadful consternation, desolation and misery, that I cannot forbear recommending to you several widows. Madame De Louvigny deserves, on account of the good services of her husband, that you should continue to her and her two daughters the pension you have settled upon him.*

*With reference to this ship-wreck, we find the following in Charlevoix's *History of New France:* On the night of the 25th of August, 1725, the King's vessel, *The Camel,* bound to Quebec, was wrecked near Louisburg, and not a soul saved. M. De Chazel, who was sent to relieve M. Begon, Intendant of Canada, M. De Louvigny, named Governor of Three Rivers, the same of whom we have so frequently spoken in this history, Capt. De La Gess, the son of M. De Rameza, who died the preceding year as Governor of Montreal, together with many officers of the Colony, Ecclesiastics, Recollects and Jesuits, all perished there with their property. L. C. D.

Renewal of the Fox War

In 1719, while three deputies of the Foxes were at Montreal, with assurances of peace and good will, having surrendered all the prisoners they had taken, a new source of uneasiness arose. A party of forty Foxes, Kickapoos and Mascoutins were out on a summer hunt, when a party of forty Illinois completely surrounded them, probably while asleep, and killed one-half of them on the spot, and captured the others. The Fox deputies asserted that the Illinois had attacked them on several occasions during the last year. Gov. Vaudreuil urged pacific measures, and "that they must prevail with their allies, the Sacs, to labor to that end." In a letter of the King, May 14, 1728, to Vaudreuil, he said: "According to the intelligence his Majesty had received respecting the negotiation of peace between the Illinois and Fox Indians, he had reason to believe that it was on the eve of being concluded, and has been much surprised to learn, not only that it had been broken off, but, still more, that Sieur De Beauharnois had determined to make war on the Foxes! His Majesty is persuaded of the necessity of destroying that nation, as it cannot be kept quiet, and as it will cause, so long as it exists, both trouble and disorder in the Upper Country; but should have wished that such a step, the success whereof is problematical, had been postponed until his orders had been received. It is even to be feared, that the project may not have been so secret as that the Indians have not been informed of it. In this case, if they foresee their inability to resist, they will have adopted the policy of retreating to the Sioux of the Prairies, from which point they will cause more disorder in the Colony than if they had been allowed to remain quiet in their village. Possibly even the other nations, who have been apparently animated against the Foxes, will be touched at their destruction, and become more insolent should we not succeed. As the expedition is apparently organized at present, his Majesty has been graciously pleased to allow the sixty millions of livres demanded by the Sieurs de Beauharnois and Dupuy, for the expenses of that war, news of the success of which he will be expecting with impatience."

The following extract relative to Sieur De Lignery's expedition against the Foxes, in 1728, is taken from the Voyages of the Rev. Father Emanuel Crespel in Canada, edited by his brother Louis Crespel, and first published in French, at Frankfort, in 1752, in a small 12mo volume of 135 pages—a copy of which is in the library of our Historical Society; another edition in French was issued at Amsterdam in 1757, and an English translation in London, in 1797. Of the author we have no knowledge; he had probably died before the publication of his work under his brother's auspices, who is represented as alike an artist and author. The translation of this extract was made by Gen. W. R. Smith. L. C. D.

DE LIGNERY'S EXPEDITION, 1728

On the Seventeenth day of March, in the year of my departure from Quebec (1726), M. De La Croix De St. Valier, Bishop of that city, conferred upon me the degree of Priest, and gave me shortly afterward a mission, or curacy, called Sorel, situated south of the river St. Lawrence, between the city of the Three Rivers and Montreal. I was withdrawn from my curacy, where I had already remained two years, and appointed almoner to a party of four hundred Frenchmen, that the Marquis De Beauharnois had joined to eight or nine hundred savages, of all manner of nations, but principally Iroquois, Hurons, Nepissings and Outaouacs, to whom M. Peret, Priest, and Father De La Bertonniere, Jesuit, served as almoners. These troops, commanded by Monsieur Lignerie, were commissioned to go and destroy a nation called the Foxes, whose principal habitation was distant from Montreal about four hundred and fifty leagues.

We commenced our march on the 5th of June, 1728, and ascended nearly a hundred and fifty leagues up the great river which bears the name of the Outaouacs, and which is filled with falls and portages. We quitted it at Mataouan, to take the one which empties into lake Nepissing; it is about thirty leagues in length, and is obstructed by falls and portages like that of the Outaouacs. From this river we entered into the lake, the width of which is about eight leagues; and from this lake, French river very soon conducts us to Lake Huron, into which it empties, after traversing more than thirty leagues with great rapidity.

As it is not possible for many persons to travel together on these small rivers, it was agreed that those who first passed should wait for the others at the entrance of Lake Huron, at a place called the Prairie, and which is, indeed, a most beautiful prairie. It is there that I saw, for the first time, the rattlesnake, whose bite is mortal; none of our party were incommoded by them.

The twenty-sixth of July, being all re-united, I celebrated mass, which I had deferred until that time, and the next morning we started for Michillima, or Missillimakinac, which is a station situated between lakes Huron and Michigan. Although we had a hundred leagues to travel, the wind was so favorable that we arrived in less than six days. We remained there for some time, in order to repair all damages incurred at the portages and falls; while there, I consecrated two flags and buried several soldiers who had been carried off by fatigue or sickness.

The tenth of August we left Michillimackinac, and entered lake Michigan. As we had been detained there two days by the wind, our savages had had time to take a hunt, in which they killed several moose and elk, and they were polite enough to offer to share with us. We made some objections at first, but they compelled us to accept their present, saying that since we had shared with them the fatigues of the journey, it was right that they should share with us the comforts which they had found, and that they should not consider themselves as men if they acted in a different manner toward others. This discourse, which one of our men rendered into French for me, affected me very much. What humanity in savages! And how many men might be found in Europe to whom the title of barbarian might much better be applied than to these inhabitants of America.

The generosity of our savages merited the most lively gratitude on our part; already for some time not having been able to find suitable hunting grounds, we had been compelled to eat nothing but bacon; the moose and elk which they gave us removed the disgust we began to have for our ordinary fare.

The fourteenth of the same month we continued our journey as far as the Detour de Chicagou, and as we were doubling Cap a la Mort, which is about five leagues across, we encountered a gust of wind, which drove ashore several canoes that were unable to double a point in order to obtain a shelter; they were broken by the shock; and we were obliged to distribute among the other canoes the men who, by the greatest good fortune in the world, had all escaped from the danger.

The next day we crossed over to the Folles Avoines,* in order to entice the inhabitants to come and oppose our landing; they fell into the trap, and were entirely defeated.† The following day we camped at the mouth of a river called La Gasparde. Our savages went into the woods, but soon returned bringing with them several roebucks. This species of game is very common at this place, and we were enabled to lay in several days provisions of it.

About mid-day, on the 17th, we were ordered to halt until evening, in order that we might reach the post at the Bay during the night, as we wished to surprise the enemy, whom we knew were staying with their allies, the Saquis, whose village lies near Fort St. Francis. At twilight we commenced our march, and about midnight we arrived at the mouth of Fox River, at which point our fort is built. As soon as we had arrived there, M. De Lignery sent some Frenchmen to the commandant to ascertain if the enemy were really at the village of the Saquis; and having learned that we ought still to find them there, he caused all the savages and a detachment of French troops to cross over the river, in order to surround the habitation, and then ordered the rest of our troops to enter the village. Notwithstanding the precautions that had been taken to conceal our arrival, the savages had received information of it, and all had escaped with the exception of four; these were presented to our savages, who after having diverted themselves with them, shot them to death with their arrows.

I was much pained to witness this horrible spectacle; and the pleasure which our savages took in making those unfortunate persons suffer, causing them to undergo the horrors of thirty deaths before depriving them of life I could not make this accord with the manner in which they had appeared to think some days before. I would willingly have asked them if they did not perceive, as I did, this opposition of sentiment,

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*Wild Rice people, or Menomonees.

†In Garneau's *History of Canada*, translated by Bell, we have this statement: "The army passed Michillimacinac August 1st, and that day fortnight, reached Chicago [Green Bay?]; and Aug. 15th, a body of Folles Avoines were found drawn up in battle array, on the lake-board, having made common cause with the Outagamies. They were encountered and signally beaten."

L. C. D.

and have pointed out to them what I saw condemnable in their proceedings; but those of our party who might have served me as interpreters were on the other side of the river and I was obliged to postpone until another time the satisfaction of my curiosity.

After this little *coup de main* we went up Fox River, which is full of rapids, and is about thirty-five or forty leagues in length. The 24th of August we arrived at the village of the Puants* much disposed to destroy any inhabitants that might be found there; but their flight had preceded our arrival, and we had nothing to do but to burn their wigwams, and ravage their fields of Indian corn, which is their principal article of food.

We afterwards crossed over the little Fox Lake, at the end of which we camped, and the next day (day of St. Louis), after mass, we entered a small river which conducted us into a kind of swamp, on the borders of which is situated the grand habitation of those of whom we were in search. Their allies, the Saquis, doubtless, had informed them of our approach, and they did not deem it advisable to wait our arrival, for we found in their village only a few women, whom our savages made their slaves, and one old man, whom they burnt to death at a slow fire, without appearing to entertain the least repugnance towards committing so barbarous an act.

This appeared to me a more striking act of cruelty than that which had been exercised towards the four savages found in the village of the Saquis. I seized upon this occasion and circumstance to satisfy my curiosity about that concerning which I have just been speaking. There was in our company a Frenchman who could speak the Iroquois language. I entreated him to tell the savages that I was surprised to see them take so much pleasure in torturing this unfortunate old man—that the rights of war did not extend so far, and that so barbarous an action appeared to me to be in direct opposition to the principles which they had professed to entertain towards all men. I was answered by an Iroquois, who in order to justify his companions, said, that when they fell into the hands

*Winnebagoes.

of the Foxes and Saquis, they were treated with still greater cruelty, and that it was their custom to treat their enemies in the same manner that they would be treated by them if they were vanquished. * * *

I was about to give him some further reasons, when orders were given to advance upon the last stronghold of the enemy. This post is situated upon the borders of a small river which empties into another called the Ouisconsin, which latter discharges itself into the Mississippi, about thirty leagues from there. We found no person there, and as we had no orders to go any farther, we employed ourselves several days in destroying the fields, in order to deprive the enemy of the means of subsisting there.* The country here is beautiful, the soil is fertile, the game plenty and of very fine flavor; the nights are very cold, and the days extremely warm. In my next letter I will speak to you about my return to Montreal, and of all that has happened to me up to the time of my embarking for France. * * *

Your affectionate brother,

EMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollet.*†

Gen. Smith adds this comment in a note: "Not being aware of any historical notice of this expedition, I was at first doubtful of the truth of the relation; but through the kindness of Governor Cass, I have obtained a full corroboration of the facts of which Crespel speaks, in an abstract of an official report, procured from the French archives. It is somewhat singular to observe Crespel's remark on the 'precaution' taken by a body of nearly fifteen hundred men sailing in canoes, and marching 450 leagues, to *surprise* a tribe of Indians; and it is equally amusing to see what a horror he has at the instances of cruelty in Indian warfare, and at the same time the coolness with which he describes the utter destruction of the villages and corn fields of the absent Foxes."

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*"Neither the Outagamies nor their allies," says Garneau, "were any where to be found, although the Canadians ascended Fox River, following their track to its sources, and within thirty leagues of the Mississippi, burning every horde, hut and plantation they found in the way." L. C. D.

†A monk of a reformed order of *Franciscan Brothers*—pious laymen who devote themselves to educational and other useful labors. L. C. D.

ENTERPRISE AGAINST THE FOXES

[From Messrs. De Beauharnois and De Argemait, 1st September, 1728 to the French Minister of War.]

It having been signified to them that his Majesty wished that they had awaited his orders before commencing this undertaking: They answer, that the information which they received from every quarter, of the secret wampums which the English had sent among the nations of the Upper Country, to cut the throats of the French in all the posts, and the war parties which the Foxes were raising every day, did not allow them to defer this expedition for a year, without endangering the loss of all the posts in the Upper Country.

They learned with regret that the Foxes had fled before the army had arrived in their country. They will do all they can to prevent any results from this, and will attentively observe all the movements which any of those nations who could enter into the interests of the Foxes might make, so as to prevent any surprise.

The Marquis De Beauharnois, by a private letter of the same day, sends the instructions which he had given to M. De Lignery for this expedition, and the letter which this officer entreated to enclose in his despatches, and by which he attempts to justify himself. This letter states, that he made use of all his skill to succeed in the expedition; but it was impossible for him to surprise the enemy, not being able to conceal from them, any further than the Bay, the knowledge of his march.

He took at this post, before day-break, three Puants of the Foxes, and one Fox, who were discovered by some Sakis whom he had brought from Mackinac. These four savages were bound and sent to the tribes, who put them to death the next day. He afterwards continued his march, composed of 1,000 savages and 450 French,* as far as the village of the

*Garneau says the force consisted of 450 French and 750 Indians; Crespel says 400 French and 800 or 900 Indians. L. C. D.

Puants, and afterwards to the Foxes. They all fled as soon as they heard that we were at the Bay, of which they were informed by some of their own people, who escaped by swimming. They captured, however, in the four Fox villages, two women, a girl and an old man, who were killed and burnt. He learnt from them that the tribe had fled four days before; that it had a collection of canoes, in which the old men, the women and children had embarked, and that the warriors had gone by land: He urged the other tribes to follow in pursuit of them, but there was only a portion of them who would consent, the others saying the enemy had got too far for them to be able to catch up with them. The French had nothing but Indian corn to eat, and this, added to the advanced season, and a march of 400 leagues on their return, by which the safety of half the army was endangered, decided them upon burning the four Fox villages, their forts and their huts, to destroy all that they could find in their fields—Indian corn, peas, beans and gourds, of which they had great abundance. They did the same execution among the Puants. It is certain that half of these nations, who number 4,000 souls, will die with hunger, and that they will come in and ask mercy. Major De Cavagnal, who has been in the whole expedition, and has perfectly performed his duty, is able to certify to all this.

In returning, having passed by a fort of the Sakis, these savages told him in a council of our tribes, that they no longer wished to stay with them, for fear of the Foxes, and they were going to retire to the River St. Joseph. It was impossible to re-assure them, which obliged him, seeing this post abandoned, to burn the fort, lest the Foxes or their allies should take possession of it, fortify themselves, and make war upon our nearest allies, the Folles Avoines.

In a second letter of M. Beauharnois, of the 8th of September, 1728, he states that neither the glory nor the arms of the King were at all interested in this expedition, the Foxes having abandoned every thing, and retired to the Ajoues.*

*Iowas.

All the army attribute the failure to M. De Lignery's stay at Mackinac, which was considerable. But the climax was, that a Potowatamy, who had come to the army with four others, three of whom did not appear, was sent back to his comrades by M. De Lignery to say, that he had come to talk with the tribes, and even with the Foxes, who were only two days distant. This savage warned the latter of all he had seen in the army, and instantly they prepared to take flight. The French and savages wished to march upon them, but M. De Lignery would not hasten his departure, under the idea that the Potowatamy would return. The murmur was very general against him in the army. The savages in their speeches have not spared him, and have asserted that the people from the Upper Country ought to come in the spring and state their complaints to him.

M. De Lignery performed another manœuver on his return to the Bay, which no one could understand. Because the Sakis said they were afraid of the Foxes, and that they wished to establish themselves at the River St. Joseph, without well examining the consequences of the step he was taking, he decided upon destroying the fort, though he had people and ammunition, and could wait for orders until the next year; and surely the Sakis would not have left, and not have dared to do so.

In this business M. De Lignery was the man in power in all the Colony, and French and savages would have marched under his orders with great pleasure. M. De Beauharnois is sorry to be obliged to state things as they are, but there will be many letters which will say the same thing, and he thinks it better that Monseigneur should know the truth of the matter. He might add, that they say that M. De Lignery was ill, and that he did not wish that any other should reap any glory from the undertaking. M. De Beaujeu, who was second in command, would have admirably acquitted himself. Messrs. De Artagnal, Du Buisson and all the other officers, would have desired nothing better than to have gone ahead. Every one wished it, but M. De Lignery would not listen to any representations.

The following marginal notes are appended to the above paper:

"M. De Lignery allows the Foxes to escape."

"It is to be regretted, that the enterprise did not have the success which was expected from it, both from the expense of it, and from the consequences it might have had. It is certain, that M. De Beauharnois took all possible measures that it should have no evil results. There is every reason to believe, that the Foxes, who suffered much from the destruction of their villages and plantations, will ask for peace, and that is extremely to be desired."

LA BUTTE DES MORTS—HILLOCK OF THE DEAD.[1]

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier—rough and hard of heart—
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.—HENRY V.

La Butte Des Morts is, as its name implies, a little hill at the confluence of the Fox and Wolf rivers, and in the angle between them. From its summit, the voyager may have a view of the Lake of Graise d'Ours to the east, and of a long reach of the Fox River, and many a rood of fat prairie land to the westward. When he is tired of beholding the prospect, he may descend to the water side, and amuse himself by shooting at the blue-winged teal, the most delicious of the feathered creation, as they fly past him in myriads. He will do well not to fire if they fly high, for they are fattened on the wild rice of the river, and usually burst open on falling. Or, if he is given to moralizing, he may go to the field between the hill

[1]By William J. Snelling.

and the woods, and speculate on the bones that have been whitening there for more than the age of man.

> "There the slow blind worm leaves his slime
> On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time.
> The knot-grass fetters there the hand
> That once could burst an iron band."

The last time the author was on the spot, a pit had just been dug on the top of the hillock, and in it were put, with shrieks and howling, the remains of a noted Winnebago brave, whose war cry had been heard at Tippecanoe and the battle of the Thames. At the head of the grave was planted a cedar post, on which the rude heraldry of the natives had emblazoned the rank and achievements of the deceased. Three black emblems represented three American scalps. Let us be forgiven, reader, for dwelling on the place. Silent and solitary as it now is, it is the scene of events that mayhap it will please thee to hear related. Alas! that strife and slaughter, and the extermination of a native tribe, should be pleasant things for us to write, or for thee to read.

About the year seventeen hundred and twenty-five, the principal village of the Saque nation stood on the Butte Des Morts. Here the Saques were accustomed to stop traders passing into the Indian country, and to exact from them a tribute—as the Winnebagoes have since done.* The traders submitted with reluctance, but there was no help. At last,

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*We learn from Schoolcraft's *History of the Indian Tribes*, III, 279, that the Winnebagoes evinced some insolence towards the Americans during the years immediately succeeding the war of 1812–15; that Hoo-Choop or *Four Legs*, a stern chief at the outlet of Winnebago Lake, assumed to be the keeper of the Fox River Valley, and levied tribute, in some cases, for the privilege of ascent.

Col. T. L. M'Kenney thus alludes to this Winnebago custom of exacting tribute: Four Legs, a fine looking chief, occupied, with his village, the tongue of land which runs out between Winnebago Lake, on the one side, and Fox River on the other. When Gen. Leavenworth, some years previous to 1827, was ascending the Fox River with troops, on his way to the Mississippi, on arriving at this pass, Four Legs came out, dressed in all his gewgaws and feathers, and painted after the most approved fashion, and announced to the General that he could not go through; *"the Lake,"* said he, *"is locked."* "Tell him," said he General, rising in his batteaux, with a rifle in his hand, 'that THIS IS THE KEY, *and I shall unlock it and go on.*' The chief had a good deal of the better part of valor in his composition, and so he replied, 'Very well, tell him he can go.'"

Ne-o-kau-tah, or *Four Legs*, has his village at the outlet of Winnebago Lake. He served under the British during the war of 1812–'15, figuring at Fort Meigs, Sandusky, and on McKay's expedition to Prairie du Chien. He was an active and influential Winnebago Chief, and a very worthy man; but like most of the Red Race he dearly loved fire-water, and indulging too freely, he fell a victim to it in a drunken debauch at the Wisconsin Portage, in 1830. Mrs. Kinzie relates the particulars of his death and funeral observances, about his Fox wife, and gives an interesting account of his adroit management to marry off a very Hecate of a daughter for ugliness to the late John H. Kinzie, then in the employ of the American Fur Company at Prairie du Chien.

emboldened by impunity, the savages increased their demands, so that a total cessation of trade was likely to ensue, and bickerings arose between the plunderers and the plundered. In the autumn of seventeen hundred and twenty-four, a hot-headed young Canadian trader refused to pay the customary tribute, and severely wounded a Saque who attempted to take it forcibly. He was instantly shot dead and scalped, and his boat was pillaged. Some accounts say, that his men were killed too, but this part of the story, though probable, is not certain. As no notice of the affair was taken that winter by the authorities commissioned by the Grand Monarque, the insolence of the Sauks increased greatly, and they imagined in their ignorance that the French stood in fear of them. But in this they reckoned without their host, or rather without Jean St. Denis Moran.

The Sieur Moran, a man of a decided and energetic character, held an office in the French Indian Department. He was, moreover, an old campaigner and had been at Friedlingen and Malplaquet. When tidings of what had happened were communicated to him at Quebec, his mustacios twisted upward for very anger, and he swore, *Sachristie!* and *Mort de sa vie!* that the Saques should repent their presumption. In order to the fulfillment of this laudable vow, he demanded of the commanding officer at Quebec that three hundred regulars should be placed at his disposal, and the request was granted.* With these troops he proceeded to Michilmacinac, where he remained till the first of October, to mature his plans.

Here he caused eight or ten Mackinaw boats to be constructed. For fear that some of our readers may not know what a Mackinaw boat is, we will try to inform him. It is a large, strong built, flat bottomed boat, pointed at both ends, and pe-

*While we feel disposed to give some credit to this narrative, or that part of it relating to the causes and movements of Marin against the Foxes—relying upon it, as a tradition, so far as it may be corroborated by other sources of information, and so far as it may accord with probability, yet it is quite apparent that the writer has drawn somewhat upon his imagination for supposed facts with which to connect the several parts of the story. The date assigned to the expedition, the Christian name of Marin, his military services in the Low Countries, the tidings of the Indian exactions reaching him at Quebec, and there securing 300 regulars with whom to chastise the insolent savages, must, we think, be regarded of this character. L. C. D.

culiarly adapted to the Indian trade, in which it is often necessary to ascend and descend dangerous rapids. It is always furnished with a *parlas,* or sheet of painted canvass, large enough to protect the lading from the weather. But this equipage was never used for the purpose for which the Sieur Moran designed it, before nor since.

Furthermore, he provided many kegs of French brandy, and all things being in readiness, proceeded from island to island across the head of Lake Michigan to Green Bay. Here he might have speculated on the phenomenon of a tide in the fresh water, as Mr. Schoolcraft and other learned philosophers have done; but different matters occupied his mind. He encamped, and sent a messenger to the Hillock of the Dead to require the instant surrender of all persons concerned in the late breach of the peace, as well as reparation for all robberies and injuries committed by the offending tribe. The Saque Chief laughed the message to scorn. 'Tell our father,' said he, 'that the Saques are men. Tell him, too, that even if he should in earnest be disposed to punish his children, they have legs to take them out of the way, if he should prove too hard for them.' Having made this lofty speech, he looked round with much self-complacency, and when the concurrence of the audience had been signified, he added, 'I am a wise man.' Had he foreseen the consequences of his words, it is probable his opinion of his own wisdom would have suffered some diminution. He smoked a pipe with the disconcerted envoy, gave him to eat, and desired him to make the best of his way back to whence he came.

On receiving this answer, M. Moran convened a band of Monomonees that had encamped in the vicinity, and whose chief, unless tradition deceives us, was called Aus-kin-naw-waw-witsh. To him the old soldier communicated his intention of bringing the Saques to condign punishment, and requested his assistance. 'Father,' replied Aus-kin-naw-waw-witsh, 'what you say is good. You are a wise man. We have wished to see you a great while, because we are very poor, and we know that you are rich. We have few guns, and

no ammunition or tobacco, and our women have no clothing. Above all, we want a little of your *milk** to make us weep for our deceased relations.† So a kind father will give us all these things. But wisdom requires that we should deliberate on your proposal. Father, a little of your *milk* will brighten our understandings.' And to all these sayings the inferior Monomonees assented with a grunt, or groan of applause, for it might be called either.

M. Moran was obliged to acknowledge the justice of these axioms. He supplied the immediate wants of the savages, and gave them a keg of brandy. The consequence was a frightful riot of three days' duration, in which three of the intended allies were slain. Aus-kin-naw-waw-witsh required a further delay of three days "to cry for the slain;" and he even suggested that a little more *milk* would make the tears flow faster and more readily. To this hint, M. Moran returned a peremptory refusal. In the meanwhile, the crafty Monomonee sent to the Saques a warning of their danger; but they persisted in believing that they would not be attacked, and that they should be able to defend themselves if they were.

After the mourning had terminated, Aus-kin-naw-waw-witsh announced the result of his deliberations. 'If my father,' said he, 'will give us the land the Saques now live upon, and if he will make us a handsome present, and if he will give us more of his *milk*, we will assist him.' To all which postulates the Sieur Moran agreed, only stipulating that the payment should take place after the work was done.

M. Moran told the Monomonees that he should want them

*Ardent spirits.

†The Sioux or Dahcotahs sometimes bury their dead, but more frequently expose them on scaffolds, or in the branches of trees. In the latter case, it is said that the bones are afterwards interred, we believe without truth, never having witnessed it. The arms, &c., of a warrior, are buried or exposed with him. Formerly a horse was sacrificed, that the deceased might reach his future place of abode on horseback. In old times, prisoners were put to death also, that the deceased might not want slaves in the next world. The Winnebagoes have observed this rite within the remembrance of many persons now living. When the corpse of a female is disposed of, her implements of labor accompany it. The men mourn for their dead relations by wounding their arms, blackening their faces, &c. The women cut their limbs with flints and knives. We have known mortification to take place in consequence of the severity of these self-imposed afflictions. In one instance, we have seen death ensue. The demonstration of grief is never so energetic as when stimulated by the use of ardent spirits. The mourning is renewed at every recurrence of intoxication, and they often beg for whisky "to make them cry."
W. J. S.

after two sleeps,* and dismissed them. Then he loaded one of his boats with merchandize, not forgetting a goodly quantity of brandy, and gave her in charge to a non-commissioned officer and four Canadian boatmen. They received his instructions to ascend the river to the Butte Des Morts, and there suffer the boat to be pillaged without resistance or remonstrance. They were then to proceed a few miles farther, encamp, and wait for further orders. His orders were obeyed to the letter. The Saques plundered the boat, and, drinking the brandy, were soon in no condition for attack or defence.

Now was the time for Moran to act, and fearfully did he avail himself of it. A mile below the Hillock of the Dead, and on the same side of the river, is a stream, just wide enough to allow a Mackinaw boat to enter a few rods. To this the Sieur Moran succeeded in getting, at noon, the day after his advanced boat had passed. Here, out of sight of the village, he landed his Monomonees and half of his soldiers. He ordered them to gain the woods in the rear of the Saques, and there wait till the firing commenced in front. When sufficient time had elapsed for his orders to be obeyed, the remaining troops, crouched in the bottoms of the boats, with their arms ready, and were covered with the canvass before mentioned. This done, he put off, and the crews, disguised like boatmen, rowed up the river, singing this ditty, which is still popular in the North-West:

Tous les printemps,
Tant de nouvelles,
Tous les amants
Changent de maitresses.
Le bon vin m'endort;
L'amour me reveille.

Tous les amants
Changent de maitresses.
Qu'ils changent qui voudront,
Pour me garde la mienne.
Le bon vin m'endort;
L'amour me reveille.†

*The Indians compute time, and distance in traveling, by the number of times they sleep.

†The reader is indebted to Mrs. Mary A. Krum, of Madison, for the following happy rendering of this ancient voyageur's song into English versification:

Each returning spring-time
Brings so much that's new,

They were soon within ken of the village. The Saques not expecting the entertainment prepared for them, rejoiced at the sight. They were all drunk, or, at least, suffering the effects of intoxication. "Here come the traders to supply us with fire-water and blankets," they said to each other; "let us make haste to the spoil." The women screamed with delight, the children bawled in concert, and the host of the dogs added to the uproar. Young and old hurried to the water side.

As the foremost boat came opposite to the crowd of dark forms on shore, a dozen balls were fired athwart her course. None struck her, but the proximity was sufficiently intimate to show that her farther progress would be attended with danger.* "*Scie, scie partout*," cried the frightened steersman, and the rowers backed water simultaneously. M. Moran rose, and commanded the interpreter to ask what they wanted? "*Skoo-tay wawbo! skootay wawbo!*" (fire-water), shouted five hundred voices. "Shore," said Moran, and as the other boats were now along side, they all touched the ground together.

"I let you all know, that if you touch any thing in the boats, you will be sorry for it," cried the interpreter. But an hundred hands were already dragging them farther aground, and his voice was drowned by the clamor. "Help! help! thieves! thieves!" cried Moran, in full deep tone. At once the coverings were thrown off, and an hundred and fifty soldiers were brought to view, as if by the spell of an enchanter. "Fire!" cried Moran. The muskets flashed, and twenty Saques fell dead where they stood. To the poor misguided savages, the number of their enemies seemed treble the reality. They fled precipitately to their village to prepare for defence. Two minutes sufficed for the troops to form and pursue.

All the fickle lovers
Changing sweet-hearts too.
The good wine soothes and gives me rest,
While love inspires and fills my breast.

All the fickle lovers
Changing sweet-hearts still,
I'll keep mine forever,
Those may change who will.
The good wine soothes and gives me rest,
While love inspires and fills my breast.

*Firing across a boat with ball, is the Indian way of bringing her to.

W. J. S.

The Saques found at their lodges another and more terrible enemy than the French. A Monomonee had entered the place unsuspected, and set it on fire on the windward side.* The wind was high, and in a few moments the frail bark dwellings were wrapped in a sheet of flame. The Saques then retreated towards the woods in the rear, one and all. 'Ere they were reached, Moran's reserve met them, and they were placed between two fires. Then burst forth one heart-rending, agonized shriek; and the devoted Saques prepared to defend themselves with the courage of despair. Ball and bayonet now began their bloody work. The victims were hemmed in on every side. The Monomonees precluded the possibility of escape on the flanks, and the knife and glittering tomahawk cut off what the sword had spared. The inhabitants of the village fought with unshrinking courage. Few asked quarter; none received it. They perished, man, woman and child. The horrors of the dreadful tragedy may not be repeated, yet, in less than an hour it had been enacted, and the actors were gone. A heap of smoking ruins, and a few houseless dogs, howling after the dead bodies of their masters, were the only objects the sad hillock presented. But five Saque families, that had been absent at the time, survived the slaughter—the poor remains of what had been a considerable tribe. They left their country, and emigrated to the Mississippi, where they incorporated with the Foxes, and where their descendants remain to this day.†

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*The summer or permanent villages of the Northwestern Aborigines are built of bark, and may, therefore, be easily fired. W. J. S.

†Parkman, in his *History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac*, a work of great merit, states that he found on a tattered scrap, amoung the McDougal manuscripts—preserved by a son of Lieut. McDougal, who was captured by the Indians in the Pontiac war, in 1763—the following: "Five miles below the mouth of Wolf river is the Great Death Ground. This took its name from the circumstance, that some years before the old French war, a great battle was fought between the French troops, assisted by the Monomonees and Ottaways, on the one side, and the Sac and Fox Indians on the other. The Sacs and Foxes were nearly all cut off, and this proved the cause of their eventful expulsion from the country."

Schoolcraft, in his Discourse before the Michigan Historical Society, says the Foxes "concentrated their remaining force at Green Bay, where they formed a close alliance with the Sauks, and for a while sustained themselves. But they were pursued by the French, with the aid of the Chippewas and Monomonees, and were beaten in two sanguinary battles on the St. Croix and Fox rivers, fled to the Wisconsin, and finally sought refuge west of the Mississippi."

McKenney, in his *Memoirs and Travels*, speaking of the Great and Little Butte des Morts says: "All the mounds that I have seen, that are conical in form, as are those of two hills of the dead, are full of the bones of men. I sought of aged Indians [in 1827] their tradition in relation to this Little, as well as the Great Hill of the Dead, and learn-

It is due to Sieur Moran to say, that he did all he might to mitigate the fate of his victims. But his voice was exerted in vain. Victorious troops are seldom merciful in the field, and the Monomonees would not be restrained. There was no room for rapine, for there was nothing to take; but lust, and red-handed murder, stalked openly over the Butte Des Morts on that day. From this carnage of the Saques, it derived its name.

That evening, Aus-kin-naw-waw-witsh appeared before the Sieur Moran, and demanded the promised recompense. "Let what you have seen be a warning to you," said the leader; "If your people, now masters of the soil, offend in the same sort, be assured they shall drink of the same cup that the Saques have drained."

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ed that a long time ago a battle was fought, first upon the spot which is Le Petit Butte Des Morts and the grounds adjacent, and continued upon that and the surrounding country, upon which is found Le Grand Butte Des Morts, between the Iroquois and Fox Indians, in which the Iroquois were victorious, killing an immense number of the Foxes at Le Petit Butte des Morts; when, being beaten, the Foxes retreated, but rallied at Le Grand Butte Des Morts, and fought until they were nearly all slain. Those who survived fled to the Mississippi."

For the sake of preserving the fact in this connection, we may cite from a speech made by Pontiac, the great Ottawa chief, in 1763: "Remember the war with the Foxes, and the part which I took in it. It is now seventeen years since the Ojibwas of Michillimackinac, combined with the Sacs and Foxes, came down to destroy you. Who then defended you? Was it not I and my young men? Mickinac, a great chief of all these nations said in council, that he would carry to his village the head of your commandant [at Detroit]—that he would eat his heart, and drink his blood. Did I not take your part? Did I not go to his camp, and say to him, that if he wished to kill the French, he must first kill me and my warriors? Did I not assist you in routing them, and driving them away?"

This reference of Pontiac's would point to the year 1746 as a period of a war on the part of the Foxes and Chippewas against the French, apparently in the Detroit region. If such a war occurred at that period, we have no particulars of it. It is possible that Pontiac may have erred as to the date, and may have personated himself, as Indians frequently do, as simply representing his nation. But it is quite probable, however, that he referred to a real outbreak at the time he mentioned. Hon. M. L. Martin, in his Address delivered before the Wis. Hist. Society in 1851, alludes generally to "the engagements in which the Foxes were defeated at Butte Des Morts, and on the Wisconsin river, and finally driven beyond the Mississippi, leaving the entire country in 1746 in the possession of the French and their allies, the Chippewas, Monomonees, Winnebagoes and Pottawatomies." And Gen. Smith (Hist. Wis., i, 343) alludes vaguely to "a war, under 'Mackinac the Turtle' against the French, in 1746." Yet these references, it must be confessed, are obscure and uncertain. L. C. D.

ALLIED INDIAN EXPEDITION AGAINST THE FOXES

[Report of M. De Beauharnois, May 6th, 1730, of an expedition against the Foxes, made by the Outaouaes, Sauteux, Folles-Avoines and Puants.]

My Lord: I have the honor to communicate to you the favorable news I have received this winter, through different letters of officers who command in the Upper Country.

A party of over two hundred Indians, Outaouaes, Sauteux, Folles-Avoines and Puants,* fell on the Foxes, surprised and destroyed twenty flat boats of this nation who were returning from a buffalo hunt, containing eighty men, who were all killed or burned, except three—the allied Indians having burned the boats, three hundred women and children shared the same fate.†

I have the honor, my Lord, to communicate this news, with so much the more pleasure, as there is no doubt existing on the subject, circumstances and letters received by me from all parts, which do not contradict themselves concerning this affair corroborate the fact. It is also confirmed by the journey taken since this last adventure by the Great Chief of the Foxes to the river St. Joseph, and by the message he brought to Sieur De Villiers, commanding at that place, the tenor of which is as follows:

"My father, I look upon myself now as dead; my heart is quaking, and it is not without a cause. I have, however, today, more influence over my young men than I had heretofore, and they seem to be also more attentive to my words. I know

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*Ottawas, Sauters or Chippeways, Monomonees and Winnebagoes. L. C. D.

†This could hardly have been one of Sieur Marin's expeditions against the devoted Foxes, or his name would most likely have been mentioned in connection with it. This affair occurred, we should judge, in the autumn of 1729, while the streams were yet navigable and the news of which De Beauharnois received at Quebec during the following winter. The next official letter, written seven weeks later, gives a reference to Marin's expedition as having occurred in March, 1730—thus rendering it certain that the defeat of the Foxes returning in boats from a buffalo hunt, and Marin's enterprise against them, were two different affairs. L. C. D.

the good heart of my father Onontio,* and I intend to go down to Montreal next spring to see him, and crave for mercy —death for death; for I prefer trusting to the goodness of my father, exposing myself to the risks of being killed on the way, rather than to be killed in my own village. I have thought that if I [my people] have been killed, it has only been done after repeated warnings to us to preserve peace."

Although, my Lord, these sentiments may appear to proceed from a nation truly repentant and submissive, I shall yet keep good watch. It is very certain, that the continued war waged against them by the nations with whom they were formerly at peace, should teach them, that it only proceeds from their rupture with the French, and that they will not be left quiet until they have made their peace with us. I will add, that the impression made by our army on the minds of our Indian allies, leads me to think that they will always maintain themselves in our interest and continue to follow up the blow with which they have struck the Foxes, as long as they know them to be embroiled with the French.

I am to a certain extent convinced of the fact, through our Indians, who in this last affair only acted according to the solicitation I made of them, to destroy the Foxes, and not to suffer on this earth a demon capable of confounding or opposing our friendly alliance. They seem to have acted upon these principles, by which I am inclined to think, that if I pursue the same course, they will continue to act as they have done heretofore.

These reasons, my Lord, cause me to judge, that if the submission of the Foxes is not sincere, they are at least constrained to it by necessity; besides, I will see what they will say to me when they come down to Montreal; and, on that occasion, I will be very careful not to grant them any thing, except on very advantageous conditions, and meanwhile I will see that all their actions be carefully watched. I postpone, my Lord, until the coming autumn, to inform you of the results of this

*The title by which the French Governor of Canada was known to the Indian nations. L. C. D.

affair, by which I feel confident of the success with which I had flattered myself; and there is some appearance that our allied nations, who have lost ten or twelve men in this last expedition, have made since some other attempt on the Foxes to avenge themselves.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, my Lord, your very humble and obedient servant,

Signed, BEAUHARNOIS.

At QUEBEC, May 6th, 1730.

NEW EXPEDITION AGAINST THE FOXES.

[The Marquis De Beauharnois' letter to the Minister, June 25th, 1730, relative to a new expedition against the Foxes.]

MY LORD: The Sieur Du Buisson, who commands at Missilimakinac, has dispatched to me a canoe from there with advice that all the nations of the Upper Country were very much excited against the Foxes; that a considerable body of Indians had collected, and requested him to place himself at their head, to fall upon this nation and destroy it entirely.

He states that he thought best not to refuse, inasmuch as their proposition tended towards the peace of the Colony, and that it was very necessary to take this step to over awe the Indians and cut short their remarks against the French, concerning our little success in the last campaign against the Foxes. This officer, my Lord, must have left his post the 20th of last May, with six hundred men, among whom, are fifty Frenchmen.*

I have the honor to send you here annexed the extract of a letter written to me by the Sieur Marin, who commanded at the Folles Avoines, concerning the movement he made last March against the Foxes, with the Indians of this post, through

*We have, unfortunately, no further account of this expedition of Du Buisson's, of May, 1730. L. C. D.

their solicitation, as you will see, my Lord, in the details of this adventure or action which was of the warmest character and very well supported.

This officer informs me that he was present at the council held at Missilimakinac, when the Indians invited Monsieur Du Buisson to place himself at their head, and that a few of the Folles-Avoines, who were there also, presented to him the tomahawk, (as it is customary on similar occasions) to invite him to be one of the expedition. Sieur Marin must have gone with the Sieur Du Buisson. I expect news from their expedition before the last of July, of which I will have the honor to inform you immediately.

I have also the honor of being, with very great respect, my Lord, your very humble and obedient servant,

Signed. BEAUHARNOIS.

At MONTREAL, this 25th day of June, 1730.

SIEUR DEVILLIERS DEFEATS THE FOXES

[Messrs. De Beauharnois and Hocquart's letter to the Minister, November 2, 1730, relating to the defeat of the Foxes.]

MY LORD: The Sieur Coulon DeVilliers, son of the Sieur DeVilliers commanding at the River St. Josephs, has just this moment arrived, dispatched by his father to bring us the interesting news of the almost total defeat of the Foxes; two hundred of their warriors have been killed on the spot, or burned after having been taken as slaves, and six hundred women and children were absolutely destroyed.

This affair took place in September, under the command of the Sieur DeVilliers, to whom were united the Sieur De-Noyelle, commanding the Miamis, and the Sieur De St. Ange, father and son, from the government of Louisiana, with the French of that distant Colony, together with those of our posts and all the neighboring Indians, our allies; we num-

bered from twelve to thirteen hundred men. The Marquis De Beauharnois will have, My Lord, the honor to send you a description of this action by the Sieur Le Fevre's vessel, which will sail in about eight or ten days.*

We risk this letter by a vessel going to Martinique, which may pass at the Isle Royal. It was on the point of starting when we learned this news.

This is a brilliant action, which sheds great honor on Sieur DeVilliers, who, through it, may flatter himself as having some share in your friendship, and the honor of your protectection in the promotion which is to take place.

Signed:

BEAUHARNOIS, and
HOCQUART.

Historical Notices

OF DE LOUVIGNY, PERROT, DE LIGNERY, DE BEAUJEU, MARIN, DU BUISSON, DE VILLIERS, DE NOYELLE, AND ST. ANGE.

By Lyman C. Draper

Louis De La Porte, Sieur De Louvigny, was a native of France, and bred to arms in both the land and marine service. He entered the service in Canada as early as 1682; he was sent to command at Mackinaw, in May, 1609, and made a heroic attack on a party of the Iroquois Indians on the way, signally defeating them. He remained in that command four years, rendering good service, and managing the Indians of the North West with great success. In 1694, he was recalled from that command, and, during the winter of 1695–'96, he headed a picked body of 300 French and Indians on an

*This vessel was wrecked, and the despatches were returned to Messrs. Beauharnois and Hocquart; "among the rest, those regarding the last defeat of the Foxes."—See letter October 1, 1731, Vol. IX, N. Y. Colonial History, p. 1029.
L. C. D.

expedition from Canada against the Iroquois, but owing to the great depth of the snow, which fell in some places seven feet deep, and the severity of the weather, they proceeded only a few leagues beyond Fort Frontenac, and returned in March with a few captives. During the campaign of 1696, he was among the most active of Count De Frontenac's partisan leaders. In November, 1697, he was placed at the head of 500 men to proceed against the Mohawks, but a heavy fall of snow prevented the execution of the plan. In the fall of 1699, he was placed in command of Fort Frontenac, but was recalled the following spring, for trading, as was alleged, in peltries, contrary to orders, and imprisoned in consequence.

Notwithstanding this error—perhaps of the head rather than the heart—the Sieur De Louvigny still retained the confidence of his superiors, and we find him, in 1701, promoted to the position of Major of the Three Rivers, and two years later Major of Quebec. He proposed, in 1703, to carry on an expedition against the Indians beyond Lake Superior; and was, in 1705, sent on a mission to Mackinaw to recover some Iroquois prisoners captured by the Indians of the Upper Lake country. We find him, in 1709, attending a council of war in Quebec; and the following year, greatly mortified that he had been neglected in the King's promotions; and Gov. Vaudreuil, evidently to assuage his feelings, testified to his merits, and suggested his appointment to the chief command of Mackinaw, with the Sieur De Lignery to serve under him. While it is not so apparent that his appointment was made, it nevertheless shows the high regard entertained for him by the Governor of the Province; and early in 1716, we find him in command of a large force, evidently marching from Mackinaw, against the hostile Sauks and Foxes, and De Louvigny's official account of the expedition is now, for the first time, given to the public, among the preceding documents.

It is this formidable military expedition into the very heart of Wisconsin, more than a century and a half ago, that will ever indissolubly associate his name, services and memory with the primitive history of our State.

While absent on this important service, he was chosen by the Council to the Lieutenancy—or Lieutenant Governorship of the Province, to serve in the absence of the Governor. On the 28th November, 1724, Gov. De Vaudreuil wrote to the French Ministry, that the Sieur De Louvigny would soon proceed to France, and commended him to the Government for his intimate knowledge of the Indians, and his acquaintance with the measures to terminate the Indian war. His services to his country were so well appreciated, that while in his native land he was promoted to the Governorship of Three Rivers; but lost his life by shipwreck near Louisburg, returning from France, on the night of August 27th, 1725. He left a widow and two daughters; and, early in 1730, his widow sought to return in one of the King's ships to France.

Nicholas Perrot, an early and adventurous explorer of Wisconsin, born in 1644, was a man of talent, enterprise and considerable education. He early repaired to the Indian country, and made himself familiar with the Algonquin languages. We now find him engaged as a trader; first among the Pottawattamies, and then among the Foxes and Monomonees, acquiring great influence among them, especially the Foxes, who called him Metamenens, or *Little Maize*. The Foxes, it is said, on one occasion, at least, showed the sincerity of their friendship, rescuing him from the Miamies and Maskoutens, at their village at the head of Fox river, and honoring him with a guard. Having been invited to a banquet, by the chief of the latter tribe, he profited by the occasion to address the warriors of the two tribes, and formed a kind of alliance between them, to the great displeasure of the Pottawattamies. In the spring of 1670 he joined a flotilla of canoes, setting out from Green Bay for Montreal, manned by no less than 900 men, and reached that city safely. In the following year he accompanied Sieur De St. Lusson, as his interpreter, to a grand council at Sault St. Mary, when De St. Lusson took formal possession of the country in the name of the King of France.

In the spring of 1683 he was sent by Gov. De La Barre, with a band of twenty men, to establish friendly alliances with

the Iowoys and Sioux or Dacotahs; he established a post on the Mississippi, below the mouth of the Wisconsin, and to this "enterprising trader," says Dr. O'Callaghan, "is the world indebted for the discovery of the celebrated Lead Mines, on the river Des Moines, in Iowa, which at one time bore his name." In 1684 he raised an Ottawa force to join Gov. De La Barre in what proved a fruitless expedition; and the next spring he was sent back, with extensive powers, among the Western Indians. On his way he brought about peace between the Foxes on the one side, and the Ottawas, Chippewas and Sioux on the other, by restoring to a Chippewa chief his daughter, held captive by the Foxes. After taking command at Green Bay, he went up the Fox river to the town of the Miamies and Maskoutens, descended the Wisconsin to its mouth, and visited the Sioux country. De Nonville, the successor of De La Barre, not approving of such distant expeditions, ordered Perrot to return to Green Bay. "I could not," says Perrot, "obey without abandoning the goods which I had induced merchants to advance to me for my voyage. I was then in the Sioux country, where the frost had broken all our canoes. I was obliged to spend the summer there, during which I endeavored to get canoes to return to Michillimakinac, but they did not arrive till the fall" of 1686. While at Green Bay, on this occasion, he presented a splendid silver ostensorium to the mission of St. Francis, at "La Baye des Puantes, 1686," with his name and presentation engraved thereon, which was dug up a few years since while excavating for the foundation of a house on the site of that ancient church.*

While at Green Bay, Perrot received orders to collect all the French and Indians of his region, and march to the eastward to join De Nonville in his campaign against the Senecas. While visiting the Indian tribes to enlist them in the French service, a formidable party of 1,500 Foxes, Maskoutens and Kickapoos, going out against the Sioux, formed a plot to rob Perrot's post and massacre all the French in the set-

*At Depere, five miles above Green Bay. See *Wis. Hist. Collections*, iii, note, p. 108. L. C. D.

tlement. But fortunately returning in time, he made exaggerated reports of his own strength, secured the chiefs, and thwarted their nefarious plans. The next spring, 1687, he repaired to Mackinaw, and thence went eastward and joined De Nonville, and shared in his memorable campaign against the Senecas. But during his absence, the mission buildings near Green Bay, in which he had deposited his furs for safety, were totally destroyed by fire.

In 1689, we find him commissioned "to manage the interests of commerce of the Indian tribes and people of the Bay Des Puants, Nadouesioux, Mascoutins, and other Western nations of the Upper Mississippi, and to take possession in the King's name of all the places where he has heretofore been, and whither he will go." He was soon recalled by Gov. Frontenac to Mackinaw, and visiting Montreal, he accompanied Sieur De Louvigny to his new command at Mackinaw, and was afterwards stationed among the Miamies at Maramec, or the Kalamazoo, in Michigan. In 1695, he visited Montreal at the head of a delegation of Sauks, Foxes, Monomonees, Miamies and Pottowattamies; and, in 1697, a party of Miamies retiring from an unsuccessful foray against the Sioux, met Perrot, and, smarting under their failure, after plundering him of his property, were about to burn him, and he was only saved by the friendly intervention of the Foxes, by whom he was greatly beloved. At the peace concluded in 1701, he was the interpreter of one of the Western tribes on Lake Superior, and was subsequently employed by the administration of the Marquis De Vaudreuil, to whom he addressed a memoir respecting French interests in the Western country. He traveled over the most of New France, and left behind him evidence of his intimate knowledge of Indian character in his interesting work, entitled *Mœurs, Coutumes, et Religion des Sauvages, dans l' Amérique Septentrionale*, largely cited by De La Potherie, Charlevoix, Lafitau and others, which remained in manuscript until published in Paris, in 1864, in a 12 mo. volume. Charlevoix testifies, that Perrot "was a man of much ability;" and Shea, the scholarly historian of New

France, adds, that after all his labors, Perrot returned a ruined man to Montreal, and died subsequent to 1718. His memory and services as an adventurous pioneer explorer of Wisconsin deserve to be held in lasting remembrance.

Sieur Marchand De Lignery, or De Ligneris, who led an expedition against the Sauks and Foxes in 1728, proved himself, during his long and important services, a man of uncommon vigor and ability. The first notice we find of him is in 1710, when it was proposed by Gov. Vaudreuil to send him to Mackinaw as second to De Louvigny; and he was then regarded by the Governor as possessing "not less merit," though less experience, than his superior in command. It is probable, he remained in service at Mackinaw for many years, and very likely served on the expedition against the Foxes in 1716. In 1726, he concluded a treaty, at Green Bay, with the Sauks, Foxes and Winnebagoes. The accounts already given of his Fox expedition, in 1728, embody all we at present know of that early enterprise.

In 1739 we find him among the troops assembled at the general rendezvous at Fort L'Assumption, at the mouth of the River Margot, near the present City of Memphis, on the Mississippi, for a new campaign against the Chickasaws, under Bienville; but from the tardiness of the arrival of a portion of the troops, disease and great mortality among those encamped or in garrison, together with a deficiency of provisions, the expedition was abandoned.

At the period of 1741, the Foxes were sending out war parties against the French settlements in the Illinois country, and killed several of the French settlers. De Lignery favored a vigorous movement against the Foxes, whose utter destruction was demanded, as French presents and good treatment failed to induce them to keep their promises and live in peace; and they had, moreover, a secret understanding with both the Sioux and Iroquois to give them a friendly reception, in case they should be obliged to abandon their villages. Though such an expedition was approved by De Longueuil and De Beauhar-

nois, and plans made for carrying it out the following year, it was probably discouraged by the King and cabinet, and laid aside; and presents were again substituted for the sword with which to conciliate those refractory Indians.

We subsequently hear of De Lignery as serving in Acadia —probably during the period of 1745–'47. During this war a party of Dutch and Mohawks, the latter under the famous Thoianoguen, or *White Head,* better known as King Hendrick, penetrated in 1747, to the Cascade of the Island of Montreal, where they were defeated by the Chevalier De La Corne and M. St. Pierre, with whom De Lignery served, on this occasion, with much credit. The next year he was sent to New York to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, Gov. La Galissoniere pronouncing him "a very prudent officer" for such a misson. In 1752 he was commanding the French post at Wea, on the Wabash, about eight miles below the present city of Lafayette, where he had a troublesome command with a wily and restless set of Indians around him.

In the battle of Monongahela, July 9, 1755, he distinguished himself; it being related that the "Sieur De Lignery, and the other officers, followed by the French and Indians, fell so impetuously on the English, as to force them to retire." Towards the close of 1756, we find him the successor of Dumas in command of Fort Du Quesne, and was very active during the ensuing two years in keeping out parties attacking and harassing the frontiers of the British Colonies, and assailing Gen. Forbes' advanced parties, and defeating Major Grant. He enjoyed the confidence of Gen. Montcalm. When Gen. Forbes's advanced parties, and defeating Major Grant. He French were too weak to resist successfully so well appointed an army, and retired—De Lignery, at the head of a body of 200 men, retiring to Venango, the mouth of French Creek, where he erected Fort Machault. He was, the next season, 1759, ordered to fall back to Fort Niagara, which was menaced by Gen. Prideaux and Sir Wm. Johnson; and assembled 850 French and 350 Indians, at Presque Isle, whom he led to

the relief of Niagara, but his whole party was defeated, and he himself wounded and taken prisoner. We find no further mention of him.

Of the Sieur Daneil Lienard De Beaujeu, the second in command on De Lignery's campaign against the Foxes in 1728, we can find but little, though it is evident that his services must have been long and important. In 1748, we find him assisting at an Indian council at Quebec; and, in 1755, he, after many entreaties with his superior officer, Contrecœur, and the Indians, led forth his band of French and Indians against the almost overwhelming advancing army of Braddock. The Indians were very reluctant. "I," exclaimed Beaujeu, "am determined to go out against the enemy. I am certain of victory. What! will you suffer your father to depart alone?" Fired by his language and the reproach it conveyed, they yielded to his entreaties, replenished their ammunition, and sallied forth under the leadership of De Beaujeu, Dumas, De Lignery and De Langlade. Beaujeu, went before them, with long leaps, the gaily-colored fringes of his hunting-shirt, and the silver gorget on his bosom, bespeaking the chief, who led them on to battle and to victory. He gained immortal fame at the expense of his life, for he fell early in the engagement before the shower of grape and musketry. In the valleys of the Fox and Wisconsin, twenty-seven years before, he had doubtless learned some of the lessons of forest-war which now culminated in a triumph so glorious to the arms of France, and so disastrous to those of Great Britain and her American Colonies.

De Beaujeu was Captain of the troops of the marine, a Knight of the Military Order of St. Louis, and a proprietor of a Seignory on the River Cambly, in Canada.

Sieur La Perriere Marin* would seem to have been the

*This officer must not be confounded with the Sieur MARIN, who served in Acadia, and on the borders of New York during the period of 1745—'48; nor must *Bay Verte*, where he sometimes served, which is connected with the strait of Northumberland, and north of the Bay of Fundy, be confounded with our Green Bay of Wisconsin.

There was a captain La MARQUE DE MARIN who was associated with Gov. JONQUIERE, and other Canadian dignitaries, in a company formed professedly for the exploration of the West, at Government expense, but in reality having only trading profits in view. DE MARIN was to ascend the Missouri to its source, and

person who commanded the post at the Folles Avoine or Monomonees in 1730, and in March of that year led an expedition against the Foxes. It is to be regretted that we yet have no certain details of that expedition—or rather perhaps, series of expeditions, as related by Grignon; the bare allusion to it, and fixing the date, in the preceding *Canadian Documents,* only serves to whet our appetites for more. In the absence of further official accounts, we must be thankful for the traditions of it handed down to us by the late venerable Augustin Grignon, as narrated in the 3d volume of our *Collections,* there given as Captain Morand; and those of Mr. Snelling, transferred from his rare work to our present volume. The Government archives in Canada, and in Paris, may yet furnish important documents upon this, and other military enterprises of that period.

In 1747, Sieur La Perriere Marin commanded the post at the River St. Joseph, on the eastern border of Lake Michigan. He wrote in July of that year, that the English were endeavoring to debauch the Indian nations contiguous to that post, by the unfavorable impressions they were trying to insinuate among them through the Iroquois, or Five Nations, of New York, who managed to embroil the Indians of the North-West in difficulties with the French, and employ every pretext to effect the destruction of that post; but mentions the Pottawattamies as an exception to that influence, always appearing devoted to the French. It would appear, that in 1754, he was in command at Green Bay—we have the good authority of Dr. O'Callaghan in favoring this opinion. Gov. Duquesne, in his despatch of October, 1754, says: "The In-

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thence to follow the course of the first river presenting itself that seemed to flow towards the Pacific. But the accumulation, peltry being the grand object, they never got farther than the Rocky Mountains, where they erected Fort Jonquiere in 1752. The chief partners of the speculation carried on at State cost, divided a large spoil, the Governor's share having been three hundred thousand francs. Thus, says GARNEAU, ended ignobly, by a project nobly conceived, but made almost abortive by injustice and selfishness.

It is possible that this Captain La MARQUE DE MARIN is the true name of our early Wisconsin hero—yet, on the whole, we think not. This Captain MARIN must have been a person of the Quebec region, well known to the Governor and other dignitaries—perhaps the one who served in Acadia and on the New York borders, in 1745-48—to have figured so prominently with them in this plundering Rocky Mountain scheme.

In Vol. IX, p. 139, of the *N. Y. Colonial Documents* under date July, 1747, we find Sieur La PERRIERE MARIN'S name in full, as then commandant of the post of St. Joseph; on page 263 of the same volume, the same person unquestionably is mentioned as commanding at *The Bay*—Green Bay—in 1754.

L. C. D.

dians of the North are very quiet, because Sieur Marin, who commands at *The Bay,* and leads the Indians at will, has procured a repose for them by the peace he has caused to be concluded with the Christinaux."*

In July, 1756, Sieur Coulon de Villiers, at the head of 400 Frenchmen and some Indians, "and Mr. Marin, commandant at *The Bay,* with sixty Indians of his post," attacked and routed several hundred batteaux, returning from conveying supplies to Fort Oswego, killing a large number of the English, and making forty prisoners. And shortly after the capture of Oswego, in the same year, and in which he must have taken part, Lieut. Marin utterly defeated, at the head of a hundred Indians, a party of fifty-two English near Lake George, whom he had drawn out of their fort. And in 1757, he took part in the capture of Fort William Henry, commanding at the time a party of twenty Foxes, and it is to be presumed, thirty-three Sauks, forty-eight Winnebagoes of Green Bay, ten Iowas and one hundred and twenty-nine Monomonees, who were then connected with the army, and all from that region of country. He shortly after accomplished a most daring expedition against Fort Edward, in which the great Montcalm declared, that "he exhibited a rare audacity," for with a detachment reduced to about two hundred men, "he carried off a patrol of ten men, and swept away an ordinary guard of fifty, like a wafer;" took post in the woods near the Fort, when some 4,000 English troops then sallied out, as the French represented, and fought for an hour, when Marin, having killed a number of his foes, retreated in safety, bringing in thirty-two scalps and one prisoner. And, the following year, 1758, he was actively engaged at Ticonderoga; and after the repulse of Abercrombie's English and Colonial army, Marin had a severe fight with the partisan Major Robert Rogers, and from his inferior force he was compelled to retire, which he did in good order, and brought in several prisoners.

*The Christinaux, or Knistinaux, a powerful tribe residing north the Sioux, and the most northerly nation of the Algonkin-Lenape family.

This is the last notice we find of Sieur Marin, unless, as we suspect, that he is the person referred to as Captain Marin, who is brought to view in his promoted grade, as the Lieutenant disappears. In June, 1759, he lead a party of 280 Indians, apparently Delawares and Shawanoes with Rocheblave and three Canadians, from Fort Niagara "to insult" Fort Pitt, which they found in poor condition, and could have taken had the French portion of the detachment been stronger. He returned with the large reinforcements under De Lignery for the relief of Fort Niagara, shared in its defeat, and was among the prisoners taken on that occasion—"the famous French partisan Marin," as described in the Life of Sir William Johnson. The surrender of all Canada soon followed, when most likely Marin, like his fellow soldier De Langlade, retired to the far-off wilds of Wisconsin, where he probably died sometime anterior to 1781.*

In 1711, Sieur Du Buisson was sent to assume the command of Detroit, and defended the place most gallantly the following year. In 1719, he was designed for the command of the post of Wea, on the Wabash; and in 1730 we find him commanding at Mackinaw, and projecting an expedition against the Foxes, which, it would seem, he carried into effect. During the period of 1747 and 1748, he was commanding first at Detroit, and then at the Miamies; and in April, 1760, a Captain Du Buisson received a gun-shot wound in the shoulder in the battle before Quebec. This is all we can find respecting the services of that officer; nor are we certain that these references all relate to the same person, though they do apparently.

Of the Sieur De Villiers, who led the important expedition against the Foxes, in September, 1730, and who commanded the Fort at St. Joseph, we have unfortunately no further particulars; but his sons, Capt. Coulon De Villiers and Chavalier Neyon De Villiers, are well known in our border history.

*See *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, vol. iii, p. 211, and 505.

Coulon De Villiers, doubtless, served with his father on his campaign against the Foxes, and deserves special notice. We next find him, early in 1747, carrying on a winter expedition, on snow shoes, to Acadia, on the present borders of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and had some severe fighting, in which, at first, the French were successful, but Villiers was badly wounded in the left arm, and he and his party were eventually obliged to capitulate. In 1754, he commanded a force at the head of the Ohio, reduced Fort Necessity, making Washington a prisoner. "Villiers' victory," observes Garneau, "was the first act in the great drama of twenty-nine years' duration, in which both Great Britain and France were destined to suffer terrible checks in America." He subsequently formed a camp of observation at Niagara. During 1756, he was placed at the head of a corps of a thousand Canadians and Indians to watch the British movements in the Oswego region, and destroyed a convoy of two hundred vessels, in which over five hundred English were killed or taken; and he shared largely in the siege and capture of Oswego. When, in 1757, the English made a sortie during the siege of Fort William Henry, De Villiers attacked and drove them back, killing over fifty, and making four prisoners; and shared in the glory of capturing that important garrison. It would seem that he was still employed in the service till 1759, and was one of the defenders and captives of Niagara in that year; after which we hear no more of him. From his fiery and impetuous, yet brave and prudent, character, executing the most perilous enterprises, and evincing proofs of the most daring intrepidity, he was called Le Grand Villiers.

Neyon De Villiers was the youngest of seven brothers, six of whom, it is said, lost their lives in the wars of Canada—one of whom, M. De Jumonville, was killed by Washington's party in 1754. In 1751–'52 he commanded Fort Miami, and was subsequently stationed at Fort Chartres, in the Illinois country, from which he convoyed provision, by water to Fort Du Quesne; and, in 1756, led a force of Illinois French and Indians all the way to Fort Granville, on the frontiers of Penn-

sylvania, which he captured and burnt, and retired with a large number of prisoners. He held the command of Fort Chartres till June, 1764, when he retired to New Orleans. He received the order of the Cross of St. Louis as a reward for his fidelity and services.

The first notice we have of Sieur De Noyelle, is as commandant of the Post at Miami and serving under Sieur De Villiers, on his expedition against the Foxes, in September, 1730.

In 1732, a war party of the Iroquois and Hurons, encouraged, if not led, by Sieur Charles Deschamps De Boishebert, the commandant at Detroit, went on an expedition against the Foxes, and for their "adventure" the details of which are not given, the principal chiefs were promised medals of honor. The Foxes and their allies became so troublesome, that preparations began, near the close of 1734, for a new expedition against them, which was carried on the following year. Sixty soldiers were assigned to the Sieur De Noyelle for this service, aided, apparently, by such numbers of friendly Indians as he should think proper to embody for the enterprise. We are without the details of its execution, but it probably resulted very much like De Lignery's, when the Foxes managed to evade coming to blows, and kept out of harm's way. In the official documents of the times, we find one written in October, 1736, in which the following occurs: "Sieur De Beauharnois reported last year the cause of the ill-success attending Sieur De Noyelle's campaign against the Foxes and Sakis. He has the honor to inform you of the resolutions adopted by these Indians, and of the disposition of the Sakis, according to the news he has received from the commandant at the river St. Joseph." In a letter of Louis XV, of May, 1737, he says: "His Majesty has learned with pleasure, that Captain De Noyelle's expedition against the Foxes and Sacs in 1735, has not been attended by any bad consequences."

In 1741, the French accounts represent that the English were instigating the Indians of the Upper Country to rid themselves of the French, but this is hardly probable. The Foxes did,

however, send out some war parties against the Illinois, by whom several Frenchmen were killed in that region, as already mentioned in our notice of De Lignery; and an expedition was contemplated for the following year against them. If it took place, which is not probable, none more likely than Sieur De Noyelle to have shared in its honors and hardships. But as we find the French authorities distributing presents to the Sacs and Foxes in 1742–43, we presume a peaceful policy was deemed preferable

Capt. De Noyelle arrived at Quebec from Mackinaw, in the summer of 1747, with dispatches and intelligence from that quarter, and in the latter part of that year we find him in command at Mackinaw. He was present at an exchange of prisoners at Montreal, in 1750, and was then recognized as a Captain of infantry, and a Knight of the Royal Military Order of St Louis. His son was a lieutenant in the service, and second in command at Mackinaw, at the period of 1745–47; and one or the other, as mentioned in Pouchot's *Memoir,* was commandant of the small garrison at Toronto in 1757. We find nothing further concerning either of them.

Sieur De St. Ange commanded the escort which accompanied Charlevoix, the celebrated historian and traveler, through the Western country in 1721. O'Callaghan states that he distinguished himself against the Foxes in 1728; but we suspect the expedition of Sieur De Villiers, in September, 1730, is the service referred to, when the Sieurs De St. Ange, father and son, joined De Villiers with a party of French from the distant Colony of Louisiana—that part of it, doubtless, known as the Illinois country; and it must have been in that region that St. Ange figured as an officer in 1730, as stated by Gayarré and O'Callaghan. When D'Artaguette led a force from the Illinois, in 1736, against the Chickasaws, one of the St. Anges—probably the son—accompanied him, and was killed in battle with that intrepid nation. The survivor, Louis St. Ange De Belrive, was commandant at Vincennes at the period of 1751–52, and subsequently served in the Illinois country, succeeding Neyon De

Villiers in command at Fort Chartres, when he retired from the country in June, 1764. He surrendered that post to the English, in October, 1765, and retired to St. Louis. The tradition that he subsequently returned, and resumed the command at Fort Chartres for a brief period, is unworthy of credit. Sir Wm. Johnson intimates, in 1766, that St. Ange had enlisted in the Spanish service; and as late as 1772, he speaks of him as yet on the Mississippi, as a former active French officer, and at that time, in Johnson's opinion, acting as a secret agent, sending out mischievous belts in the name of the French King to the Indians, to prepare them to co-operate with the French in case of a renewal of hostilities. But these are mere surmises of Johnson, and do not deserve serious consideration.

It is thus seen, that in the primitive days of Wisconsin, a goodly number of gallant French officers, whose names have become immortalized in the history of the country, either led or accompanied large bodies of whites and Indians along the beautiful Fox River Valley, and participated in many a savage conflict with the intrepid Sauks and Foxes. In recording that sanguinary chapter in the early annals of those tribes, we cannot but admire their desperate bravery in contending for their homes and loved ones, and commiserate their sufferings and misfortunes.

Early Days at Prairie du Chien

And Winnebago Outbreak of 1827.[1]

Perhaps some of our readers may have seen Carver or Schoolcraft's Travels. If they have, it may be that they know, albeit neither of the books is worth a brass pin as authority, that the Chippewa and Dakota or Sioux tribes have waged war against each other so long that the origin of their hostility is beyond the ken of man. General Pike persuaded them to make peace in 1805, but it lasted only till his back was turned. The agents for the Government have brought about several treaties between the tribes, in which forgiveness and friendship for the future, were solemnly promised. Indian hereditary hate is stronger than Indian faith, and these bargains were always violated as soon as opportunity occurred. Nevertheless, our Executive gave orders in 1825, that a general congress of all the belligerent tribes on the frontier should be held at Prairie du Chien. They flocked to the treaty ground from all quarters, to see the sovereignty or majesty—we know not which is the better word—of the United States, ably represented by Governors Cass and Clark, who acted as commissioners.

The policy of the United States on this occasion was founded on an error. It supposed that the quarrels of the Indians were occasioned by a dispute concerning boundaries of

[1] This article originally appeared quite a number of years ago in the public prints, and was re-published, in 1857, by the Minnesota Historical Society, with the suggestion that perhaps WM. J. SNELLING was the writer. The internal evidence, in style and in references, make it certain that Mr. SNELLING wrote these interesting reminiscences; let the curious reader, if he will, but carefully investigate these points, if only long enough to compare the identity of the single reference in this sketch, and in the preceding paper on *La Butte Des Morts*, regarding the begging characteristic of the Indians for some of their father's *'milk,'* to help them "to cry for the slain," and we think he will be sufficiently convinced, that the same paternity is safely attributable to both sketches. Mr. SNELLING was an eye-witness to much that he relates, and though his style is somewhat humorous, it is graphic, and may in the main be regarded as trustworthy. L. C. D.

their respective territories. Never was a treaty followed by more unhappy results, at least as far as it concerned the Dakotas. They concurred in the arrangement of their boundaries proposed by the commissioners, as they do in every measure proposed by an American officer, thinking that compulsion would otherwise be used. But they are not satisfied, nor had they reason to be, for their ancient limits were grievously abridged. All the Indians present had, or imagined they had, another cause of complaint. They had been supplied with food, while the congress lasted, by the United States, as was the reasonable practice, for they cannot hunt and make treaties at one and the same time. Dysentery supervened on the change of diet; some died on the ground, and a great many perished on the way from Prairie du Chien to their hunting grounds. Always suspicious of the whites, they supposed that their food had been poisoned; the arguments of their traders could not convince them of the contrary, and hundreds will die in that belief.

Moreover, they did not receive such presents as the British agents had been wont to bestow on them, and they complained that such stinginess was beneath the dignity of a great people, and that it also showed a manifest disregard of their necessities.

They were especially indignant at being stinted in whiskey. It behooved the commissioners, indeed, to avoid the appearance of effecting any measures by bribery, but the barbarians did not view the matter in that light. To show them that the liquor was not withheld on account of its value, two barrels were brought upon the ground. Each dusky countenance was instantly illuminated with joy at the agreeable prospect, but they were to learn that there is sometimes a "slip between the cup and the lip." Each lower jaw dropped at least six inches when one of the commissioners staved in the heads of the casks with an axe, and suffered all the coveted liquor to run to waste. "It was a great pity," said old Wakh-pa-koo-tay, speaking of the occurrence, "there was enough wasted to have kept me drunk all the days of my life."

Wakh-pa-koo-tay's only feelings were those of grief and astonishment, but most of his fellows thought that this making a promise to the eye in order to break it to the sense, was a grievous insult, and so they continue to regard it to this day.

The next year, a small party of Chippewas came to St. Peters, about which there are four Dakota villages, on pretence of business with "their father," the agent, but in reality to beg ammunition, clothing, and, above all, strong drink. The Dakotas soon gathered about the place with frowns on their faces and guns in their hands. Nevertheless, three of the Chippewas ventured to visit the Columbian Fur Company's trading-house, two miles from the Fort. While there, they became aware of their danger, and desired two of the white men attached to the establishment to accompany them back, thinking their presence might be some protection. They were in error. As they passed a little copse, three Dakotas sprang from behind a log with the speed of light, fired their pieces into the face of the foremost, and then fled. The guns must have been double loaded, for the man's head was literally blown from his shoulders, and his white companions were spattered with his brains and his blood. The survivors gained the Fort without further molestation. Their comrade was buried on the spot where he fell. A staff was set up on his grave, which became a land-mark, and received the name of *the murder pole*. The murderers boasted of their achievement, and with impunity. They and their tribe thought that they had struck a fair blow on their ancient enemies in a becoming manner. It was only said, that Too-pun-kah Zeze, of the village of *Batture aux Fievers,* and two others, had each acquired a right to wear skunk-skins on their heels, and war-eagles' feathers on their heads.[1]

A winter passed, and the murdered man was not revenged. In the spring we had another striking proof of Indian regard

[1] The skunk is no coward, but is always ready to defend himself at a moment's warning. So when a warrior has proved his pluck, he has a right to wear the distinguished badge of the skunk-skin. For every scalp taken from an enemy, the right to wear a war eagle's feather is assured. L. C. D.

to treaty stipulations, and Indian love for American citizens; and also of the wisdom of the Government that had expected to bind them with strips of paper or parchment. Every one knows that, in the Western country, French people make maple sugar in the spring. M. Methode chose to set up his sugar camp at the mouth of Yellow River, two miles from Prairie du Chien.[1] His wife, one of the most beautiful women we ever saw, accompanied him with her five children. Besides these, the wolves and the trees were his only companions. A week elapsed, and he had not been seen at the Prairie. One of his friends, thinking that he might have been taken ill, and was unable to come for his supplies, resolved to visit his camp.

On reaching the mouth of Yellow River, the man shouted aloud, that Methode or his dog might answer, and thereby indicate in what exact spot in the woods his cabin stood. No answer was returned. After searching upwards of an hour, and calling till he was hoarse, he fell upon a little path which soon brought him to the ruins of a hut that appeared to have been recently burned. All was still as it might have been at the birth of Time. Concluding that Methode had burned his camp, and gone higher up the river, the honest Canadian turned homeward. He had not gone ten steps when he saw something that made him quicken his pace. It was the body of Methode's dog. The animal had been shot with half a score of balls, and yet held in his dead jaws a mouthful of scarlet cloth, which, apparently, he had torn from the calf of an Indian's leg. The man ran at full speed to the bank of the river, threw himself into his canoe, and paddled with all his might till he was out of gun-shot from the shore.

Having made known what he had seen public, a party was soon assembled, all good men and true, and well armed. They soon gained the spot, and began to explore the ruins of the

[1] The killing of METHODE and family occurred at a greater distance from Prairie du Chien than Mr. SNELLING, who evidently wrote from memory, supposed. Judge LOCKWOOD, *Wis. Hist. Colls.* ii, 155–'56, says it happened in March, 1827; that METHODE, his wife, and, he thought, five children, were the victims; and that this tragedy occurred up Yellow or Painted Rock Creek, about twelve miles above Prairie du Chien, on the Iowa side of the Mississippi, where they had gone to make sugar. See, also, NEILL'S *Minnesota*, p. 304.
L. C. D.

hut. The bodies of the whole family were there, and it was evident that accidental fire had not occasioned their death. They were shockingly mangled—Madame Methode in particular. Her husband's hand grasped a bloody knife, from which it was inferred that he had not fallen unavenged. Yet the stains might have come from his own person.

When the coroner's inquest sat, it appeared that a party of Winnebagoes had been out, notwithstanding the treaty, against the Chippewas, and had returned unsuccessful. Fifteen of them had been seen near the Yellow River two days after Methode's departure from the Prairie. It was ascertained that two Winnebagoes had been buried that night. The white party returned to the village; and, the next day, an Indian boy of fourteen admitted that he had seen Methode's camp while hunting, and had communicated his discovery to his companions. To make assurance doubly sure, Wa-man-doosga-ra-ha, an Indian of very bad reputation, made his appearance in the village in a pair of red leggins, one of which had been torn behind. He came to tell the agent, Mr. Boilvin, how much he loved the Americans, and that he strongly suspected the Sacs of the murder that had been committed. He demanded a blanket and a bottle of whisky as a reward for his zealous friendship. Mr. Boilvin caused the friendly Winnebago to be arrested, and examined him closely. Then the murderer called up his Indian spirit, confessed his guilt, and implicated several others.

A party of militia forthwith started for the nearest Winnebago camp. We are able to state—and we love to be correct in important particulars, that the Captain wore neither plume nor sash, nor anything else that might have made him conspicuous; that the men did not march in the style most approved on Boston common; that they beat no drum before them, and that none of them had ever seen a sham fight. No, each marched "on his own hook," each carried a good rifle, or North-West gun, and each kept his person as much out of sight as possible. The consequence was, that the Indian camp was surprised and completely surrounded, and the savages saw that

their best and, indeed, only course, was to surrender quietly. However, the whites found only one of those they sought in camp, and took him away with them. The celebrated chief De Kau-ray followed them.

"Father," said he to Mr. Boilvin, "you know that there are foolish young men among every people. Those who have done this thing were foolish young men, over whom I and the other wise men have no control. Besides, when they went to Yellow River, they had just drank the last of a keg which you gave them yourself. It was the whiskey, and not they, that killed Methode, and abused his wife. Father, I think you should excuse their folly this time, and they will never do the like again. Father, their families are very poor, and if you will give them clothing and something to eat, you may be sure that they will never kill another white man."

"I shall give them nothing," said the agent "and will be sure that they will never kill another man; they will assuredly be hanged."

"Your heart is very hard, father," replied De Kau-ray. "Your heart is very hard, but I cannot think that it will be as you say. You know that if you take our young men's lives we cannot prevent others from avenging them. Our warriors have always taken two lives for one. Our Great Father, the President, is not so hard hearted as you are. Our young men have killed a great many of your people, and he has always forgiven them."

At that time Prairie du Chien had no great reason to boast of her administration of justice. A soldier, indeed, had been scourged at the public whipping-post, a man of ninety had been fined for lewdness, an Indian had been kicked out of a wheat field, on which he was trampling, and the magistracy prided themselves not a little on these energetic acts of duty. A jail there was, but it was of wood, and stood so far from the village, that a prisoner might carve the logs at noonday without much danger of detection. Scandal says, that the jailor of it used to bolt the door with a boiled carrot. Into this stronghold the criminals were put at night—the place did not own a

set of fetters—and in the morning they were missing. Had they been left to their own devices, there is little doubt that they would have remained to brave their fate, but it is thought that some white man informed them what their exact legal responsibilities were, and advised them to escape.

Col. Willoughby Morgan commanded the military at Prairie du Chien. He immediately caused two Winnebago chiefs to be seized, and informed the tribe that they would not be liberated till the murderers were delivered up. They were soon brought in, and as the civil authority had proved unable to keep them, they were committed to the garrison guard-house. Shortly after the garrison was broken up by order of the Secretary of War, and the troops were removed to St. Peters, two hundred miles farther up. There was no appearance of the District Judge to try the prisoners, and they were therefore transported to St. Peters, there to await his coming.

They had long to wait; so long indeed, that they grew excessively obese and phlegmatic. In the following autumn,[1] another party of Chippewas came to St. Peters, and as they remembered what had happened the year before, they took care to arrive just at day-break, and proceeded directly to the Fort. There were twenty four persons in the band, eight of whom were warriors; the rest were women and children. The Chief was Kee-wee-zais-hish,[2] or Flat Mouth, the great man of the Sandy Lake Chippewas. He led his little troop straight to the Fort, where he unfurled and planted an American flag, and then demanded an interview with the agent and commanding officer.

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[1] Mr. SNELLING here seems to have erred in the order of events—an error very common to reminiscence writers, who do not realize the importance of a strict regard to chronology; or, more probably, neglect to verify the actual historical order of the events they narrate. This event, according to NEILL, the usually careful historian of Minnesota, occurred in the autumn of 1826. It *preceded* the METHODE tragedy several months.

We may state in this connection, that the garrison mentioned at St. Peters was Fort Snelling; and "the Colonel" in command there, was Col. JOSIAH SNELLING, the father of the writer, who seems from feelings of modesty to have refrained from alluding to his father by name; or perhaps, he was prompted to do so, the better to conceal his own anonymous character as the writer of these reminiscences. L. C. D.

[2] Such too is the orthography of the Indian name of BIG MOUTH as it appears appended to the treaty of Prairie Du Chien, in August, 1825. In NEILL'S Minnesota we find it AISH-KE-BUG-GE-KOZH; and ES-QUI-VU-SI-COGE, or WIDE MOUTH, is SCHOOLCRAFT'S orthography. L. C. D.

The Dakotas soon learned what was passing, and by the time the gates were opened, a considerable number of them had assembled to gaze upon the enemy. Presently the officers came forth, and desired the visitors to enter. "Be not angry, father," replied the Flat Mouth, "but I would rather say something here, before I enter your wigwam or eat your bread: I desire that all these *nah-too-es-sies*—enemies—should hear it."

The Colonel sent for the Chippewa interpreter, and, when he had come, desired the Chief to say on.

"Father," said the chief, "you know that more than a year since, we made peace with your *nah-too-es-sie* children, because you desired us. We have kept the peace and listened to your advice, as we always do, for our American fathers are wise men, and advise us for our good. These men know whether we have done so or not. I speak with a sick heart. We are but few here, and these men will not keep the peace with us. We ask you to protect us, as we would protect you, if you should come into our country."

The Colonel replied, that he could have no concern with the quarrels of the Dakotas and Chippewas. If they fought anywhere else, he could not help it; but while they remained under his flag they should not be molested, provided they did not molest others. He bade them pitch their lodges on a spot within musket shot of the walls, and there, he said and thought, they would be safe. He would make their cause his own if any harm should come to them *there*. This speech being expounded to the Dakotas, they all exclaimed—"hachee! hachee! hachetoo!"—that is it! that is right!

The Flat Mouth then entered the Fort and partook of American hospitality. He then explained the object of his visit. It was the old story, repeated the thousandth time: That they were very poor; that they had left their friends at home with heavy hearts, and hoped that their father would give them something to make them glad. In short, the endless catalogue of Indian wants was summed up by a humble petition for a little of their father's milk—whiskey—"to make

them cry" for certain friends they had lost. This shameless beggary should not be taken as proof of want of spirit. The main point in their political code is equality of property; he that has two shirts thinks it a duty to give one to him who has none. He who has none, thinks it no shame to ask one of him who has two. The effect of this system is, that they are always in want of everything, and the application of their own principles of action to their white neighbors makes their company excessively troublesome. It is true, that they are willing to reciprocate, as far as lies in their power, but then they never have anything to give.

On the occasion in question, our Chippewa friends got, if not all they asked, yet more than they expected. Then, after having entered the garrison with the buffalo dance, they left the Fort, and set up their lodges as they had been directed.

In the afternoon Too-pun-kah Zeze arrived from the *Batture aux Fievres,* with seven of his own band, and one other. They went directly to the Chippewa camp, and entered the largest lodge, where it happened that there were just nine persons. The young Dakota above named held in his hand a pipe, the stem of which was gaily ornamented with porcupine's quills and hair stained red. The Chippewa spread skins for his party, shook hands with them, and invited them courteously to be seated. They also directed the women instantly to prepare a feast of venison, corn and maple sugar, all of which articles were mixed together, and placed before the Dakotas in brimming bowls. When the entertainment was over, Too-pun-kah Zeze filled the peace-pipe he had brought, and passed it round. None rejected it, and all might, therefore, consider themselves pledged to peace, if not to love. The conversation then became general and amicable. The Chippewa women coquetted with the Dakota youths, who seemed in no wise to consider them as enemies.

No Dakota is suffered to wear a war-eagle's feather in his hair till he has killed his man. Too-pun-kah Zeze wore one for the Chippewa he had so treacherously slain the year be-

fore, as we have already related. One of the fair Chippewas noticed it. "You are young to wear that," said she.

"I shall wear another before I am much older," he replied.

Certainly after so much friendly intercourse, and so many demonstrations of good will, no one could have suspected any sinister purpose. The Chippewas, too, might have relied on their proximity to the Fort. But "the heart of man is desperately wicked." The Dakotas had shook hands, and smoked the pipe of peace with their former foes, had eat of their fat, and drank of their *strong*. At last, at sun-set, they took their guns and rose to depart. The eight foremost halted outside the door, while the last held it aside with his foot, and all discharged their guns into the lodge, excepting one whose piece missed fire. The assassins gave the Indian *cri de joie*, and fled like deer.

The guns were heard in the Fort, and the news soon reached the commanding officer, who immediately ordered the officer[1] to proceed to the nearest village with an hundred men, and apprehend as many Dakotas as he possibly could. No time was to be lost, for the night was fast coming up the horizon! The Chippewas who were not hurt, joined the party. Circumstances proved favorable to the enterprise; just as the party left the gate, upwards of a hundred armed Dakotas appeared on a low ridge near the Fort. The Captain divided his force, and dispatched one party round the small wood to take the enemy in the rear, while he advanced upon them in front. The Dakotas kept their ground firmly. Some covered themselves with the scattered scrub oak trees; others laid down in the long grass. Guns were already cocked when the detached party appeared in their rear. Then the Indians gave way. Most escaped, but thirty were taken, and speedily conveyed to the Fort, where accommodations were provided for them in the guard-house and the black-hole. The Chippewas, too, re-

[1] Mr. NEILL, in his *Hist. Minnesota*, p. 392, says Captain CLARK was the officer sent out on this service "early the next morning." This was Capt. NATHAN CLARK, of Connecticut, who entered the service as Second Lieutenant, in May, 1813, and after the war, was retained in the Fifth Infantry, rose to the rank of a Captain in 1824, and a brevet Major in 1834, and died at Fort Winnebago, Wisconsin. February 18th, 1836. L. C. D.

moved their lodges into the Fort, and the wounded were carried into the hospital.

Eight balls had been fired into the Chippewa lodge, and every one took effect. The wounds were the most ghastly we ever saw made by bullets. The party had been lying or reclining, on their mats; for there is no standing in a Chippewa lodge. Consequently the balls passed through their limbs diagonally tearing and cutting more than it is usual for pieces of lead to do, though as ragged as chewing could make them. One woman was killed outright, one man was mortally, and another severely wounded, the latter being shot through both ankle joints and crippled forever. All the rest were women and children,[1] and more or less severely wounded.

There was weeping and wailing in the Chippewa lodges that night. The noisy lamentations of the women broke the rest of the whole garrison; but no one desired them to be silent, for the rudest soldier there respected the sincerity of their sorrow. Never were Indian knives driven deeper into squaws' flesh in token of grief, than on that occasion. The practice of mortifying the body, on the death of friends, seems to be, and to have been, common to all rude people. The Jews clothed themselves in sack-cloth, and threw ashes on their heads; Achilles refused to wash his face till the funeral rites had been performed over the body of Patroclus. Now, the male Chippewas blackened their faces, indeed, but they did not gash their arms. A soldier, who spoke their language, asked them why they did not conform to the ancient usage of their nation. "Perhaps we shall have use for our guns to-morrow," replied the Little Soldier; "we must lose no blood, though our hearts bleed, for we must be able to see straight over our gun barrels."

The Little Soldier was right in his surmise and precaution. At an early dawn, the commanding officer visited the wounded Chippewas, and asked them if they could recognize any of their aggressors, in case they should appear before them.

[1] "Among others," says NEILL, "was a little girl about seven years old, who was pierced through both thighs with a bullet." L. C. D.

They replied eagerly in the affirmative. He then asked them why they had not been more on their guard. "We respected your flag," replied the mortally wounded man, "and thought that our enemies would do the same." The Colonel then asked whether they had given the Dakotas any provocation? "None," said the Chippewa, "but we endured much." He presented the peace-pipe which the Dakotas had brought with them, and said that the hair with which it was ornamented had belonged to a Chippewa head. We know not how he made the discovery, but it is well known to all who have lived on the frontier, that an Indian, on seeing a scalp, can tell, with unerring certainty, to what tribe it belongs.

The wounded men were then, with their own joyful consent, placed on litters, and borne to the guard-house. The Dakota prisoners were paraded before them, and they identified two of the number as having belonged to the band of assassins. "I deliver them into your hands," said the Colonel to the Chippewa warriors; "they have deserved death, and you may inflict it, or not, as you think proper. If you do not, they must be tried by the laws which govern us Americans. I have no power to put them to death. You may let them go, if you please; I wash my hands of the matter." This speech was interpreted faithfully to the Chippewas, but none of them answered. Instead of speaking, they examined the flints and priming of their guns. The Little Soldier drew from beneath his robe a few fathoms of cord, cut from an Elk skin, and presently secured the two criminals, fastening them together by the elbows. It was observed that he drew his knots rather tighter than was absolutely necessary; but no one blamed him. The Dakotas were then led forth. As soon as they passed the gate, the Chippewas halted and cocked their guns, for their vengeance was growing impatient.

"You must not shoot them under our walls," said one of the officers.

"I hope you do not expect us to take them very far," replied a Chippewa.

The procession then moved on. One of the Dakotas struck

up the death song. The other attempted it, but did not succeed; his voice sunk into a quaver of consternation. The Chippewas led them to a rising ground, about two furlongs from the Fort, there halted, and bade them run for their lives. They were not slow to obey the mandate, and their executioners gave them thirty yards law. At that distance, six guns were discharged at them, and they fell dead. Instantly the prairie rang with the Chippewa *cri de joie,* and the executioners rushed towards the corpses, with their knives bared, yelling like fiends. Twice and thrice did each plunge his weapon into the bodies of the prostrate foes, and then wipe their blades on their face or blanket. One or two displayed a ferocity which those only who saw, can entirely realize. They drew their reeking knives through their lips, and exclaimed, with a smack, that they had never tasted any thing so good. An enemy's blood was better than even fire-water. The whole party then spat upon the body of him who had feared his fate, and spurned it with their feet. They had not tasted *his* blood: It would, they said, have made their hearts weak. To him who had sung his death song, they offered no indignity. On the contrary, they covered him with a new blanket. They then returned to the Fort.

The Colonel met them at the gate. He had prevented all over whom his authority extended from witnessing the scene just described, and had done his best to make the execution the exclusive business of the Chippewas. He now told them that the bodies of the slain must not be suffered to remain upon his land, where the spectacle might grieve the Dakotas who were innocent of their crime. The party retired, and proceeded to the slaughter-ground. They took the dead Dakotas by their heels, trailed them over the earth to the bluff, and there threw them over a perpendicular precipice a hundred and fifty feet high. The bodies splashed and sank, and nothing more was ever seen or heard of them.

Among the Dakotas detained in the guard-house was an old man named Kho-ya-pa, or *The Eagle's Head.* We knew him well—he once cheated us out of a considerable amount of

merchandise; but it was in the way of trade, all fair, according to the Indian ethics, and we bear him no malice. He had not slept during the night, but had tramped up and down the floor deeply agitated, to the extreme disturbance of the soldiers. One of those who were put to death, was his nephew. When this young man was designatel by the wounded Chippewas as one of the assassins, and led forth to suffer death, his tears flowed; and when he heard the report of the guns which ended him, his emotions became uncontrollable. He immediately sent for the commanding officer.

"Father," said he, "the band of the *Batture aux Fievres* are bad people. They are always getting themselves into trouble, and others are always sure to suffer with them. It was foolish to shoot the Chippewa last year, but they did it, and perhaps one of my grand-children will be scalped for it. What they have just done was a folly. They persuaded my nephew to join them, and he is dead. Let them take the consequences of their own act themselves this time. I know where I can find two more of them, and if you will let me out, I will bring them to you, and you may put them to death, as they deserve, or spare them—as you please. If you slay them, I shall be glad; if you let them go, I shall be sorry. They ought not to be suffered to bring the whole nation into disgrace and trouble."

"If the Colonel lets him out, I wonder when we shall see him again," said one of the guard to another.

The Colonel knew the Dakota character better. "How long," said he to Kho-ya-pa, "will it be before you return with the man-slayers?"

"By sun-set to-morrow night," replied the Eagle-Head, "I will be before your gate, and if I come alone, you may give my body to the Chippewas."

The sun was high in the heavens when the Eagle-Head departed, with his gun in his hand, and his knife and tomahawk in his belt. It is sixty miles from St. Peters to the *Batture aux Fievres,* and he arrived there early the next morning, having slept an hour or two in the woods near the village.

He went straight to the lodge of Sa-gan-do-shee, or *The Englishman,* for so was the father of Too-pun-kah Zeze named. The family were already awake, and the murderer was relating his exploit with great glee when Kho-ya-pa entered.

"You have acted like a dog," said the old man to Too-pun-kah Zeze. "So have you," he added, turning to the other assassin. "Some one must die for what you have done, and it will be better that your lives be taken, than that others should die for your folly. There are no worse men than yourselves in our nation. I tell you, *you must die.* Rise and go with me, like men, or I will kill you like dogs where you sit."

So saying, the old man cocked his gun, and drew his tomahawk from his belt. The women began to scream and scold. The Englishman's brow grew dark, but no opposition was offered. Perhaps the men were afraid to harm the Eagle-Head, for though he was not recognized as a chief, his sons and sons-in-law were many, and his influence was considerable. Any one who should have harmed him would have certainly suffered for it. Besides, his reputation as an upright and valiant man was high; he was tall and erect, and age had not withered his muscles and sinews. Whatever motives might have restrained the families of the criminals from opposing the aged warrior, Too-pun-kah Zeze showed no disposition to disobey him. He rose with the utmost alacrity, handed the Eagle-Head a rope, and tended his arms to be tied. When he was secured, he requested his father to thrust sharp oaken splinters through the muscular parts of his arms, that the Americans might see that he cared not for pain. The Englishman, his father, complied, without uttering a syllable!

The other criminal was pale, trembled, and seemed wholly stupefied by terror. However, he submitted passively to be tied. "Now," said the Eagle-Head, "start—walk before me, and that briskly, for you must die at the American Fort before sun-set, and it is a long distance."

Just before sun-set that day, the Colonel and another officer were standing at the gate of the Fort. "It is late," said the latter, "and our old friend does not show himself yet. I do

not think he will. He would certainly be a fool to come back to what he thinks certain danger; for he had nothing to do with the murder."

"If I had kept him," replied the commanding officer, "no good could have come of it. He was innocent and could not have been convicted, supposing that any of our courts may be competent to try him. I believed that he would keep his word and bring the real criminals, and I have no doubt about the propriety of the course I shall adopt with them. I trust the Eagle-Head yet; and, by heaven! he deserves to be trusted —look! there he comes, driving the two black sheep before him." Indeed, the old man and his prisoners came in sight at that moment. They soon arrived at the gate. "Here they are, father," said the Eagle-Head; "take them, and kill them, and if that is not enough for the safety of my people, take my life too—I throw away my body freely." The white chief told Kho-ya-pa that he was at liberty from that moment, and made him a liberal present, after which the old man withdrew. A hasty council was then held with the Chippewas, to whom the victims were tendered, as the two first had been.

By this time a considerable number of the Dakotas had assembled about the prisoners. "You must die now," said one man, "the white chief has given you to the enemy." "I know it," replied Too-pun-kah Zeze, "and I am ready. I shall fall like a man. Bear witness of it. Here, Falling Leaf, take my blanket—I shall have no use for it. Take my ear-rings, Gray Woman." He sat down upon the ground and with the aid of others, divested himself of his ornaments and apparel, which he distributed to those who stood nighest. His dauntless mien, and handsome person, made the whites who looked on, sorry for him. He was in the bloom of youth, not above twenty, at most, six feet high, and formed after Nature's best model. Stain the Belvidere Apollo with walnut juice, and it will be an exact likeness of Too-pun-kah Zeze. He refused to part with the two eagles' feathers. One of them he had not yet worn two days, he said, and he would not part

with them. The Chippewas would see that a warrior was about to die.

The companion of Too-pun-kah Zeze followed his example in giving away his clothing, quite mechanically, it seemed. It was evident, though he did not speak, that he was not equal to the circumstances in which he was placed. He was a villainous looking fellow; such a man, indeed, as a despotic sovereign would hang for his countenance. He had the most hideous hare-lip that we ever saw, and was thence called by the Dakotas The Split Upper Lip. He was known to most of the white men present as a notorious thief, a character very uncommon among Indian men, though not among Indian women.

The Chippewa Chief, Flat Mouth, thus addressed the commanding officer:

"Father, we have lost one life, and it is certain that one more will die of his wounds. We have already taken life for life, and it is all that our customs require. Father, do not think that I do not love our people whose blood has been shed. I would fain kill every one of the *nah-too-es-sie* tribe to revenge them, but a wise man should be prudent in his revenge. Father, we Sandy Lake Chippewas are a small, a very small band, and we are ill-armed. If we provoke the *nah-too-es-sies* too far, they will come to our country in a body, and we are not able to resist them. Father, I am a very little, weak chief —(the varlet spoke falsely, for he was the biggest and most corpulent Indian we ever saw). Father, we have already had life for life, and I am satisfied."

Up started the Little Soldier, with fire in his eye. He was properly named, being a very little man, almost a dwarf. Yet he was thick set, active and muscular, and his spirit was great. Little as he was, he enjoyed the repute of being the bravest and most successful warrior of Sandy Lake. He it was, whose brother had been slain the year before at *the murder pole.*

"Our father, with the Flat Mouth, says that he is satisfied," said the Little Soldier. "So am not I. We have had life

for life, as he says, but I am *not* satisfied. This man, (pointing to Too-pun-kah Zeze,) shot my brother last year, and the sun has not yet set twice since he shot my wife also. This other aided him. They deserve to die, *and they shall die.* Hoh!" he added to the prisoners, signifying that they must march.

Too-pun-kah Zeze sprung to his feet, and began to sing his death song. It was something like the following, many times repeated:

"I must die, I must die,
But willingly I fall.
They can take from me but one life:
But I have taken two from them.
Two for one, two for one, two for one, &c."

The Split Lip was wholly unable to imitate his brave companion. He burst into tears, and piteously implored the commanding officer to spare his life. He did not deserve to die, he said, for he was not guilty. He had killed no one—his gun had missed fire.

Here Too-pun-kah Zeze ceased singing, and indignantly interrupted him: "You lie, dog! Coward, old woman, you know that you lie! You know that you are as guilty as I am! Hold your peace, and die like a man!—die like me!" Then turning his face away with an expression of exceeding contempt, he recommenced—

"Two for one, two for one"—

and strode dragging the Split Lip after him.

Arriving at the place of execution, the Chippewas gave them law—thirty paces start—and fired. The Split Lip was shot dead on the spot. Too-pun-kah Zeze was also stricken through the body, but did not fall. One bullet had cut the rope which bound him to his companion, and he instantly started forward with as good speed as if he had been wholly unhurt. A shout of joy arose from a neighboring copse where a few Dakotas had hid themselves to witness the spectacle. Their joy was of short duration. The Little Soldier's gun had missed fire, but he picked up his flint and leveled again.

Too-pun-kah Zeze had gotten a hundred and fifty yards from his foes, when the second bullet struck and killed him instantly.

After this catastrophe, all the Dakotas quitted the vicinity of Fort Snelling, and did not return to it for some months. It was said that they formed a conspiracy to demand a council, and kill the Indian Agent and the commanding officer.[1] If this was a fact, they had no opportunity, or wanted the spirit, to execute their purpose.

The Flat Mouth's band lingered in the Fort till their wounded comrade died. He was sensible of his condition, and bore his pains with great fortitude. When he felt his end approach, he desired that his horse might be gaily caparisoned, and brought to the hospital window, so that he might touch the animal. He then took from his medicine bag a large cake of maple sugar, and held it forth. It may seem strange, but it is true, that the beast ate it from his hand. His features were radiant with delight as he fell back on the pillow exhausted; his horse had eaten the sugar, he said, and he was sure of a favorable reception, and comfortable quarters in the other world. Half an hour after he breathed his last. We tried to discover the details of his superstition, but could not succeed. It is a subject on which Indians unwillingly discourse.

For a short time after the execution of Too-pun-kah Zeze and his accomplices, the Indian country remained quiet. The Dakotas avoided all intercourse with the whites. They were angry at the death of their fellows, indeed, and spoke of vengeance among themselves; but they either were convinced of the justice of what had been done, or knew the superior force of the whites too well to think of taking any active measures.[2]

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[1] LAWRENCE TALIAFERRO, a native of Virginia, and an officer during the war of 1812-15, had been Indian Agent at St. Peter's, or at Fort Snelling, since 1820; and Colonel JOSIAH SNELLING, was the threatened commanding officer. L. C. D.

[2] Gen. SMITH, in his *History of Wisconsin*, committed a sad mistake in stating that the four Indians surrendered to the Chippewas for summary punishment were Winnebagoes, which led to the resentment of RED BIRD and his people. Gen. SMITH has recorded his opinion, that Col. SNELLING surrendered the Indians to the Chippewas "certainly with great imprudence." Yet we must say, that it was, under the circumstances, eminently justifiable; that some such firmness was called for, in order to maintain the dignity and authority of the Government.

Col. Josiah Snelling was a native of Massachusetts, born in 1782; entered the army as a First Lieutenant in 1808; appointed first Paymaster, and then a

However, they resolved to make cat's paws of the Winnebagoes, who were, and are, of much more decided character than themselves. The tribe, as their traditions say, were driven from Mexico by the companions of Cortez, or their successors. The tradition is probably correct in point of fact; for they state that they resisted all attempts to expel them from their native land, till the white invaders hunted them with dogs of uncommon size and ferocity; probably these were the blood-hounds since employed to subdue the Maroons in Jamaica. The Dakotas have a similar tradition. Be that as it may, the Winnebagoes retained an inveterate antipathy to the Mexican Spaniards, till very lately. They have now transferred it to the people of the United States. Some old men among them still remember the excursions they were wont to make in their youth to the borders of Mexico, whence they brought horses, captives, &c. These people have more courage, and more national character, than any tribe of the North West. Drunkenness is not so common among them as among other tribes, and they are not so fond of mixing blood with the whites.

A good many of them joined the confederacy of Tecumseh, and sixty of their best and bravest warriors were killed at Tippecanoe. Several years since, when the Fifth United States Regiment of Infantry ascended the Mississippi, they halted at Prairie du Chien, where they were visited by a great many Winnebagoes. An aged warrior accosted Captain Gooding,[1] as he landed on the beach, and offered him his hand. "I think," said the Winnebago, "that I could tell what ails your neck, that you have such a great scar upon it." "Probably you could," replied the Captain; "you may have reason to know that there is a Winnebago bullet in my flesh." "Aye," retorted the savage, "and I could tell you who put it in. But

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Captain, in 1809 distinguished himself at the battle of Tippecanoe in November, 1811; was brevetted Major for meritorious services in the battle of Brownstown, in August, 1812; distinguished in the affair at Lyon's Creek under Gen. Bissell; and was successively Inspector General, Lieutenant Colonel, and Colonel; took command, in 1820, at Fort Snelling, and died in Washington City, August 20, 1828. L. C. D.

[1] Capt. Geo. Gooding, of Massachusetts, entered the service, in 1808, as an ensign; promoted to Second Lieutenant, in 1810; was wounded in the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811; promoted to a First Lieutenant, in 1812, and a Captain, in 1814; he was disbanded in 1821, and was Sutler at Prairie du Chien from September, 1821, till 1827, and subsequently died. L. C. D.

you are a brave man, and we are all friends now." Apparently the old man considered this reminiscence an excellent jest, for he laughed heartily.

No tribe consider revenge a more sacred duty than the Winnebagoes. It was their ancient custom to take five lives for one, and it is notorious on the frontiers, that no blood of theirs has been shed, even in modern days, that has not been fully avenged. They used, too, to wear some part of the body of a slain enemy about them as a testimonial of prowess. We well remember a grim Winnebago, who was wont to present himself before the whites, who passed the Portage of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, with a human hand hanging on his breast. He had taken it from a Yankee soldier at Tippecanoe.

It was not difficult to stir up such a people to hostility, and, moreover, circumstances favored the design of the Dakotas. There is, or was, a village of Winnebagoes on the Black River, not far from the Dakota town of which Wa-ba-shaw is chief. The two tribes are descended from the same stock, as their languages abundantly prove, and the claims of common origin have been strenghtened by frequent intermarriages. Now, it happened, that at the time when Too-pun-kah Zeze was put to death at Fort Snelling, the Red-Bird was absent from his Winnebago village, on an expedition against the Chippewas. He returned unsuccessful, and, consequently, sullen and malcontent. Till this time, he had been noted among his tribe for his friendly disposition towards the "men with hats," as the Indians call the whites, and among the traders, for his scrupulous honesty. However, this man, from whom no white person beyond the frontier would have anticipated injury, was easily induced to commit a bloody and unprovoked outrage.

Certain Dakota ambassadors arrived at the Red-Bird's village, with a lie in their mouths. "You have become a byword of reproach among us," said they; "you have just given the Chippewas reason to laugh at you, and the Big Knives also laugh at you. Lo! while they were among you, they dared not offend you, but now they have caused Wa-man-goos-ga-ra-ha and his companion to be put to death, and they have

cut their bodies into pieces not bigger than the spots in a bead garter." The tale was believed, and a cry for vengeance arose throughout the village. It was decided that something must be done, and the Dakota envoys promised to lend a helping hand.

A few days before, two keel-boats had ascended the river, laden with provisions for the troops at Fort Snelling. They passed the mouth of Black River with a full sheet, so that a few Winnebagoes, who were there encamped, had some difficulty in reaching them with their canoes. They might have taken both boats, for there were but three fire-locks on board; nevertheless, they offered no injury. They sold fish and venison to the boatmen, on amicable terms, and suffered them to pursue their journey unmolested. We mention this trifling circumstance, merely because it was afterwards reported in the St. Louis papers, that the crews of these boats had abused these Winnebagoes shamefully, which assuredly was not the case.* The wind died away before the boats reached the village of Wa-ba-shaw,† which is situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, twelve or fifteen miles above the mouth of Black River. Here the Dakotas peremptorily commanded them to put ashore, which they did. No reason was assigned for the order. Upwards of five hundred warriors immediately crowded on board. A passenger who was well acquainted with the Dakotas, observed that they brought no women with them as usual; that they were painted black—which signifies either grief or hostility; that they refused to shake hands with the boatmen; and that their speech was brief and sullen. He instantly communicated his observations to Mr. Lindsay, who commanded the boats, and advised him to push on, before the savages should have discovered that the party were wholly

*To page 162, vol. ii, of our *Collections*, we appended a note from Gov. Reynolds's *Life and Times*, which probably embodied the newspaper accounts of the pretended "shameful abuse of the Winnebagoes"—that the crews of these boats, on their upward trip, had stopped at a Winnebago camp, got them all drunk, and then forced six or seven stupefied squaws on board for *corrupt and brutal purposes*, and kept them during the voyage to Fort Snelling, and on their return. Hence the attack on the boats by the Winnebagoes when they became sober and conscious of the iniquity done them. But this emphatic denial by Mr. Snelling, of this infamous charge, and the fact that Judge Lockwood, in his narrative, and of Gen. Smith and Mr. Neill in their Histories, are silent on the subject, should brand it as utterly without foundation.

L. C. D.

†The site of the present town of Winona.

unarmed. Lindsay, a bold-hearted Kentuckian, assumed the tone of command, and peremptorily ordered the Dakotas ashore. They, probably, thought that big words would be seconded with hard blows, and complied. The boats pushed on, several Indians pursued them along the shore for several miles, with speech of taunt and defiance, but they offered no further molestation.

The Dakota villages* higher up showed much ill-will, but no disposition, or rather no courage, to attack. Altogether appearances were so threatening, that on his arrival at Fort Snelling, Mr. Lindsay communicated what he had seen to the commanding officer, and asked that his crew should be furnished with arms and ammunition. The request was granted; his thirty-two men were provided with thirty-two muskets, and a barrel of ball-cartridges. Thus secured against attack the boats commenced the descent of the river.

In the meanwhile, the Red Bird had cogitated upon what he had heard, every tittle of which he believed, and had come to the conclusion, that the honor of his race required the blood of two Americans at least. He, therefore, got into his canoe, with Wekaw, or *The Sun,* and two others, and paddled to Prairie Du Chien. When he got there he waited upon Mr. Boilvin, in the most friendly manner, and begged to be regarded as one of the staunchest friends of the Americans. The venerable Agent admitted his claims, but absolutely refused to give him any whiskey. The Winnebago Chief then applied to a trader in the town, who relying on his general good character, did not hesitate to furnish him with an eight gallon keg of spirits, the value of which was to be paid in furs, in the succeeding autumn.

There was an old colored woman in the village, whose five sons had never heard that they were inferior beings, either from the Indians or the Canadian French. Therefore, having never considered themselves degraded, they were not degraded; on the contrary, they ranked with the most respectable in-

* Red Wing and Kaposia, says Neill. L. C. D.

habitants of the place. We knew them well. One of them was the village blacksmith; the others were substantial farmers. Their father was a Frenchman, and their name was Gagnier.

One of these men owned a farm three miles from Prairie Du Chien, where he lived with his wife, who was a white woman, two children, and a hired man named Lipcap. Thither the Red Bird repaired with his three companions, sure of a fair reception, for Registre Gagnier had always been noted for his humanity to the poor, especially the Indians.

Registre Gagnier invited his savage visitors to enter, hung the kettle over the fire, gave them to eat, and smoked the pipe of peace with them. The Red Bird was the last man on earth whom he would have feared; for they were well acquainted with each other, and had reciprocated good offices. The Indians remained several hours under Gagnier's hospitable roof. At last, when the farmer least expected it, the Winnebago Chief leveled his gun, and shot him down dead on his hearthstone. Lipcap was slain at the same instant by Wekaw. Madam Gagnier turned to fly with her infant of eighteen months. As she was about to leap through the window, the child was torn from her arms by Wekaw, stabbed, scalped and thrown violently on the floor, as dead. The murderer then attacked the woman; but gave way when she snatched up a gun that was leaning against the wall, and presented it to his breast. She then effected her escape. Her eldest son, a lad of ten years, also shunned the murderers, and they both arrived in the village at about the same time. The alarm was soon given but when the avengers of blood arrived at poor Registre Gagnier's house, they found in it nothing living but his mangled infant. It was carried to the village, and, strange as it may seem, recovered.*

The Red Bird and his companions immediately proceeded from the scene of their crime to the rendezvous of their band. During their absence, thirty-seven of the warriors, who acknowl-

*Gen. Smith, on the authority of Judge Doty, states that this tragedy occurred on the 28th of June, 1827; Judge Lockwood says the 26th, and *Niles Register* says the 24th. Neill follows Lockwood's chronology. L. C. D.

edged the authority of Red Bird, had assembled, with their wives and children, near the mouth of Bad Axe River. They received the murderers with exceeding great joy, and loud approbation of their exploit. The keg of liquor was immediately set abroach, the Red Men began to drink, and, as their spirits rose, to boast of what they had already done, and intended to do. Two days did they continue to revel; and on the third, the source of their excitement gave out. They were, at about four in the afternoon, dissipating the last fumes of their excitement in the scalp dance, when they descried one of the keel-boats before mentioned, approaching. Forthwith a proposal to take her, and massacre the crew, was made, and carried by acclamation. They counted upon doing this without risk; for they had examined her on the way up, and supposed that there were no arms on board.

Mr. Lindsay's boats had descended the river together as far as the village of Wa-ba-shaw, where they expected an attack. The Dakotas on shore were dancing the war-dance, and hailed their approach with insults and menaces; but did not, nevertheless, offer to obstruct their passage. The whites now supposed the danger over, and a strong wind at that moment beginning to blow up stream, the boats parted company. That which sat deepest in the water had the advantage of the under current, and, of course, gained several miles in advance of the other.

So strong was the wind, that all of the force of sweeps could scarcely stem it, and, by the time the foremost boat was near the encampment, at the mouth of the Bad Axe, the crew were very willing to stop and rest. One or two Frenchmen, or half-breeds, who were on board, observed hostile appearances on shore, and advised the rest to keep the middle of the stream; but their counsel was disregarded. Most of the crew were Americans, who, as usual with our countrymen, combined a profound ignorance of Indian character with a thorough contempt for Indian prowess. They urged the boat directly toward the camp, with all the force of the sweeps. There were sixteen men on deck. It may be well to observe here,

that this, like all keel-boats used in the Mississippi valley, was built almost exactly on the model of the Erie and Middlesex canal boats.

The men were rallying their French companions on their apprehensions, and the boat* was within thirty yards of the shore, when suddenly the trees and rocks rang with the blood-chilling, ear-piercing tones of the war-whoop, and a volley of rifle balls rained upon the deck. Happily, the Winnebagoes had not yet recovered from the effects of their debauch, and their arms were not steady. One man only fell by their fire. He was a little negro named Peter. His leg was dreadfully shattered, and he afterwards died of the wound. Then Peter began to curse and to swear, d———g his fellows for leaving him to be shot at like a Christmas turkey; but finding that his reproaches had none effect, he also managed to drag himself below. All this passed in as little time as it will take to read this paragraph.

Presently a voice hailed the boat in the Sac tongue, demanding to know if the crew were English? A half-breed Sac, named Beauchamp, answered in the affirmative. "Then," said the querist, "come on shore, and we will do you no harm, for we are your brethren, the Sacs." "Dog," retorted Beauchamp, "no Sac would attack us thus cowardly. If you want us on shore, you must come and fetch us."

With that, a second volley came from the shore; but as the men were now lying prone in the bottom of the boat, below the water line, they all escaped but one. One man, an American, named Stewart, fell. He had risen to return the first fire, and the muzzle of his musket protruding through a loop-hole, showed some Winnebago where to aim. The bullet struck him under the left arm, and passed directly through his heart. He fell dead, with his finger on the trigger of his undischarged gun. It was a hot day, and before the fight was over, the scent of the gunpowder could not overpower the stench of the red puddle around him.

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*This advance boat was the *Oliver H. Perry* according to Gen. Smith's *Hist. Wisconsin.* L. C. D.

The Winnebagoes encouraged by the non-resistance, now rushed to their canoes, with intent to board. One venerable old man endeavored to dissuade them. He laid hold on one of the canoes, and would, perhaps, have succeeded in retaining it; but in the heat of his argument, a ball from the boat hit him on the middle finger of the peace-making hand. Very naturally enraged at such unkind treatment from his friends, he loosed the canoe, hurried to his wigwam for his gun, and took an active part in the remainder of the action. In the mean while, the white men had recovered from their first panic, and seized their arms. The boarders were received with a very severe discharge. In one canoe, two savages were killed with the same bullet. Their dying struggles upset the canoe, and the rest were obliged to swim on shore, where it was some time before they could restore their arms to fighting order, Several more were wounded, and those who remained unhurt, put back, satisfied that a storm was not the best mode of attack.

Two, however, persevered. They were together in one canoe, and approached the boat astern, where there were no holes through which the whites could fire upon them. They soon leaped on board. One seized the long steering oar, or rudder. The other jumped upon deck, where he halted, and discharged five muskets, which had been left there by the crew fled below, through the deck into the bottom of the boat. In this manner he wounded one man very severely. After this exploit, he hurried to the bow, where he seized a long pole, and, with the assistance of the steersman, succeeded in grounding the boat on a sand-bar, and fixing her fast under the fire of his people. The two Winnebago boatmen then began to load and fire, to the no small annoyance of the crew. He at the stern, was soon dispatched. One of the whites observed his position through a crack, and gave him a mortal wound through the boards. Still, he struggled to get overboard, probably to save his scalp. But his struggles were feeble, and a second bullet terminated them before he could effect his object. After the fight was over, the man who slew him took his scalp.

The bow of the boat was open, and the warrior there still kept his station, out of sight, excepting when he stooped to fire, which he did five times. His third shot broke the arm, and passed through the lungs, of the brave Beauchamp. At this sight, one or two began to speak of surrender. "No, friends," cried the dying man; "you will not save your lives so. Fight to the last; for they will show no mercy. If they get the better of you, for God's sake throw me overboard. Do not let them get my hair." He continued to exhort them to resistance, as long as his breath lasted, and died with the words "fight on," on his lips. Before this time, however, his slayer had also taken his leave of life. A sailor, named Jack Mandeville,* shot him through the head, and he fell overboard, carrying his gun with him.

From that moment Mandeville assumed the command of the boat. A few had resolved to take the skiff, and leave the rest to their fate. They had already cast off the rope. Jack interposed, declaring that he would shoot the first man, and bayonet the second, who would persevere. They submitted. Two more had hidden themselves in the bow of the boat, out of sight, but not out of danger. After a while the old tar missed them, sought them, and compelled them by threats of instant death, enforced by pricks of his bayonet, to leave their hiding place, and take share in the business in hand. Afterwards they fought like bull dogs. It was well for them that Mandeville acted as he did; for they had scarcely risen when a score of bullets, at least, passed through the place where they had been lying.

After the two or three first volleys the fire had slackened, but it was not, therefore, the less dangerous. The Indians had the advantage of superior numbers, and could shift their positions at pleasure. The whites were compelled to lie in the bottom of the boat, below the water mark, for its sides were without bulwarks. Every bullet passed through and through. It was only at intervals, and very warily, that they could rise to fire; for the flash of

*This was the Saucy Jack mentioned by Judge Lockwood and Gov. Reynolds. L. C. D.

every gun showed the position of the marksman, and was instantly followed by the reports of two or three Indian rifles. On the other hand, they were not seen, and being thinly scattered over a large boat, the Winnebagoes could but guess their positions. The fire was, therefore, slow; for none, on either side, cared to waste ammunition. Thus for upwards of three hours, the boatmen lay in blood and bilge-water, deprived of the free use of their limbs, and wholly unable to extricate themselves.

At last, as the night fell, Mandeville came to the conclusion that darkness would render the guns of his own party wholly useless, while it would not render the aim of the Winnebagoes a jot less certain. He, therefore, as soon as it was dark, stoutly called for assistance, and sprang into the water. Four more followed him. The balls rained around them, passing through their clothes; but they persisted, and the boat was soon afloat. Seeing their prey escaping the Winnebagoes raised a yell of mingled rage and despair, and gave the whites a farewell volley. It was returned, with three hearty cheers, and ere a gun could be re-loaded, the boat had floated out of shooting distance.

For half the night, a wailing voice, apparently that of an old man, was heard, following the boat, at a safe distance, however. It was conjectured that it was the father of him whose body the boat was bearing away. Subsequent inquiry proved this supposition to be correct.

Thirty-seven Indians were engaged in this battle, seven of whom were killed, and fourteen were wounded. They managed to put six hundred and ninety-three balls into and through the boat. Two of the crew were killed outright, two mortally, and two slightly wounded.* Jack Mandeville's courage and presence of mind undoubtedly saved the rest, as well as the boat; but we have never heard that he was rewarded in any way or shape.

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*Lockwood's *Narrative* also states that two whites were killed and four wounded; while Gen. Smith asserts, that the engagement lasted three hours, two whites killed and six wounded, and that it was supposed ten or twelve Indians were killed, and a great number wounded. L. C. D.

Mr. Lindsay's boat—the rear one, reached the mouth of the Bad Axe about midnight. The Indians opened a fire upon her, which was promptly returned. There was a light on board, at which the first gun was probably aimed, for that ball only hit the boat. All the rest passed over harmless in the darkness.*

Great was the alarm at Prairie du Chien when the boats arrived there. The people left their houses and farms, and crowded into the dilapidated Fort. Nevertheless, they showed much spirit, and speedily established a very effective discipline. An express was immediately sent to Galena, and another to Fort Snelling, for assistance. A company of upwards of a hundred volunteers soon arrived from Galena, and the minds of the inhabitants were quieted.

In a few days, four imperfect companies of the Fifth Infantry arrived from Fort Snelling. The commanding officer ordered a march on the Red Bird's village; but as the volunteers refused to obey, and determined to return home, he was obliged to countermand it.

The consternation of the people of the Lead Mines was great. Full half of them fled from the country. Shortly after, however, when General Atkinson arrived with a full regiment, a considerable body of volunteers joined him from Galena, and accompanied him to the Portage of Wisconsin, to fight with or receive the submission of the Winnebagoes.

The Red Bird there appeared, in all the paraphernalia of an Indian Chief and warrior, and surrendered himself to justice, together with his companions in the murder of Gagnier, and one of his band, who had taken an active part in the attack on the boats. They were incarcerated at Prairie du Chien. A dreadful epidemic broke out there about this time, and he died in prison. He knew that his death was certain, and did not shrink from it.

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*It is stated in Neill's *Minnesota,* that among the passengers on Lindsay's boat was Joseph Snelling, a talented son of the Colonel, who wrote a story of deep interest, based on the facts narrated. This we presume was Wm. J. Snelling, the writer of this narrative. As for the date of the attack on these keel boats, Judge Lockwood gives it as June 26th, which Neill follows; Gen. Smith, on Judge Doty's authority, we presume, says the 30th. Whatever was the real date, one thing is quite certain, that the murder of Gagnier's family and the boat attack, transpired the same day, and the next day the first of the keel boats arrived at Prairie du Chien, increasing the war panic among the people. L. C. D.

In the course of a year, the people of the Lead Mines increased in number and in strength, and encroached upon the Winnebago lands. The Winnebagoes complained in vain. The next spring, the murderers of Methode, and the other Indian prisoners, were tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. A deputation of the tribe went to Washington to solicit their pardon. President Adams granted it, on the implied condition that the tribe would cede the lands then in possession of the miners. The Winnebagoes have kept their word—the land has been ceded, and Madame Gagnier has been compensated for the loss of her husband, and the mutilation of her infant. We believe that she received, after waiting two years, the magnificent sum of two thousand dollars.*

We will close this true account of life beyond the frontier, with an anecdote which places the Winnebago character in a more amiable light than anything already related. The militia of Prairie du Chien, immediately after the affair of the boats, seized the old chief De Kau-ray—the who has already been mentioned. He was told that if the Red-Bird should not be given up within a certain time, he was to die in his stead. This he steadfastly believed. Finding that confinement injured his health, he requested to be permitted to range the country on his parole. The demand was granted. He was bidden to go whither he pleased during the day, but at sun-set he was required to return to the Fort on pain of being considered an old woman. He observed the condition religiously. At the first tap of the retreat, De Kau-ray was sure to present himself at the gate; and this he continued to do till General Atkinson set him at liberty.

*At the treaty held at Prairie du Chien with the Winnebagoes, in 1829, provision was made for two sections of land to Therese Gagnier and her two children, François and Louise; and for the United States to pay Therese Gagnier the sum of fifty dollars per annum for fifteen years, to be deducted from the annuity to said Indians. L. C. D.

Indian Honor: an Incident of the Winnebago War

The following incident, found in the *Western Courier,* published at Ravenna, Ohio, February 26, 1830, was read by the Secretary at a meeting of the Wisconsin Historical Society, in December, 1862:

"There is no class of human beings on earth who hold a pledge more sacred and binding, than do the North American Indians. An instance of this was witnessed during the Winnebago war of 1827, in the person of De Kau-ray, a celebrated chief of that nation, who, with four other Indians of his tribe, was taken prisoner at Prairie du Chien. Col. Snelling, of the Fifth Regiment of Infantry, who then commanded that garrison, dispatched a young Indian into the nation, with orders to inform the other chiefs of De Kau-ray's band, that unless those Indians who were the perpetrators of the horrid murders of some of our citizens, were brought to the Fort and given up within ten days, De Kau-ray and the other four Indians, who were retained as hostages, would be shot at the end of that time. The awful sentence was pronounced in the presence of De Kau-ray, who, though proclaiming his own innocence of the outrages which had been committed by others of his nation, declared that he feared not death, though it would be attended with serious consequences, inasmuch as he had two affectionate wives, and a large family of small children, who were entirely dependent on him for their support; but, if necessary, he was willing to die for the honor of his nation.

"The young Indian had been gone several days, and no intelligence was yet received from the murderers. The dreadful day being near at hand, and De Kau-ray being in a bad state of health, asked permission of the Colonel to go to the river to indulge in his long-accustomed habit of bathing, in

order to improve his health. Upon which, Col. Snelling told him if he would promise, on the honor of a chief, that he would not leave the town, he might have his liberty, and enjoy all his privileges, until the day of the appointed execution. Accordingly, he first gave his hand to the Colonel, thanking him for his friendly offer, then raised both his hands aloft, and in the most solemn adjuration, promised that he would not leave the bounds prescribed, and said if he had a hundred lives, he would sooner lose them all than forfeit his word, or deduct from his proud nation one particle of its boasted honor. He was then set at liberty. He was advised to flee to the wilderness, and make his escape. 'But no,' said he 'do you think I prize life above honor? Or, that I would betray a confidence reposed in me, for the sake of saving my life?' He then complacently remained until nine days of the ten which he had to live had elapsed, and nothing heard from the nation with regard to the apprehension of the murderers, his immediate death became apparent; but no alteration could be seen in the countenance of the chief. It so happened that on that day Gen. Atkinson arrived with his troops from Jefferson Barracks, and the order for the execution was countermanded, and the Indians permitted to repair to their home."*

*The De Kau-ray mentioned in this narrative was the "grand old chief" whose Indian name was Scha-chip-ka-ka, or Ko-no-kah De Kau-ray, or *The Eldest De Kau-ray*, who died on the Wisconsin River, April 20, 1836, in his ninetieth year. Col. D. M. Parkinson, in speaking of the events of the summer of 1827, in his paper on *Pioneer Life in Wisconsin*, published in the third volume of *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, says: "At the time of our arrival at Prairie du Chien, the citizens had in their custody, as hostages for the good conduct of their nation, three Indians, one of whom was the well known chief De Kau-ray. He disclaimed on the part of his nation, as a whole, any intention to engage in hostilities with the whites; he was, however, retained some time as a hostage before being released." In the second volume of the same Collections, page 167, Judge Lockwood probably refers to De Kau-ray's captivity. Neill, page 397, mentions it; and Col. Snelling, in his reminiscences, speaks more fully of it than any other writer, except the one who has anonymously left us this paper on *Indian Honor*.

It is frequently exceedingly difficult to trace Indian chiefs by their signatures as appended to treaties, so various is the spelling of their names by the different secretaries employed on those occasions. Chou-ke-ka, *The Spoon*, or De Kau-ray, signed the treaty of 1816—the same mentioned by Augustin Grignon, in the third volume of *Collections as Chou-ga-rah*, or *The Ladle*—the son of a French trader De Kau-ray, and the father of the War-Eagle and his brothers.

HEET-SHAH-WAU-SAIP-SHAW-KAW, or *The War-Eagle*, or in simpler orthography, SCHA-CHIP-KA-KA, signed the treaties of 1828, 1829 and 1832. Mrs. KINZIE, who knew him personally, describes him as "the most noble, dignified and venerable of his own, or, indeed, of any other tribe. His fine Roman countenance, rendered still more striking by his bald head, with one solitary tuft of long silvery hair, neatly tied, falling back on his shoulders; his perfectly neat, appropriate dress, almost without ornament, and his courteous demeanor, never laid aside, under any circumstances, all combined to give him the highest place in the consideration of all who knew him. His traits of character were not less grand and striking, than were his personal appearance and deportment.

The Winnebago Outbreak

In a speech, Gen. Lewis Cass, at Burlington, Iowa, in June, 1855, made the following reference to the Winnebago outbreak in 1827:

"Twenty-eight years have elapsed," said the venerable statesman, "since I passed along the borders of this beautiful State. 'Time and chance happen to all men,' says the writer of old. And time and chance have happened to me, since I first became identified with the West. In 1827 I heard that the Winnebagoes had assumed an attitude of hostility toward the whites, and that great fear and anxiety prevailed among the border settlers of the Northwestern frontier. I went to Green Bay, where I took a canoe with twelve voyageurs and went up the Fox river and passed over the Portage into the Wisconsin. We went down the Wisconsin until we met an ascending boat in the charge of Ramsay Crooks, who was long a resident of the Northwest. Here we ascertained that the Winnebagoes had assumed a hostile attitude, and that the settlers of Prairie du Chien were apprehensive of being suddenly attacked and massacred. After descending about seventy miles farther, we came in sight of the Winnebago camp. It was situated upon a high prairie, not far from the river, and as he approached the shore he saw the women and children running across the prairie, in ar opposite direction, which he knew to be a bad sign. After reaching the shore he went up to the camp. At first the Indians were sullen; particularly the young men. He talked

A cousin of the WAR-EAGLE was WAU-KAUN-HAH-KAW, or *Snake Skin*, commonly called WAU-KON, or WASHINGTON DE KAU-RAY. The word *wau-kon* in Chippewa means devil. WAU-KON DE KAU-RAY was a signer of the treaties of 1829 and 1832. He is still living at an advanced age.

Gen. H. L. DOUSMAN, a resident of Prairie du Chien since 1826, states in a letter to the Secretary of the Society: "Mr. ROLETTE and all the old traders in the country, when I first came here, told me that the commonly pronounced name of DE KAU-RAY had its French origin in DESCARIE. Old Gray-Haired DE KAU-RAY, and others of the family, you know, had a good deal of white blood in them. Old Gray-Haired DE KAU-RAY had his village near the Wisconsin Portage; *Wau-kawn Hau-kau*, or *Snake-Skin*, commonly called WAU-KON DE KAU-RAY, the principal speaker or orator of the Winnebago nation, had his village on the Mississippi, about thirty miles above Prairie du Chien; and One-Eyed DE KAU-RAY had his village on Black River." L. C. D.

with them awhile, and they finally consented to smoke the calumet. He afterwards learned that one of the young Indians cocked his gun, and was about to shoot him, when he was forcibly prevented by an old man, who struck down his arm. He passed down to Prairie Du Chien, where he found the inhabitants in the greatest state of alarm. After organizing the militia, he had to continue his voyage to St. Louis. He stopped at Galena. There were then no white inhabitants on either bank of the Mississippi, north of the Missouri line. Arrived at St. Louis, after organizing a force under General Clark and General Atkinson, he ascended the Illinois in his canoe, and passed into Lake Michigan without getting out of it. The water had filled the swamps at the head of Chicago river, which enabled the voyageurs to navigate his canoe through without serious difficulty. Where Chicago now is he found two families, one of which was that of his old friend Kinzie. This was the first and last time he had been at Burlington. New countries have their disadvantages of which those who come at a later day know little. Forty years ago flour sold at two dollars per barrel, and there were hundreds of acres of corn in the West that were not harvested. The means of transportation were too expensive to allow of their being carried to market."

Gen. Dodge to Gen. Atkinson

Galena, August 26, 1827.

Dear General:—Capt. Henry, the Chairman of the Committee of Safety, will wait on you at Prairie Du Chien, before your departure from that place. Capt. Henry is an intelligent gentleman, who understands well the situation of the country. The letter accompanying Gov. Cass' communication to you has excited in some measure the people in this part of the country. As the principal part of the efficient force is preparing to accompany you on your expedition up the Ouisconsin, it might have a good effect to send a small regular force to this part of the country, and in our absence they might render protection to this region.

I feel the importance of your having as many mounted men as the country can afford, to aid in punishing those insolent Winnebagoes who are wishing to unite, it would seem, in common all the disaffected Indians on our borders. From information received last night, some straggling Indians have been seen on our frontiers.

Your friend and obedient servant,

To Gen. H. Atkinson, Prairie du Chien. H. Dodge.

NOTE ON THE WINNEBAGO WAR.

There has repeatedly, during the past dozen or fifteen years, appeared in the papers an article purporting to be *An Indian Race for Life*. It stated, that soon after the Winnebago difficulties in 1827, that a Sioux Indian killed a Winnebago Indian while out hunting near the mouth of Root River; that the Winnebagoes were indignant at the act, and two thousand of them assembled at Prairie du Chien, and demanded of Col. Taylor, commanding there, the procurement and surrender of the murderer. An officer was sent to the Sioux, and demanded the murderer, who was given up; and finally was surrendered to the Winnebagoes, on condition that he should have a chance for his life—giving him ten paces, to run at a given signal, and twelve Winnebagoes to pursue, each armed only with a tomahawk and scalping knife—but he out-ran them all, and saved his life.

Gen. H. L. Dousman and B. W. Brisbois, old and well known residents of Prairie du Chien, declare that no such incident ever occurred there, and that there is "not one word of truth in the statement." This note is appended here that future historians of our State may understand that it is only a myth or fanciful story.

L. C. D.

A Western Reminiscence[1]

By Col. Abram Edwards

In the year 1818, I was a resident of Detroit, and the owner of a large mercantile establishment located in that place, and from this, had branches at Fort Gratiot, the out-let of Lake Huron, and at Mackinaw, Green Bay, and Chicago. In May of that year, business required my presence at each of the branches, and I accompanied the army Pay-Master, Major Phillips, who was ordered to pay the troops stationed at those places, then military posts. We left Detroit in the month of May in a small schooner for Mackinac, and from thence on the same mode of conveyance, to Green Bay. After our business was finished at the Bay, and we were looking for a conveyance to Chicago, Inspector Gen. Wool arrived, and requested we would not leave until he had inspected the

[1] This paper originally appeared in the Janesville Standard, of Sept. 12, 1855

L. C. D.

troops, and he would accompany us to that place. In the interim, we purchased a bark canoe and had it fitted up for our voyage. Major Z. Taylor, afterwards President, commanding the post, furnished us with seven expert canoe-men to manage our frail bark.

We left Green Bay garrison after dinner, and went to the head of Sturgeon Bay, 40 miles, and encamped for the night. The next morning we carried our canoe two and a half miles over the portage to the shore of Lake Michigan, and, after getting the baggage over, we were willing to encamp for the night. The next morning found us in our canoe afloat on the waters of the Lake, paddling our way to Chicago, where we arrived the third day from our Lake shore encampment. On our passage, although we frequently landed, we did not meet with a white man—we were, however, informed one was trading with the Indians at Milwaukee. At Twin Rivers, Manitowoc, Sheboygan and Milwaukee, the shore of the Lake was lined with Indians—near Manitowoc many were out in canoes spearing white fish. I am reminded of these reminiscences, having recently noticed in the public prints a census of the inhabitants of the cities and towns that have grown upon this very Lake shore, which for beauty and population are equal to many of the cities and towns of the old States, and which shores when traversed were then peopled by savages, and indeed from the shores of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River, was one wide waste of unoccupied country. Indeed, from Chicago to Detroit, you had no track but the Indian path from one city to the other, and without any shelter for the weary traveler; where now, in Michigan, there is nearly one million of inhabitants, with all the facilities of conveyances and comfort, you find in the older States.

The same may be said of the States of Illinois and Wisconsin—two of the greatest grain producing States in the Union—for their population, with farms and improvements, equal to any in any part of the United States. Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin now contain a greater population than did the old thirteen States, when we contended with England for our independence.

This, reader, is truly a progressive age—within the last thirty-seven years the three States herein named have grown into existence, and now contain nearly three millions of people.

What flattering inducements are still held out here for the hardy sons of New England—plenty of the best lands under the sun are yet left unoccupied, and only want industry and hardy hands to find plenty of gold, and without the fatigue and expense of a journey to California for this precious metal.

The valley of Rock River is the most beautiful and most productive country I have even seen in any part of the United States, from the head waters of the river to its entrance with the Mississippi. But this I do not wish to say in disparagement of thousands of acres in Illionis and Wisconsin, that only want the husbandman with his team and plough to produce a rich harvest.

Chicago, in1818, was only a garrison commanded by Major Baker, with no settlements near—now it probably contains a population of over 70,000, probably 10,000 more than can be numbered in the old city of Albany. In June, 1818, from the garrison at Chicago to Twin Rivers, 170 miles, on the west shore of Lake Michigan, there was but one white man resident, he an Indian trader. Since then, Chicago has become what it is, a large city. Kenosha, Racine, Milwaukee and Sheboygan, all incorporated cities; Port Washington, Manitowoc, Twin Rivers and several other towns, all important business places, have grown into existence and now probably contain all together 150,000 souls, and the wide uncultivated waste of country then lying between the western shore of Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River, numbers now over two millions of inhabitants.

When I look back over the last thirty-seven years of my life, I can hardly realize the wonderful changes that have taken place under my observation, in this country, and still much greater may be expected for the next thirty years—what flattering inducements are still held out for emigration to this almost Western empire.

Janesville, Aug. 30, 1855.

REPORT AND COLLECTIONS

OF THE

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF WISCONSIN.

VOL. V. FOR THE YEAR 1868. PART II.

Fourteenth Annual Report

SUBMITTED JANUARY 4, 1868.

The Executive Committee has never had a more pleasant duty to perform than in making this, the fourteenth annual report of its labors and their results. The past year's ordinary additions to the Library and Collections have been very satisfactory in their extent and character, while the *Tank Collection* has swollen the combined additions to undue and gratifying proportions.

Receipts and Disbursements

The Treasurer's report shows the receipts of the year, including the balance on hand at its commencement, to have been $1,146.92, and the disbursements $1,127.63—leaving an unexpended balance of $19.29 in the Treasury. More than nine-tenths of all the expenditures have been for the increase of the Library. The Binding Fund is $108.10.

Library Additions

The ordinary Library additions for the year have been 650 volumes, and 669 pamphlets and unbound documents, making together 1,319 volumes or works. Of these 650 volumes, 357 were by donation, and 293 by purchase. The Tank Library has formed the extraordinary addition to our collection—comprising 4,812 volumes and 374 pamphlets; and counting the ordinary and extraordinary additions together, we have a total increase of 5,462 volumes and 1,043 pamphlets and unbound documents, making the aggregate additions of the year 6,505, and the total number now in the Library, bound and unbound, 31,505. Of the aggregate additions of the year, 376 volumes are folios and 793 quartos—making now in the Library a total of 1,500 folios and 1,747 quartos.

Progressive Library Increase

The past and present condition of the Library is shown in the following table:

Date.	Volumes added.	Documents and pamphlets.	Both together.	Total in library.
1854, Jan. 1.....	50	....	50	50
1855, Jan. 2.....	1,000	1,000	2,000	2,050
1856, Jan. 1.....	1,065	2,000	3,065	5,115
1857, Jan. 6.....	1,005	300	1,305	6,420
1858, Jan. 1.....	1,024	959	1,988	8,403
1859, Jan. 4.....	1,107	500	1,607	10,010
1860, Jan. 3.....	1,800	723	2,528	12,535
1861, Jan. 2.....	837	1,134	1,971	14,504
1862, Jan. 2.....	610	711	1,321	15,825
1863, Jan. 2.....	544	2,373	2,917	18,742
1864, Jan. 2.....	248	356	604	19,346
1865, Jan. 3.....	520	226	746	20,092
1866, Jan. 2.....	368	806	1,174	21,266
1867, Jan. 3.....	923	2,811	3,734	25,000
1868, Jan. 4.....	5,462	1,043	6,505	31,505
	16,563	14,942	31,505	

Principal Additions and Donors

The *Tank Collection* is decidedly the largest donation the Society has ever received. It has come to us as the generous gift

of Mrs. C. L. A. Tank, of Fort Howard, Wisconsin, and was collected by her father, the late Rev. R. J. Van Der Meulen, of Holland, who was a clergyman of liberal culture, and during his lifetime accumulated this valuable collection on history, travels, science and theology. It reached us in good condition, in October, filling twenty-one large cases, the Legislature having provided for the freight expenses from Holland. Though in foreign languages, yet such a collection will prove a valuable acquisition to such a reference Library as ours, where the wants of our citizens of all nationalities must needs be provided for, so far as it may be in our power to do so.

This *Tank Collection,* numbering altogether 4,812 volumes, and 374 pamphlets, deserves a more special notice. It is rich in works in fine old vellum binding—having 111 folios, 264 quartos, and 404 in smaller size, making a total of 779 bound in vellum style. The total number of folios in this collection, in vellum, sheep and paper binding, is 269; of quartos in various bindings, 737. Many of these works are largely and richly illustrated.

Among this *Tank Collection* are the following: Suetonius' History of the Twelve Cæsars in Latin, printed at Antwerp, 1548; Marcobius' Commentary on Cicero, Lyons, 1560; Lucan's Pharsalia, Antwerp, 1564; a fine rare edition of the New Testament, Paris, 1568; a large folio Bible, in the Dutch language, with numerous large copperplate engravings, bound in heavy Russia leather, with heavy brass clasps, Gorinchem, 1748; a similar copy without engravings, Dort, 1729; another copy, small folio, with clasps, Amsterdam, 1796; also a 12 mo. edition, bound in morocco, with clasps, with the Psalms set to music, Dort, 1769; Calvin Opera Omnia, in 9 vols. folio, Amsterdam, 1671; Travels of Nieuhoff, De Bruyer Baldæus, and Montanus, in foreign countries, with fine copperplate engravings, in 6 folio volumes, 1671–'93; Dapper's Histories of China, Arabia, Palestine, &c., copperplate engravings, 5 vols. folio, 1672–'78; works of Josephus, copperplate engravings, folio, Amsterdam, 1772; Hubner's Geslacht Tafelen, in 4 oblong folio volumes, a valuable work on the genealogy

of royal and distinguished families of Europe, Leyden, 1722; De Larrey's History of England, 4 folio volumes, 1728; Verklaring der H. Scrift (a Biblical commentary), 8 volumes folio, Amsterdam, 1743; Hedendaagsche Histories, 37 vols. 8vo., Amsterdam, 1761; Encyclopedia, or Dictionarie Universal Raisonee, 58 vols. quarto, Yverden, 1772; Linnæus Natural History, 37 vols. 8vo., Amsterdam, 1781; Groot Placart Booke, 9 vols. folio, Amsterdam, 1657–1796.

Ever grateful will our Society be to Mrs. Tank for her invaluable donation, and we trust it will long remain as a bright example and incentive to liberality in others, and as a means of usefulness to the present and future generations.

We must next notice a very valuable contribution, which we cannot estimate too highly, from Edwin B. Quiner—eleven quarto volumes of mounted newspaper scraps relative to the important part Wisconsin enacted in the late war. These embrace hundreds, if not thousands, of letters, written by "the boys in blue" to their friends at home, and published in the various local papers of the State, and were used to only a limited extent, in the preparation of Mr. Quiner's elaborate work on the Rebellion. Arranged by regiments, and neatly mounted, they will, when properly indexed as our Librarian shortly designs doing, prove one of the very richest collections for historical reference on all matters pertaining to Wisconsin's part in the war for the Union, that we can ever expect to possess. Mr. Quiner has also been mindful of the Society's wants in presenting five other valuable works, and a nearly complete set of the serial work of Byrne's Dictionary of Mechanics. For all these contributions, as well as former gifts, the Society returns to Mr. Quiner its grateful thanks, mingled with sincere sympathies for his declining health.

To the Rhode Island Historical Society, we are indebted for 55 volumes of the legislative acts and journals of that State from 1847 to 1865; to the Chicago Historical Society, for 39 volumes and 59 pamphlets, and documents pertaining to Illinois legislation and institutions; D. T. Valentine, for 39 volumes on the government and institutions of New York city;

Dr. Samuel A. Green, for 17 volumes and 173 pamphlets; Hon. D. J. Powers, a volume of the *Scientific American* and 120 pamphlets, and several serials; Governor L. Fairchild, 7 volumes and 67 pamphlets; Messrs. Atwood & Rublee, 6 volumes and 59 pamphlets; Hon. T. O. Howe, 14 volumes and 40 pamphlets; General H. E. Paine, 17 volumes; General J. K. Proudfit, 12 volumes; Joseph Sabin, 10 volumes; F. A. Holden, 4 volumes and 12 pamphlets; Hon. W. D. McIndoe, 8 volumes and 2 pamphlets; Joel Munsell, 1 volume and 51 pamphlets; H. M. Page, 5 volumes; Adjutant General of New York, 6 volumes; Adjutant General of Missouri, 4 volumes; State Library of Michigan, 4 volumes; James Smith, of Monroe, Charlevoix's History of St. Domingo, 2 volumes quarto, 1730, and the works of Las Casas, 2 volumes; Colonel S. V. Shipman, 2 volumes and 11 pamphlets; A. H. Worthen, the Geological Survey of Illinois, 2 volumes quarto; Dr. T. H. Wynne, 2 valuable volumes on the History of the Dividing Line, and other Byrd Papers; Hon. Ezra Cornell, 4 volumes; S. G. Drake, 2 volumes and 1 pamphlet; Miss Eliza S. Quincy, 1 volume and 5 pamphlets; Young Men's Association, Albany, 19 pamphlets; Bangs, Merwin & Co., 11 pamphlets; G. W. Fahnestock, 7 pamphlets; D. S. Durrie, 6 pamphlets; and many others of a lesser number of books and pamphlets.

Character of Additions

While we have added largely to our historical department, from *Practica de Aegritudinibus,* by J. M. Savonarolae, folio, Florence, 1479, which is the oldest volume in our Library; Sagard's Early History of Canada, and his Voyage du Pays des Hurons, and Oglethorpe's Account of South Carolina and Georgia, 1732, with various histories and travels down to the close of the war of the Rebellion, we have also added largely to our newspaper, genealogical, scientific and statistical departments. Fully fifty volumes on genealogy and local history have been secured; 12 volumes of the *Scientific American* have been obtained towards completing our set of that

valuable work, and progress has been made in our efforts to complete our sets of serials and periodicals, and reports of the Adjutant Generals of the several States during the war. We have during the year, added something to our collection from the small and select editions of rare works on American history, issued by Munsell, Shea, Woodward, Dawson, Wiggins, Sabin, Dodge and others.

Newspaper Department

During the year we have had 73 volumes of newspapers from our files bound, of which 57 were Wisconsin files; and 52 volumes have been purchased and donated, making the total addition of the year 125 volumes, and the entire number in the collection 1,421 volumes. Of the new additions, 6 volumes were published in the last century the *Independent Whig*, at Philadelphia, in 1721; two volumes of the Pennsylvania *Gazette,* by Dr. Franklin, 1741–'46; Pennsylvania *Chronicle,* 1768, and the *North Briton,* 2 volumes, 1769. We have now 144 volumes of bound newspaper files, published in the last century. In the immense collection on American history which Peter Force was fifty years in gathering, and which he has recently sold to the General Government, there were 245 bound newspaper files of the last century—exceeding ours nearly two-fifths; while his collection in this century, was scarcely the half of ours. It is questionable, if, in all respects, a better collection than ours can be found in our country.

Seventy magazines, newspapers and serials come regularly to the Society, and all except five as donations. These are all bound as frequently as enough of a kind to form a convenient sized volume accumulate; if they were suffered to go unbound for a few years, the cost of binding would prove a matter of serious difficulty to meet.

Map and Atlas Department

From the *Tank Collection,* and other sources, we have received some important additions to this department. Atlas

Major, 4 vols. folio, Amsterdam, 1730; Moll's Atlas, 1 vol., large quarto, 1729; Covens and Mortier's Atlas, 2 vols., folio, Amsterdam, 1745; Palairet's Atlas Methodique, 1 vol., folio, 1755; three portfolios of maps, of various dates, of German Provinces; an illustrated map of Palestine, of Biblical localities, on rollers; and a Chronological or Historical Table, on rollers, 1818—all from the *Tank Collection.* Atlas Universal, 1849, from David Holt; Farmers' large map of Wisconsin, on rollers, from Hon. E. A. Spencer; large map of North Carolina, from Gen. J. K. Proudfit; Corbett's map of the Seat of War, 1861, from E. B. Quiner; and pocket map of Clarion and Venango counties, Pa., from Hon. D. J. Powers. We have now about 420 maps and atlases in our collection.

Picture Gallery

A portrait, in oil, four feet two inches by three feet four inches, of Judge A. G. Miller, of the United States Court for the District of Wisconsin, painted by Clifford, of Milwaukee, in black walnut frame, from Judge Miller; a portrait in oil of an aged Indian woman, named Mosh-u-e-bee, of the Stockbridge tribe, who died about a year since at Dekorra, Wisconsin, and is reputed to have had three sons who served in the Revolutionary war, one of whom lost his life in the service, and herself followed the patriot army, and must have been not much, if any, less than one hundred and twenty-five years of age, if these statements are true, though she is generally supposed to have been some fifteen years older. Her portrait was painted by S. D. Coates, of Merrimac, Wis., who presented it to the Society. It serves to preserve for our Indian Gallery the singular appearance of an interesting relic of a former age. We have now sixty-two oil paintings in our collection, and the number should be augmented from our pioneers, prominent civilians, and distinguished heroes of the war. We appeal to our friends for additional pictures for our Gallery.

To our Art Gallery have also been added a fine lithograph of Rev. R. J. Van Der Meulen, who gathered the Tank Li-

brary, and a fine photograph of the late Otto Tank, both finely framed and glazed, from Mrs. C. L. A. Tank; two large pictures of photographs of the Senate, Assembly and State officers of Wisconsin, 1866, neatly mounted on cloth and framed; also a photograph of Gov. L. P. Harvey, in a neat rosewood frame, and glazed, from Messrs. Roberts & Whiting; a large photograph of the Grant County, Wis., Soldiers' Monument, from Addison Burr, of Lancaster; a beautiful series of five photographs of views in the Yo-Semite Valley, California, framed and glazed, from B. Frodsham; an ambrotype of Mrs. Matilda Hood, the first female settler at Mineral Point, in 1827, from Maj. C. F. Legate.

Additions to the Cabinet

Early Coin.—A German coin, 1645, and a copper coin of George III, from Hon. Thos. Robinson; a Prussian copper coin, 1800, from Samuel Barber.

Confederate Scrip.—A Confederate $500 bond, and a $10 Georgia bill, from Governor Fairchild; a 50 cent shin plaster of the Tenn. & Miss. R. R. Co., from Rev. H. W. Spaulding.

Indian Curiosities.—A pipe of peace, of red pipe stone, with nine smoking apartments, obtained from a Choctaw chief, from W. M. Colby; a copper arrow head, from Concord, Wis., from J. Forndrook; an Indian implement, found at Koshkonong, Wis., 1846, from Dr. N. J. Crane; two Indian arrows taken from the bodies of soldiers massacred by the Sioux at Fort Phil. Kearney, Dec. 22, 1866; from Lieut. J. K. Hyer; a birch bark sap bucket, used by Indians of Burnett Co., Wis., from Hon. Mr. Stuntz.

Continental and Colonial Currency.—A five shilling and a six shilling Pennsylvania bill, 1773 and 1777, and a $35 Continental bill, Jan. 14, 1779, from Stephen Taylor.

War Relics and Curiosities.—A parole of Christian H. Belger, Nov. 26, 1763, from Mr. Belger; a Vicksburg newspaper, July 4, 1863, printed on wall paper, from Stephen

Taylor, a volume of rebel documents found at Corinth, May 30, 1862, from Rev. C. A. Staples; and a newspaper printed on wall paper, at Jacksonport, Arkansas, in 1863, from Dr. W. M. Granger.

Autographs.—Two autograph letters of Wm. Roscoe, of Liverpool, 1792, 1808, from Mrs. C. A. Staples; 12 visiting cards of foreign ministers to the United States, from F. A. Holden; autograph of D. G. Fenton, April 8, 1837, from Stephen Taylor; commission of John Messersmith, J. P. of Iowa County, Oct. 14, 1829, signed by Gov. Lewis Cass, of Michigan Territory, from Judge Luman M. Strong.

Old Newspapers.—Reprint *fac simile* of London *Times,* October 3, 1798, giving an account of Nelson's Nile victory, from S. A. Sherman; *fac simile* of Ulster County *Gazette* January 4, 1800, from Mr. Morse.

Natural History Specimens.—A piece of brick from Herculaneum, found 80 feet below the surface; a brick from the Coliseum, at Rome, and some scoria picked up, while hot, in the crater of Mt. Vesuvius, June 24, 1867, from J. S. Bliss; calamine and zinc blende, carbonate and surphuret of zinc, dry bone and black-jack, from the mines of John Ross, Mineral Point, from Gen. Thos. S. Allen; a specimen of the tarantula spider found in Mexico, preserved in spirits, from Geo. T. Clark; a hickory sapling through which an oaken board was blown, at the Viroqua tornado of 1863; a fossil shell found in Rutland, Wis., from Dr. N. J. Crane; a chip taken from the center of a large pine tree in Knowlton, Marathon County, Wis., with cuttings by an axe, with over one hundred years' annual growth over the cut, from S. A. Sherman.

Miscellaneous.—The military coat and chapeau, worn by Gen. Henry Dodge, while commanding the U. S. Dragoons, from Hon. A. C. Dodge; an ancient silver cross, about ten inches in length, found at Green Bay, from Henry Hall, Toledo; a button from the coat of the celebrated John Paul Jones, from the Hon. Thos. Robinson; and a negro whip, from Washington, Arkansas, from W. M. Colby.

Literary Exchanges

We have received 30 copies each, from the State, of State publications; 25 copies of the proceedings of the Wisconsin Editorial Convention, from the Convention, through its Secretary, Hon. James Ross; 15 copies of the Legislative Manual, 1867, from General T. S. Allen; and 10 copies of the Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, from Hon. J. G. McMynn—all for exchanges. And, during the year, quite a number of boxes and parcels have been made up and forwarded to the Public Libraries of the country, with which we have established a system of exchanges.

Binding Fund

The Executive Committee beg again to call the attention of the Society to the importance of providing a *Binding Fund,* the income of which to be used for binding purposes. This matter was discussed in our last Report, and referred to the Committee on Endowment for action; but the whole matter seems to have been buried "in the tombs of the Capulets." Let the subject be resurrected, and new life imparted to it. We have thousands of pamphlets and many valuable books that need binding, and the usefulness of our collection would be largely enhanced by such a needful provision. The American Antiquarian Society, and kindred institutions have them; and we should delay no longer in the matter. The calls on the General Fund are too numerous and pressing to permit us to do scarcely anything in the way of binding, except our newspaper files, and those in the cheapest possible manner.

One of Wisconsin's earliest pioneers, and most useful of public men, Hon. John Catlin, now of New Jersey, has transmitted us a hundred dollars as the nucleus of such a fund, which has been invested in a Government bond. The committee suggest that the regular dues, and money donations, if any, be appropriated to that fund; that subscriptions be secured payable one-fifth annually till paid. Earnest persistent action would ensure success.

Conclusion

Wisconsin has a history, a long and eventful one of which much has been already garnered, and much yet remains to be done. The early French explorers and missionaries have left us some precious narratives and reports, while Charlevoix's New France, Carver's, Long's and Pike's Travels and Atwater's Tour to Prairie du Chien, in 1829, give us some early glimpses of Wisconsin history. Nor have our own citizens, in more modern times, been idle in relating the story of her beauties, her incidents and early hardships, and her wonderful progress and prosperity. Our honored Presidents, Gen. Wm. R. Smith, and I. A. Lapham, LL. D., have rendered our State a good service; the former in his Observations in Wisconsin in 1837, and his History of Wisconsin, in 1853; and the latter in his work on the History and Topography of Wisconsin, and his able paper to the Smithsonian Contributions, on the Antiquities of Wisconsin; John Gregory's Resources of Wisconsin; John W. Hunt's Gazetteer of the State; Maj. D. S. Curtiss' Western Portraiture; Rev. Stephen Peet's History of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches of Wisconsin; Judge Gale's Records of the Gale Family, and his recent work on the History of the Upper Mississippi Valley; Hon. Orrin Guernsey's work on the History and Agriculture of Rock county; Martin Mitchell's brochures on the Histories of Fond du Lac and Winnebago counties; John C. Gillespy's History of Green Lake county; A. C. Wheeler's Chronicles of Milwaukee; G. M. West's Early History of Metomen; Dan'l S. Durries' two works on the Genealogy of the Steele and Holt Families, and his large work, in manuscript, on the Topography and Statistics of Wisconsin; S. D. Carpenter's Causes of the War; E. B. Quiner's and Rev. W. D. L. Love's Histories of Wisconsin in the Rebellion; G. W. Drigg's History of the 8th Wisconsin Volunteers; Jas. J. McMyler's Eleventh Wisconsin volunteers; S. W. Pierce's Battle Fields and Camp Fires of the 38th Wisconsin Volunteers; Dr. A. L. Castleman's Army of the Potomac Behind the Scenes; and

Rev. Mead Holmes' Soldier of the Cumberland, of the 21st Regiment. To this long list should be added the six volumes of Transactions of the Wisconsin Agricultural Society, prepared by Albert C. Ingham and Dr. J. W. Hoyt; the four volumes of Reports and Collections of our Historical Society; and the 25 volumes of Reports of our Supreme Court, of which one volume contains those of the Territory by Thos. P. Burnett, four of our old Supreme Court, by D. H. Chandler, eleven volumes of the re-organized Supreme Court, by Hon. A. D. Smith, four by P. L. Spooner, and five by O. M. Conover.

Such are some of our Wisconsin gleaners and gleanings—quite an array for so young a State. There is work yet for our Society to do—work which, if we neglect, will be likely to go undone, and much of it to perish with the present generation. We shall soon commence re-issuing our Collections, for which we need contributions from our old pioneers; and from the surviving officers and soldiers of the war, narratives of their experiences and observations. Shall we have them?

Let the past year's unexampled prosperity of our Society inspire us with new hopes and encouragements, and nerve us to the achievement of yet more signal success.

Eulogy on Henry Dodge

After the reading of the Annual Report of the Executive Committee, Mr. S. U. Pinney rose and announced the death of Gen. Henry Dodge:

Mr. President:—Since the last annual meeting of this Society, death has removed from our midst one of our most esteemed and tried friends, who was an honorary member of this Society, and one of the first and most honored citizens of our State; and I embrace this, the first suitable opportunity, of making a formal announcement of the event. On the 19th of June, 1867, at the residence of his son, Hon. Augustus C. Dodge, at Burlington, Iowa, General Henry Dodge, the first Territorial Governor of Wisconsin, and for a long period a Senator from this State in Congress, departed this life full of years and honors. The sad intelligence of the death of one who has been so prominent an actor in the public affairs of the Territory and State, and whose life and public services are so intimately connected with its history and the settlement of the Northwest, will be received with profound regret. It will call to the recollection of the early settlers and pioneers of the West, many interesting incidents and reminiscences, the memory of which is passing away with the brave, enterprising and hardy band who first opened this rich and prosperous country to civilization, and who participated in the perils, hardships and trials which attended its early settlement. It will awaken feelings of reverence and gratitude in those of the present generation, who have succeeded to the enjoyment of the fruits of their labors and privations.

It remains to us at this time, to perform the melancholy yet pleasant duty of paying an appropriate tribute to his long and

useful career, and to bear in grateful remembrance the distinguished ability, integrity and fidelity, which he displayed in the high and important official trusts to which he was so frequently called by our people.

General Dodge was born in the year 1782, at Vincennes, in that portion of the North-Western territory which now constitutes the State of Indiana. He removed to Missouri, where he passed a considerable of the earlier portion of his life. In 1808, he held the office of Sheriff of Cape Girardeau County. In 1812, he was chosen Captain of a mounted rifle company, and in September of that year he was appointed Major of the Louisiana Territorial militia. He continued in service during the war until October, 1814, rising to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; and, in 1814, he commanded an expedition sent up largely in the trials and difficulties incident to the early settlement of that State. In 1827, he removed to Wisconsin, then a part of Michigan Territory, and settled near Dodgeville, in the mining district, and engaged in the business of mining. At this period he took a prominent part in the Winnebago Indian war. He was appointed Major of the United States Rangers in June, 1832, and Colonel of the First Dragoons on the 4th of March, 1833, which position he resigned about three years afterwards. During the Black Hawk war he held the position of Colonel, and distinguished himself by the prompt, energetic and decisive manner in which he conducted the part assigned to him. He acquired a high reputation as a military officer, in conducting campaigns against the Indians, and in this service he had few, if any, superiors. He became at this time intimately acquainted with the country, and one of its most prominent and useful citizens. Upon the organization of the Territory of Wisconsin in 1836, he was appointed by President Jackson its first Governor, and continued to hold that office until the 30th of September, 1841, when he was elected Delegate to Congress from Wisconsin Territory, and continued in that office until the 8th of April, 1845, having been re-elected in September, 1843. On the 8th of April,

1845, he was again appointed Governor of the Territory, and continued to be its Governor until the 29th of May, 1848, when, upon the admission of Wisconsin into the Union, he was succeeded by Hon. Nelson Dewey, who had been elected under our State Constitution. Upon the organization of the State government in June, 1848, he was elected as one of its first Senators to represent Wisconsin in Congress, and was, on the 20th day of January, 1851, re-elected to the United States Senate for the term of six years. At the expiration of this term, in 1857, he retired from public life, and afterwards, and until the time of his death, he resided part of the time at Mineral Point, in this State, and part of the time at Burlington, Iowa, where his son Hon. Augustus C. Dodge, resides.

It rarely falls to the lot of any man to enjoy popular favor so long, or in a greater degree, or to serve in official station with greater credit to himself or more advantage to his constituency, than did General Dodge. His public services commenced with the early settlement of the West, and in its border savage wars, and continued without interruption until his retirement from public life, embracing a period of nearly fifty years. His life and personal history are, to a great extent, the history of the settlement and development of our State, of which he may well be considered, to a great extent, the founder and father. It never had a more faithful and devoted public servant, and none of its citizens ever took a more lively interest than he in its advancement and prosperity.

All his official and personal relations were characterized by a personal integrity of the highest order, which was not merely a rule to which he submitted, but a principle of his life. He was a man of remarkable personal dignity and firmness of character, and fidelity of purpose, and he possessed a singular capacity to judge of the usefulness and integrity of others. To these elements of character his eminent success in life was in a great degree attributable. Without the adventitious aids of wealth or influential personal friends, he rose steadily, but surely, to the position of a representative man of the West, and an influential and honored statesman in the councils of the

nation. He lived to see the section of the country over which he was appointed Governor in 1836, rise to the magnitude of an empire, and embracing within its limits the great and growing States of Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, and so much of Dacotah Territory as lies East of the Missouri river; States which furnished over 197,000 soldiers to suppress the recent Rebellion, and which possess almost exhaustless resources yet to be developed, to add to their dignity, wealth and power. With what pride and satisfaction must he have contemplated the result of the labors of himself and his associate pioneers, as he surveyed the political and social organizations, and the new civilization which their hands had founded and reared. Heroes and warriors, prompted by unholy ambition, may hew their way to place and power and achieve distinguished positions in the history of the world by conquering provinces, and trampling down and destroying existing systems and organizations, but how much more honorable and imperishable, the renown of those who have founded States and empires, and laid broad and deep the lasting foundations of new governments, of political and social systems, which are destined we trust, to become the grandest and most beneficent in their operation and influence, of any the world ever saw.

He lived to see his country, which he loved and served so long and so well, withstand and triumph over the shock of Civil War and Rebellion, and emerge successfully from what we trust was destined to be its last great trial. In the calm retirement of a ripe and honorable old age, in the possession of all his mental faculties, unimpaired by disease, with the consciousness that he had lived an honorable and useful life, and cheered and sustained by the consolations of a Christian faith, and a lively hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave, and while surrounded by his friends and family, he quietly passed to his honored rest.

"And we are glad he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor can we deem that Nature did him wrong
Softly to disengage the vital cord,
For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

Mr. President, I move that a committee of three be appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the sense of this Society on the sad event, and to procure a paper to be prepared on the life, character and public services of the deceased, to be preserved with the archives of this Society.

Messrs. Pinney, Mills and Dean were appointed such committee, who reported the following resolutions:

"*Resolved,* That, in the death of Gen. Henry Dodge, this Society, and the entire Northwest, have lost one of their earliest, most faithful and valued friends, and this State a distinguished citizen, whose name, fame and public services form the great central figure in its early settlement, and are closely identified with the history of its formation, and its progress and prosperity.

"*Resolved,* That his eminent and faithful public services in military and civil life, his courage and sound practical judgment, his high sense of honor and his purity of character, and fidelity to official trust during a long and useful life, earned for him the confidence and respect of the people, and form a noble and impressive example for future imitation, and have secured for him to all time the grateful remembrance of the people of this State.

"*Resolved,* That we sincerely lament his death, and that to his many friends, and to all who are bereaved by the sad event, we tender our cordial sympathy.

"*Resolved,* That the Corresponding Secretary of this Society, be directed to forward a copy of these proceedings to the family of the lamented deceased."

After remarks on General Dodge by W. Welch, Esq., Hon. George B. Smith, Governor Fairchild, General Thomas S. Allen and Lyman C. Draper, the resolutions were adopted.

The Winnebago War

By Col. Thomas L. McKenney

At four o'clock on the afternoon, of September 1st, 1827, we arrived at the Portage of Wisconsin, and encamped on a high bluff which overlooks the country for a great distance to the south and west. We had not finished the business of encamping, before seven Winnebago warriors came along, on their way from Green Isle to the Four Lakes, fully armed and equipped. It was a direction in which we did not desire any of that sort of force to go, the enemy being at the Four Lakes in great numbers. Major Whistler* gave orders to disarm and detain them. They were told they should be well fed, and treated well, whilst they behaved themselves. They appeared to feel deeply when their arms were taken from them; nor did they appear to like the strength and appearance of the military. An express arrived from General Atkinson, announcing his approach, and directing Major Whistler to halt and fortify himself at the Portage, and wait his arrival, as the capture of the enemy could be made, with his additional force, with more ease and less sacrifice of life.

The object of the joint expedition of General Atkinson from Jefferson Barracks, below St. Louis, and of Major Whistler from Ft. Howard, on Green Bay, was, as has been intimated, to capture those who had committed the murders at Prairie Du Chien, and put a stop to any further aggressions of the sort. The Winnebagoes, it will be remembered, had been advised,

*William Whistler, entered the army from the Northwestern Territory as a Second Lieutenant, in June, 1801; made First Lieutenant in 1807; distinguished himself in the battle of Maguago, 9th Aug., 1812; promoted to Captain in Dec., 1812; Major, in 1826; Lieutenant Colonel in 1834, and Colonel in 1845. He died, at an advanced age, near Cincinnati, Dec. 21, 1863; after sixty-two years continuous and faithful services rendered his country.

L. C. D

prior to the opening of the council at La Butte Des Morts, that the security of their people lay in the surrender of the murderers. The first intimation that this primary object would be accomplished, was given the day after our arrival at the Portage, in a very mysterious way. I was sitting at the door of my tent, when an Indian, of common appearance, with nothing over him but a blanket, came up to the bluff, and walking to the tent, seated himself upon his haunches beside it. This was almost the middle of the day. I inquired, through the interpreter, what was the object of his visit. After musing awhile, he said: "Do not strike; when the sun is there tomorrow,"—looking up and pointing to about three o'clock in the afternoon—"they will come in." Who will come in? I asked. "Red Bird and We-kau," he answered. The moment he gave the answer, he rose, wrapped his blanket about him, and with hurried step returned by the way he had come. At about three o'clock of the same day, another Indian came and took his position in nearly the same place, and in the same way, when to like questions, he gave like answers; and at sundown a third came, confirming what the other two had said, with the addition that he had, to secure that object, given to the families of the murderers nearly all of his property. There appeared to me to be two objects in view by this Indian mode of managing the art diplomatique. One was to prevent an attack, which our near neighborhood to the point where the Indian force was concentrated, led them to apprehend; the other to say all cause for attack was, as they viewed it, removed by the treble assurance given, that the murderers will, at the time specified, be brought in. There could be nothing more to the purpose.

There was something heroic in this voluntary surrender. The giving away of property to the families of the guilty parties, had nothing to do with their determination to devote themselves for the good of their people, but only to reconcile those who were about to be bereaved to the dreadful expedient. The heroism of the purpose is seen in the fact, that the murders committed at Prairie du Chien were not wanton, but

in retaliation for wrongs committed upon this people by the whites. The parties murdered at the Prairie, were doubtless innocent of the wrongs and outrages of which the Indians complained, but the law of Indian retaliation does not require that he alone who commits a wrong, shall suffer for it. One scalp is held to be due for another, no matter from whose head it is taken, provided it be torn from the crown of the family, or people who may have made a resort to this law necessary. If these Indians had multiplied their victims to ten times the number slain by them at the Prairie, it is highly probable the balance of suffering and of blood would have been greatly on the side of the Indians; and yet we find, under such circumstances, a readiness on the part of the murderers, rather than have "a road cut through their country with guns," which would subject the innocent to both affliction and death, to make a voluntary surrender of themselves!

At about noon of the day following, there were seen descending a mound on the Portage, a body of Indians—some were mounted, and some were on foot. By the aid of a glass we could discern the direction to be towards our position, and that three flags were borne by them—two, one in front and one in the rear, were American, and one in the center was white. They bore no arms. We were at no loss to understand that the promise made by the three Indians, the day before, was about to be fulfilled. In the course of half an hour they had approached within a short distance of the crossing of the Fox River, when on a sudden we heard a singing. Those who were familiar with the air, said—"it is a death song!" When still nearer, some present, who knew him, said —"it is the Red Bird singing his death-song!" The moment a halt was made on the margin of the river, preparatory to crossing over, two *scalp yells* were heard.

The Monomonees and other Indians who had accompanied us, were lying carelessly about upon the ground, regardless of what was going on, but when the "scalp-yells" were uttered, they sprang as one man to their feet, seized their rifles, and were ready for battle. They were at no loss to know that the

yells were "scalp-yells"; but they had not heard with sufficient accuracy to decide whether they indicated scalps to be *taken* or *given;* but, doubtless, inferred the first.

Barges were sent across to receive, and an escort of military to accompany, them within our lines. The white flag which had been seen in the distance was borne by the Red Bird. During the crossing a rattle-snake passed me, and was struck by Capt. D., with his sword, and partly disabled, when I ran mine through his neck, and holding up the slain reptile, a Monomonee Indian cut off his head with his knife. The head was burned to keep the fangs from doing injury by being trod upon, and his body cut up into small pieces, and distributed to the Indians for their medicine bags—thus furnishing a new antidote against evil agencies, should any happen, during the remainder of their march. This was looked upon as another good omen by the Indians.

And now the advance of the Indians had reached half up the ascent of the bluff, on which was our encampment. In the lead was Car-i-mi-nie,* a distinguished chief. Arriving on the level, upon which was our encampment, and order being called, Car-i-mi-nie spoke, saying: "They are here—like braves they have come in—treat them as braves—do not put them in irons." This address was made to me. I told him I was not the big captain. His talk must be made to Major Whistler, who would, I had no doubt, do what was right. Mr. Marsh, the sub-agent, being there, an advance was made to him, and a hope expressed that the prisoners might be turned over to him. There was an evident aversion to their being given up to the military. I told him Mr. Marsh should be with the prisoners, which composed them. For the remainder of the incidents, I must resort to a letter which I addressed to the Hon. James Barbour, Secretary of War, giving an ac-

*Naw-Kaw, or *Car-a-mau-nee*, or *The Walking Turtle*, went on a mission with Tecumseh in 1809 to the New York Indians, and served with that chief during the campaign of 1813, and was present at his death at the Thames. He signed the treaties of 1816, 1825, 1827, 1829 and 1832. Mrs. Kinzie, in her charming work, *Wau-bun, or the Early day in North-West*—a work too little known, and which well deserves to be republished, and extensively circulated— thus describes this old chief as she saw him at the period of 1830: "There was Naw-Kaw, or Kar-ray-mau-nee, *The Walking Rain*, since the principal chief of the nation, a stalwart Indian, with a broad, pleasant countenance, the great peculiarity of which was an immense under lip, hanging nearly to his chin." He was living as late as 1840. L. C. D.

count of this most imposing, and by me never-to-be-forgotten ceremony:

"The military had been previously drawn out in line. The Monomonee and Wabanackie* Indians were in groups upon their haunches, on our left flank. On the right, was the band of music, a little in advance of the line. In front of the center, at about ten paces distant, were the murderers. On their right and left, were those who had accompanied them, forming a semi-circle, the magnificent Red Bird, and the miserable looking We-kau, a little in advance of the center. All eyes were fixed upon Red Bird; and well they might be—for of all the Indians I ever saw, he is, without exception, the most perfect in form, in face and gesture. In height, he is about six feet; straight, but without restraint. His proportions are those of the most exact symmetry, and these embrace the entire man, from his head to his feet. His very fingers are models of beauty. I never beheld a face that was so full of all the ennobling, and, at the same time, the most winning expression. It were impossible to combine with such a face the thought that he who wore it, could be a murderer! It appears to be a compound of grace and dignity; of firmness and decision, all tempered with mildness and mercy. During my attempted analysis of this face, I could not but ask myself, can this man be a murderer? Is he the same who shot, scalped and cut the throat of Gagnier? His head, too—sure no head was ever so well formed. There was no ornamenting of the hair, after the Indian fashion; no clubbing it up in blocks and rollers of lead, or bands of silver; no loose or straggling parts—but it was cut after the best fashion of the most civilized.

"His face was painted, one side red, the other intermixed with green and white. Around his neck he wore a collar of blue wampum, beautifully mixed with white, which was sewn on to a piece of cloth, the width of the wampum being about two inches—whilst the claws of the panther, or wild-cat, distant from each other about a quarter of an inch, with their points inward, formed the rim of the collar. Around his neck

*WAU-BA-NA-KEES, or the Oneida Indians, living above Green Bay. L. C. D.

were hanging strands of wampum of various lengths, the circles enlarging as they descended. He was clothed in a Yankton dress—new and beautiful. The material is of dressed elk, or deer-skin, almost a pure white. It consists of a jacket, the sleeves being cut to fit his finely formed arm, and so as to leave outside of the seam that ran from the shoulder, back of the arm, and along over the elbow, about six inches of the material, one half of which is cut into fringe; the same kind of fringe ornamenting the collar of the jacket, its sides, bosom, and termination, which was not circular, but cut in points, and which also ran down the seams of the leggins, these being made of the same material. Blue beads were employed to vary and enrich the fringe of the leggins. On his feet he wore moccasins.

"A piece of scarlet cloth of about a quarter of a yard deep, and double that width, a slit being cut in its middle, so as to admit the passing through of his head, rested, one half on his breast, (and beneath the necklace of wampum and claws,) and the other on his back. On one shoulder, and near his breast, was a beautifully ornamented feather, nearly white; and about opposite, on the other shoulder, was another feather, nearly black, near which were two pieces of thinly shaven wood in the form of compasses, a little open, each about six inches long, richly wrapped around with porcupine's quills, dyed yellow, red, and blue. On the tip of one shoulder was a tuft of horse-hair, dyed red, and a little curled, mixed up with ornaments. Across the breast, in a diagonal position, and bound tight to it, was his war-pipe, at least three feet long, brightly ornamented with dyed horse-hair, the feathers and bills of birds. In one of his hands he held the white flag, and in the other the calumet, or pipe of peace.

"There he stood. Not a muscle moved, nor was the expression of his face changed a particle. He appeared to be conscious that, according to Indian law, and measuring the deed he had committed by the injustice and wrongs, and cruelties of the white man, he had done no wrong. The light which had shone in upon his bosom from the law which de-

manded an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, so harmonized with his conscience, as to secure its repose. As to death, he had been taught to despise it, confiding in that heaven, that spirit-land, where the game is always plenty—the forests always green—the waters always transparent, tranquil, and pure —and where no evil thing is permitted to enter. He was there, prepared to receive the blow that should consign his body to the ground, and send his spirit to that blissful region, to mingle with his fathers who had gone before him.

"He and We-kau were told to sit down. His motions as he seated himself, were no less graceful and captivating, than when he stood or walked. At this moment the band struck up Pleyel's hymn. Everything was still. It was, indeed, a moment of intense interest to all. The Red Bird turned his eyes toward the band; the tones operated upon his feelings in such a way as to produce in his countenance a corresponding pensiveness. The music having ceased, he took up his pouch, (which I forgot to say was a handsomely ornamented otter skin, that hung on his left side,) and taking from it some *kinnakinic* and tobacco, cut the latter in the palm of his hand, after the Indian fashion, then rubbing the two together, filled the bowl of his calumet, struck fire into a bit of spunk with his flint and steel, and lighted it, and smoked. All the motions employed in this ceremony were no less harmonious and appropriate, than had characterized his other movements. He sat after the Turkish fashion, with his legs crossed.

"If you think there was anything of affectation in all this, you are mistaken. There was just the manner, and appearance, and look, you would expect to see in a nobly built man of the highest order of intelligence, and who had been taught all the graces of motion, and then escorted by his armies to a throne, where the diadem was to be placed upon his head.

"There is but one opinion of the man, and that I have attempted to convey to you. I could not refrain from speculating on his dress. His white jacket, having upon it but a single piece of red, appeared to indicate the purity of his past life, which had been stained by only a single crime; for all

agree, that the Red-Bird had never before soiled his fingers with the blood of the white man, or committed a bad action. His war-pipe, bound close to his heart, seemed to indicate his love of war, in common with his race, which was no longer to be gratified. The red cloth, however, may have been indicative of his name.*

"All sat, except the speakers. The substance of what they said was: We were required to bring in the murderers. They had no power over any, except two—the third had gone away; and these had voluntarily agreed to come in, and give themselves up. As their friends, they had come with them. They hoped their white brothers would agree to accept the horses of which there were, perhaps, twenty; the meaning of which was, to take them in commutation for the lives of their two friends. They asked kind treatment for their friends, and earnestly besought that they might not be put in irons—and concluded by asking for a little tobacco, and something to eat.

"They were answered, and told, in substance, that they had done well thus to come in. By having done so, they had turned away our guns, and saved their people. They were admonished against placing themselves in a like situation in the future, and advised, when they were aggrieved, not to resort to violence, but to go to their agent, who would inform their Great Father of their complaints, and he would redress their grievances; that their friends should be treated kindly, and tried by the same laws by which their Great Father's white children were tried; that for the present, Red Bird and We-kau should not be put in irons; that they should all have something to eat, and tobacco to smoke. We advised them to warn their people against killing ours; and endeavored, also, to impress them with a proper notion of their own weakness, and the extent of our power, &c.

"Having heard this, the Red Bird stood up—the commanding officer, Major Whistler, a few paces in front of the

*Col. CHILDS, in his Recollections of Wisconsin, vol. IV, Wis. Hist. Colls., p. 173, describes RED-BIRD as he saw him on the same occasion: "He was dressed in fine style, having on a suit made of neatly dried buffalo skins, perfectly white, and as soft as a kid glove; and on each shoulder, to supply the place of an epaulette, was fastened a perserved *red-bird*—hence the name of this noted chief, RED-BIRD.

center of the line, facing him. After a moment's pause, and a quick survey of the troops, and with a composed observation of his people, he spoke, looking at Major Whistler, saying, *'I am ready.'* Then advancing a step or two, he paused, saying, 'I do not wish to be put in irons. Let me be free. I have given away my life—it is gone—(stooping and taking some dust between his finger and thumb, and blowing it away) —like that—eyeing the dust as it fell and vanished from his sight, then adding: 'I would not take it back. *It is gone.'* Having thus spoken, he threw his hands behind him, to indicate that he was leaving all things behind him, and marched briskly up to Major Whistler, breast to breast. A platoon was wheeled backwards from the center of the line, when Major Whistler stepping aside, the Red Bird and We-kau marched through the line, in charge of a file of men, to a tent that had been provided for them in the rear, when a guard was set over them. The comrades of the two captives then left the ground by the way they had come, taking with them our advice, and a supply of meat and flour, and tobacco.

"We-kau, the miserable-looking being, the accomplice of the Red Bird, was in all things the opposite of that unfortunate brave. Never, before, were there two human beings so exactly, in all things, so unlike one another. The one seemed a prince, and as if born to command, and worthy to be obeyed; the other, as if he had been born to be hanged. Meagre—cold —dirty in his person and dress—crooked in form—like the starved wolf, gaunt, hungry, and blood-thirsty—his entire appearance indicating the presence of a spirit wary, cruel and treacherous. The heart, at sight of this, was almost steeled against sympathy, and barred against the admission of pity. This is the man who could scalp a child, not eleven months old, and in taking off its fine locks as a trophy, and to exhibit as a scalp, cut the back of its neck to the bone, and leave it to languish and die on the floor, near the body of its murdered father! But his hands, and crooked and miserable-looking fingers, had been accustomed to such bloody work.

"The Red Bird did not appear to be over thirty years old,

and yet he is said to be past forty. We-kau looks to be forty-five, and is no doubt as old as that. I shall see on my arrival at Prairie Du Chien, the scene of these butcheries; and, as I may write you upon all matters connected with my tour, I will introduce you to that. The child, I forgot to say, by the latest accounts, yet lives, and promises to survive. The widow of Gagnier is also there, and I shall get the whole story from her mouth, and shall then, doubtless, get it truly. You shall have it all, and a thousand things beside, that, when I left home, I never expected to realize; but having once entered upon the scenes I have passed, no matter with how much personal risk they were to be encountered, there was no going back. I see no danger, I confess, especially now—but, any how, my way is onward, and I shall go."

I never, however, made good my promise to narrate the incidents of my travels, further than as these were embraced in my official returns. The above account of the surrender of Red Bird will not lose any of its freshness here, I hope, from its having been published in pretty much the same dress in the newspapers, a short time after its reception by the Secretary of War, and again in the work on the Aborigines of North America, by myself and James Hall. As it formed a part of the varied occurrences of my tour in 1827, which I am now for the first time embodying, I cannot, in justice to the connection I wish to preserve of the whole, omit it.

On the morning of the 3d, having little else to do, I busied myself to find out, if I could, how the Indians could, without danger, capture the rattle-snake. This whole country is full of them; and so constant is the noise of their rattles, when any thing happens to molest them, that the ear is kept half the time deceived by what seems to be the ticking of watches, in a watch-maker's window. I was honored by a visit from one in my tent that morning, and was prompted by that call, perhaps, to find out in what way my civilities might best protect me from their too close attention. I was told the smell of tobacco made the snake sick; and this explained why, in two

instances in which I had witnessed the taking of this reptile by Indians, tobacco was employed. They also employ a root, but of what herb or shrub I could not find out, which they pound and put on a stick; then they excite the snake to bite it, when the poison of the root being taken into the snake's mouth, kills it. I was told they take from the neck of the turkey-buzzard a piece of the flesh, and dry and pound it, and rub their bodies with this powder. Thus guarded, the snake will not bite, or come near them. How true all or any part of all this is, I cannot vouch, never having made trial of either.

At nine in the morning, after the surrender, I took leave of the military, and in company with Count De Lillier, Judge Lecuyer, and Rev. Mr. Jones, a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, the first settled at Green Bay, started for a descent of the Wisconsin River. Having crossed the Fox River to the opposite landing, on the Portage, an ox-cart was provided for our transportation across to the Wisconsin—the width of the Portage being about twenty-five hundred paces. The entire way was miry, and full of rattle-snakes. The veteran interpreter, Pauquet,* was employed to drive us over. The wheels of the cart, though broad, sank deep into the mud, and the sturdy beasts bent to their duty; but without the constant employment of Pauquet's powerful arms, and the exertion of his great strength in applying to their sides repeated strokes from what seemed like a hoop or hop-pole, exciting them, meantime, with his stentorian voice, and giving vent to anathemas, in Winnebago, with almost every breath, we must have been forced into some other conveyance, or taken to our feet in mud a foot deep, to have, in any reasonable time, reached the

*Pierre Pacquette was the son of a French father and a Winnebago mother. He was married, about 1818, to a woman whose father was a Canadian half-breed, and whose mother was a half-breed Sauk. He was the interpreter at the treaties with the Winnebagoes at Green Bay in 1828, at Prairie du Chien in 1825, and at Rock Island in 1832. He was active in raising a party of Winnebagoes, in 1832, to unite with the Americans against the hostile Sauks, and he fought in the ranks at the battle of the Wisconsin Heights. After this war, we find him engaged as a trader on the west side of the Wisconsin, at Portage.

He was killed by an Indian, in September, 1836, who shot him with a carbine in Portage—an assassination which grew out of his connection with the Sauk war. "Pacquette," says Schoolcraft, "was a man of Winnebago lineage, and was reputed to be one of the best friends and counsellors of the nation." "No man who knew him," said the late Gen. Charles Bracken, "ever suspected the honesty or patriotism of Pacquette." L. C. D.

Ouisconsin. But by the aid of the hop-pole and the Winnebago anathemas, both well understood, doubtless, by the oxen, we were carted over in safety. When about midway, and during one of the numerous pauses which the oxen were wont to make, the man bearing the flag-staff of my canoe, struck, with the lower end of it, a rattle-snake that lay near where Pauquet was standing—for he walked the entire distance. The snake, enraged at the blow, gave signs of resistance, and apprehending it might dart its fangs into Pauquet's legs, I stooped from the cart, and ran it through with my sword, when one of the men cut off its head with an axe. Whether Pauquet trusted to his leather leggins and moccasins, or their being well imbued with tobacco smoke, or the powdered root, or the buzzard's neck, I did not learn; but he was as composed in regard to these reptiles, as if he had been mailed in brass or iron.

Having crossed the Portage, our canoes, supplies and baggage being all over, we embarked at eleven o'clock, A. M., on the Ouisconsin. The current which we had been opposing, the entire length of the Fox River, was now in our favor; the waters of the Ouisconsin running from its source to the Mississippi, as do those of the Fox River, on the other side of the Portage, into Green Bay. They first find their way through the Lakes into the Ocean by the St. Lawrence, and the last by the way of the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Whether after having started for those diverse directions, from sources so near one another, they ever meet and mingle more in the deep blue sea, is a problem which I do not pretend to solve. I could not help thinking how closely they resembled early friends, who in boy-hood were hand in hand with each other, and rarely, for a series of years, out of one another's sight, when at last "some current's thwarting course" separated them, to meet no more forever.

Our voyagers felt now, upon this onward current, as the mariner feels, when both the wind and tide, after having been long contrary, turn in his favor, and when he is assured there will be no change till he reaches the port of his destination.

I had engaged a fine looking Indian to join the Count as a voyager, hoping thereby to add to the speed of his canoe, and that we might, in our descent to the Mississippi, keep close company. I had heard much of the scenery of the Ouisconsin, and felt that my admiration of it would be stimulated, if the Count, with his lustrous eyes, could be along to see the beauty and grandeur of the scenes, and in such close neighborhood to me, as to interchange sentiments and feelings in their contemplation. An accident deprived the Count of the services of the Indian.

The Rev. Mr. Jones, being unpracticed in the handling of fire-arms, was sitting on a log with the Count's double-barrelled gun across his lap—the muzzle pointed on a line with another log, at some twenty paces distant, upon which sat the Indian, —when, as luck would have it, one of the barrels was discharged, the shot rattling against the log, and scattering the sand about, besides a few penetrating the Indian's leggins. Up sprang the astonished brave and voyager, and eyeing Mr. Jones for a second or two, said, "that man don't know what he is about"—then looking over his shoulder at Jones, walked off.

We had not been long under way, before I saw the Count's force was inadequate. I made a pause till he came up, and transferred to his canoe one of my men; the force proving yet too feeble, I assisted him with another, when onward we went to the music of the voyagers' songs, happy in the reflection that our expedition had, so far, terminated otherwise than in blood. We were charmed, too, at having escaped the monotony, as well as the tedium of the ascent of the Fox River. There are, it is true, upon its shores, many beautiful upland views, where the trees grow apart, and without undergrowth, conveying to the eye the almost certain presence of civilization. But in the main, its shores are level, and its waters are dark, and filled with the *folle avoine,* or wild rice, and various aquatic plants besides; some of them, the lily especially, very beautiful. Nature would seem, even here, to have made provision for the gratification of man; and, if the way was monotonous, she kindly scattered flowers to diversify the scene, and regale

the voyager. Here, on the Ouisconsin, are sandy shores, and sand-bars, and islands, and rolling and verdure-capped shores, and hills and mountains—with valleys of the richest green, in which there would seem never to have been a war, even of the elements; and these, again, were relieved by miniature representations of the pictured rocks of Lake Superior.

The water of the Ouisconsin is of the color of brandy, with less sediment than is found in that of the Fox River. Neither, however, should be drunk, in my opinion, without having first undergone the process of boiling. Every mile of our descent increased the variety, the grandeur, and the beauty of the shores. Hills shooting up into more towering heights, without a tree, but clothed in the brightest green; others, again, with summits resembling dilapidated fortifications, and so like them, as to cheat the observer into the belief that they were, sure enough, once, what they now seem to have been. In one of these, we noticed a tall, leafless, and dead pine, so exactly resembling a flag-staff, not in exterior only, but in its position, as to convince at least one of the party that a fortification had once crowned that hill, and in its destruction, the flag-staff had escaped the conflagration, by being only charred. Many of these elevations rise from the river, in the terrace form; the lower, all soft, and green, and beautiful; the upper, crowned with dark evergreens, arranged so as to wear the appearance of having been planted upon a regular plan, the whole conception and execution of some mind richly stored with all the elements of a practical science. And was it not

> "Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form
> And lineaments divine, I trace a hand
> That errs not?"

We had not been many hours on the Ouisconsin before, on looking to my right, I saw some hundred or more Indians appear suddenly on the summit of a hill of some sixty feet elevation, overlooking the river, and form in line, with their rifles. What their object was I could not divine, but every movement seemed to indicate a purpose to greet us with a shower of leaden deaths. There was not a second to spare;

so I ordered my steersman to turn in instantly. The head of the canoe was in a moment changed from its line down the river, and headed towards the shore. This movement brought all their rifles across the arms of the Indians, who, being suddenly struck by this prompt movement, were at a loss to comprehend its meaning, and seemed resolved to await its issue. Our guns were concealed. On reaching the beach, I ordered the men to be ready for any emergency; and so, buckling on my sword, and putting a pair of pistols in my pockets, I directed Ben, my steward, to fill his pockets with tobacco and Indian jewelry, and follow me and the interpreter up the steep ascent.

Ben's color changed from its fine and glossy ebony to a sort of lived paleness, and a trembling seized him. He had often predicted, as well the year before, as now, that we should never see home again; and this he verily believed was to be the hour when his prophesy was to be fulfilled. This change in his complexion was nothing new to me, having had occasion to observe it frequently, and, in my *Tour to the Lakes*, to record it.

On arriving at the summit of the hill, I stood a moment. The Indians had all changed their positions, and were now facing me. Not a word was spoken, nor did a man of them stir. After a short pause, I inquired, through the interpreter, if their chief was present. He was. "Tell him to come and shake hands with me. I am from where the sun rises, and near his Great Father's lodge, in the great village of Washington, where I have often seen and shaken hands with many of the great men of the Indian race. I have come a long way to see them in their own country, that when I go back to their Great Father, I may be able to tell him how his red children are—what are their wants—and before I go, if I can, to make peace among them." The moment this was interpreted, the whole party gave a *grunt* of approbation, long, and loud and emphatic; when a tall, aged, and good-looking Indian, from his position on the extreme right, walked and shook hands with me most cordially. I asked his name—and then

calling him by it, said: *"You hold in your hand, the hand of a friend and brother"*—when the whole party advanced, and shook hands with me.

Seeing their village at about a quarter of a mile back on the plain, I asked to be allowed to go there, that I might shake hands with the squaws and papooses, and make them some presents. We marched to the village. A buffalo robe was spread out for me to sit upon, the calumet lighted, and we smoked—I, according to my custom, (for I never smoke) blowing the smoke out of the bowl of the pipe, like a steam-engine. I was never suspected of not relishing this great luxury, the prized, and cherished, and enjoyed alike by savage and civilized man. This ceremony over, I directed Ben to cut up the twists of tobacco into smaller portions, and divide it among the men. Ben was so much relieved of his terrors, as to be specially prompt, on this occasion, and he so employed his eye in counting, and his judgment in cutting up the tobacco, as to make it hold out exactly; for this I gave him great commendation. The distribution of the tobacco having been made, and to the high gratification of this tobacco-loving people, I proceeded to distribute the jewelry, consisting of finger-rings, made of cheap metals set with variously colored glass, and ear-bobs, &c. These I threw by the handful, on the ground, which produced an excitement, and a display of muscular dexterity which told well for the activity of these at other times, indolent-looking squaws. The scene was a literal scramble, and it was carried on with the energies of the prize-fighter, and amidst expressions of mingled joy and surprise, that made the affair quite a circumstance in the lives of these poor destitute people. I was happy myself, in seeing them so.

After an hour spent in these ceremonies, I told the chief I was short of hands, and wanted two of his *braves* to accompany me to Prairie Du Chien. He shook his head, and said, "Sac and Fox Indians kill them." Never, I assured him, while they were with me; and that I would promise they should come home in safety, laden with presents. He assented, when there was a general rush of young men as volunteers.

I put a hand on the two who were nearest to me, and said—I take these, because they came first, and not because of any preference; for I know they are all brave men and true. I now felt secure for the remainder of the distance to the Prairie, and immediately embarked and continued my voyage.

At *La Petite Roche,* forty-five miles from the Portage, at eight o'clock in the evening, we fell in with Gen. Atkinson and his command. His barges were arranged alongside the bank of the river, and moored there. These long keel-boats, some as much as thirty tons burden, with the sails of several of them hanging quietly in the calm of the evening against the masts; the numerous fires that lined the shores, around which a large portion of the General's command of seven hundred men were gathered, gave to the place the appearance of a sea-port. The general hum of voices, the stroke of the axe, with the confused noises made of it, in so out-of-the-way a place, where never before had such circumstances combined, a sort of spirit-scene; especially as the moon's light invested the whole, being made pale by the many lights, and yet paler with an occasional half-obscuration caused by the rolling up of denser portions of the smoke from these numerous fires. Everything in nature by which we were surrounded was still, save only the sounds that proceeded from this spot, and the plash of the paddles of our canoes. Presently a sentinel challenged, and demanded the countersign. I told him who I was, and that I was bearer of tidings from Major Whistler's command, (which I had left that morning at the Portage,) to Gen. Atkinson. The sergeant of the guard was called, who making this message known to Gen. Atkinson, we were invited to come alongside his barge, and (he being confined to his berth by a slight attack of fever) down into the cabin to see him.

We were received with the courtesy that always distinguished this gallant officer, when I went rapidly over the events that had transpired, and informed him of the surrender of the murderers; commended the Red Bird to all the kind usage which his unfortunate condition would permit, and especially urged that he might not be put in irons. I did this, because I very

well knew he would suffer a thousand deaths rather than attempt to regain his liberty. There was no mistake in this matter. The man had literally already parted from life, and had his eyes fixed more upon the spirit-land, than upon coming in contact again with the bitter realities of the world around him. All this passed, and pledging each other in a glass of wine, and our best wishes for the General's health, we continued our voyage till ten at night, when we landed on a sand-bar for repose. Myriads of musquitoes assailed us. Finding it impossible to endure their assaults, we determined to fly; so at two in the morning we struck our tents, and were again afloat, and going finely to the tune of the boat songs.

At seven the next morning we were thirty miles below our encampment, and forty-five from *La Petite Roche*. The varied and bold shores of the river continued still to increase in interest. The color of the water is the same, and so is the loose and movable material of the bottom of the river; the sand of which it is composed being so fine, as when touched by anything, is seen to stream off in the direction of whatever current may be the strongest. To this cause may be attributed the formation of the numerous sand-bars and islands that abound in this river. Gen. Atkinson doubtless knew the nature of the passage he would have to make, and how difficult is the navigation of the Ouisconsin, owing to the ever-varying course of its channel, and its shallowness; and hence he secured boats that did not draw over twelve or eighteen inches of water.

Everything indicates a recession of the waters of this river. The water-marks, sometimes high up on its shores, and bluffs, and hill-sides, as well as the form and fertility of the bottom lands and prairies, all tell, in very plain language, that this river was once,—but when, who knows?—capable of swimming navies. Many a tall ship might have rested on the bosom of this once wide and deep, but now narrow and shallow river; and anchors might have been let go, the noise of whose chain cables would have resounded amidst those hills like rumbling thunder. Hills, vast, towering, irregular, many of

them circular-crowned, increased as we approached the Mississippi; and between them, stretching far off in the interior, are beautiful savannas, widening as they recede from the river, and then terminate in fertile and richly clad table lands.

At about sundown, we arrived at the junction of the Ouisconsin with the Mississippi. Being in advance of the Count, we landed, taking from our canoe as much baggage as would make room for him and the remainder of the company, Ben, on the arrival of the Count, being transferred to his canoe, and left in charge of the baggage; when we rounded to, upon the Mississippi, and against the current of the river, arriving at Prairie Du Chien at eight o'clock, in the softest, and brightest, and purest moonlight I had ever beheld. I thought of every scene of the sort I had ever seen, and of which I had ever read; of that hour when Shakespeare watched and loved the beams of this beautiful orb, until he said—

"How sweet those moonbeams sleep on yonder bank!"

of those nights when I used to sit on the shore of Lake Superior, where I thought light so pure, so all-encircling, never came from the moon before, and where the rain-bow also took precedence, in the gorgeousness of its dies, in the breadth and nearness of its bases, so near, sometimes, as to produce an irresistible motion to wash my hands in the falling glory. I have often since sought to give precedence to that lovely bow that spanned the Potomac, the frigate Brandywine immediately beneath the center of its arch, on board of which we had, but a few hours before, placed the good La Fayette, on his return from this country to his *La Belle France*. But it was vain. The rain-bow of Lake Superior has had, can have, no equal; but the moonlight of the Mississippi, on that night when I first beheld this Father of Rivers, will take precedence of all I have ever seen before. How I wish I could paint it! The moon above, and the river beneath me; the glory of the heavens, and the silver-tipped ripples of the Mississippi, and the pearl-tinged forests, made brighter by the contrast of the dark recesses into which the moonlight had not entered,

with the associations of the scenes around me—*Pike's Hill,* so named in honor of the gallant officer of that name, being just opposite—all combined, as the canoe was wheeled out upon the river, to fill me with emotions strange, bewildering, yet soothing; and then there was the grateful sense which my heart cherished for the security with which the unseen, though ever-present God, had ever blessed us. I had no language to express all these then, and I have none now; but the memory of it will never die!

We were now on the theatre of the recent Indian murders, tidings of which had gone forth; and reaching St. Louis and Jefferson Barracks, upon the one hand, and Green Bay and Fort Howard upon the other, had put in motion about a thousand men, to interpose the appropriate shield to arrest and extinguish the spirit that had led to these butcheries. Well would it have been, if, when the bayonets of the nation had been dispatched to punish the unenlightened, the untutored Indians, for the execution of the provisions of the *Lex Talionis,* the only law known to them, a corresponding energy, and the adequate power, had been employed to compel the civilized of our own race to treat these unfortunate people as human beings, and if there could be found no place for *kindness* in these relations, to enforce the obligation to treat them with at least common justice.

Prairie Du Chien is said to have been once the seat of a Fox Chief named The Dog. The level land, upon part of which the village stands, was once, doubtless, part of the bed of the Mississippi. When forsaken by the waters, the channels of the river running close to the opposite or southern shore, the deserted lands became a prairie. Being now shorn of its native grass and flowers, the entire area has become a waste. When a prairie The Dog was its principal occupant, with his band perhaps, and its owner—when the French gave it the appellation it yet bears of *La Prairie Du Chien,* or the Prairie of the Dog.

This area is composed of several thousand acres of land. From W. S. W. to N. N. E., (the Mississippi running at this

place due N. N. W., and being not over four hundred yards wide) it may be one mile and a half in breadth, and in length from four to five miles. The hills opposite rise abruptly out of the river. They are irregular, but covered with trees. On the east are hills corresponding in height, but wearing no foliage. The rocks rise to some three hundred feet above their base, with a show of the blue and the white of the lime of which they are composed, and with many a water mark to tell how high up their towering ascent the waters of the Mississippi once reached. And then the most hasty glance will satisfy any one that the two sides were once united; but in what age of the world, nobody can tell. Ages may have been required for the waters of the Mississippi to have worn away the opposing masses, making for their transit to the ocean so wide a passage as is now opened at that spot; and yet, only about four hundred yards of it are now occupied by the descending waters.

The buildings of the Prairie are of wood, are old, and generally in a state of decay. The only two good houses here are Joseph Rolette's, and a trader's by the name of Lockwood, I believe. There appeared to be about one hundred of these decaying tenements, the old picket Fort standing on the plain, a little north of the village, quite a ruin.

My first duty on arriving at the Prairie was to fulfil my promise made to the Indian chief, by returning to him safely his two young braves, laden with presents. I took them to the public store, and literally loaded them with good and useful Indian supplies, and of every variety. This done I procured an escort to attend and protect them on their journey across the country to their village. They arrived, as I afterwards learned, in safety. I have often heard since of the inquiries which these people make after the "Big Captain," as their Indian term, applied to myself, being interpreted, imports; the prefix "big," not relating so much to my size, as to their conception of my capacity to confer benefits upon them, and from my relations to the Government.

This duty performed, I rode to the scene of the recent mur-

ders, attended by my companions, including Ben, who manifested great anxiety to see the place where the Indian had actually carried out upon others, those plans of destruction which he had so often anticipated would be made personal to himself. The scene of these butcheries is distant from the village, in an easterly direction, about three miles. I received the whole story from the widow of one of the murdered men, Gagnier by name, who was, at the time, proprietor of the log house in which he was killed. Gagnier was a half-breed, his mother having been Indian, and his father French. The door of this one-story log tenement fronts east, and a window opposite, of course, west. A large tree grows near its south-western corner. Gagnier was sitting on a chest, on the left of the door. At the window his wife was washing clothes; on her left was the bed, in which a child, eleven months old, was sleeping. On her right, and a little back of her, sat a discharged soldier, named Lipcap; and this was the situation of the family when Wan-nig-sootsh-kau, or the *Red Bird,* We-kau, or *The Sun,* and a third Indian entered. Visits of Indians being common, no particular attention was paid to them. They were, however, received with the usual civility, and asked if they would have something to eat. They said yes, and would like some fish and milk.

Gagnier had, meantime, seen something peculiar in the looks and movements of these Indians, as is supposed, which led him to reach up, and take from brackets just over his head, his rifle, which, as Mrs. Gagnier turned to get the fish and milk, she saw lying across Gagnier's lap. At the moment she heard the *click* caused by the cocking of the Red-Bird's rifle, which was instantly followed by its discharge. She looked and saw that her husband was shot. At the same moment, the third Indian shot old Lipcap, when Mrs. Gagnier seeing We-kau, who had lingered about the door, about to rush in, she met him, made fight, and wrested from him his rifle. He ran out, she pursuing him, employing all her energies to cock the rifle and shoot him, but, by some mysterious cause, was rendered powerless—"feeling," as she expressed it,

"like one in a dream, trying to call, or to run, but without the ability to do either." To save himself, We-kau kept running round the big tree at the corner of the house, well knowing if he should put off in a line, she would have better aim, and be more likely to kill him. After a few turns round the tree, and finding she had no power over the rifle, she turned short about, and made for the village, bearing the rifle with her, to give the alarm; which, being given, she returned, followed by a posse of armed men, and found her infant, which she had left, covered up in the bed on the floor, scalped, and its neck cut, just below the occiput, to the bone. This was the work of We-kau, who being intent on having a scalp—the other two having secured theirs—there being no other subject, took one from the head of the child. The knife, from the examination made of the head, was applied in front of the crown, and brought round by the right ear, and far down behind, and up again on the other side, the object seeming to be, to get as much hair as he could. In the turn of the knife, at the back of the head, the deep cut was given, which found its way to the bone.

The child, when I saw it, was comfortable, and I believe it recovered—but the sight of a rifle, even at that tender age, when one might suppose it could not distinguish between a rifle and anything else, would terrify it almost into fits. Young as it was, it must, from its place in the bed, have seen a rifle, in connection with what it was made itself, so immediately after, to suffer. I made the mother presents for herself and child.

Governor Cass, after our first parting at Green Bay, arrived at the Prairie just after these murders had been committed. The inhabitants being, as was natural, in a state of great alarm, he devised the best means of defence in his power, and descended the Mississippi with tidings of the out-break, to Gen. Atkinson. From the day the Governor left Green Bay, till his return to it, which was four weeks, he had voyaged in a bark canoe *sixteen hundred miles*—this was going at an average rate of about sixty miles the day, including a tarry of one day at the Prairie, and three at St. Louis.

Notwithstanding we bore to the Prairie the tidings of the surrender, there still remained, in the minds of the inhabitants, some lingering apprehensions that more of the same kind of bloody work might await them. They thought the war-cloud had not yet spent itself. But nothing surprised them so much, as that the hitherto peace-loving Red Bird should have been guilty of such conduct. He was not only well-known, but was, also, the pride of the Prairie. Such was the confidence reposed in him, that he was always sought after as a protector, and his presence was looked upon as a pledge of security against any out-break that might be attempted. Indeed, when husbands, and brothers, and sons, had occasion to leave their homes, the families considered themselves quite secure, if the Red Bird could be procured to see to their safety. What had happened to induce him to act the part he had acted, was a mystery to all. As to We-kau, he was known and abhorred as one of the most bloody-minded of his race. Of the third, whose name I could not learn, they knew but little.

All this mystery, however, was, at last, solved. There had been great indignities offered to the band near the St. Peters, to which Red Bird had become allied, and personal violence committed upon some of their leading men, and by those whose station ought to have taught them better; and whose authority and power should have been differently exercised. The leading chiefs counselled upon those acts of violence, and resolved on enforcing the Indian's law—*retaliation*. Red Bird was called upon to go out, and *"take meat,"* as they phrase it. Not wishing to appear a coward, he undertook the enterprise, secretly rejoicing that the business had been referred to him; for he resolved to make a circuit, and return, saying he could find no meat. He did so, and was upbraided, and taunted, and called *"coward,"* and told that he knew very well, if he had the spirit to avenge the wrongs of his people, he could, by going to the Prairie, get as much meat as he could bring home. This fired him, and he resolved to redeem his character as a brave; when, beckoning to We-kau, and another Indian, he told them to follow him. They proceeded to the Prairie.

Gagnier's was not the first house they entered, with the view of carrying out their purpose. If I mistake not, their first visit was to the house of Mr. Lockwood, who was then absent. His interesting wife was at home, and her life was undoubtedly saved by the presence of an old Frenchman on a visit to her, who not only understood the Winnebago language, but knew the parties; and he also was known to them. They had respect for him—he had been their friend. So, after lingering about the house for a season, they quit the premises, and crossed the prairie to Gagnier's, and there executed their bloody purpose, as I have narrated.*

Addressing a few lines to Gen. Atkinson, still urging a lenient treatment for the Red Bird, I prepared for the descent of the Mississippi; and, accordingly, after having partaken of the hospitality of Rolette, I embarked with my party in my bark canoe, and at 3 P. M., of the 8th of September, I was again upon the bosom of the Mississippi, and going, with its descending current, onward to St. Louis. Continued on till 6 o'clock that evening, and encamped twenty miles below. What had been selected as a place of repose for the night, proved to be a musquito hive—for they literally swarmed there. At six in the morning, after a night of suffering, caused by the stings of those pestilent lancers, and of inconvenience occasioned by the rain, we pursued our voyage. The bed of the river had now widened to about two miles—the shores on the eastern side broken, scalloped, and barren of trees, with nothing of verdure but grass; whilst on the western, they were crowned with trees, and altogether very beautiful.

Arriving at Du Buque's, sixty miles below the Prairie, we

*Besides Red Bird and We-kau, there were three other Indians imprisoned. Red Bird died in prison. Two of the prisoners were eventually discharged for lack of evidence against them; while We-kau or Wa-ni-ga, or *The Sun*, and probably his and Red-Bird's accomplice in the Gagnier and Lipcap murder, Chick-hon-sic, or *Little Bœuf*, or, more properly, *The Buffalo Calf*, were tried and convicted and by Judge Doty sentenced to be hung December 26, 1828. President Adams, however, sent on a pardon bearing date November 3, 1828, upon the receipt of which they were liberated. Judge Gale, in an unpublished paper read before the Society, states that We-kau, or *The Sun* died of the small-pox at Prairie du Chien in 1836; and the Buffalo Calf, about 1847, and was buried three miles above Galesville, on the high bank on the west side of Beaver Creek.

Red-Bird, says Judge Gale, left a son, who died in 1853, on the St. Peter's River, with the small-pox.

L. C. D.

stopped, and visited his grave. This grave is on a high bluff, or point of land, formed by the junction of the Black River with the Mississippi, on the west side of the latter. A village of Fox Indians occupied the low lands south of the bluff—of these Indians we procured the guide who piloted us to Du Buque's last resting place. The ascent was rather fatiguing. Over the grave was a stone, covered with a roof of wood. Upon the stone was a cross, on which was carved, in rude letters, "Julian Du Buque, *died 24th March,* 1810, *aged* 45 *years.*" Near by was the burial spot of an Indian Chief. We returned to our canoes, embarked, and proceeded sixteen miles farther, to Fever River, and up that River to Galena, arriving after night-fall. The river sent forth a most disagreeable odor. It appeared to be the very hotbed of bilious fever. At Galena, I visited the mines and smelting establishments, at that time in their infancy. In the previous July, eight hundred thousand pounds of lead had been smelted, and, perhaps, a million pounds in August.

The Winnebagoes were in a state of great excitement, caused by the intrusions of the whites on their lands. They had, after having remonstrated for a long time in vain, made up their minds to endure it no longer, and had so informed Mr. Conner, the sub-agent. A warning was circulated among the miners, who replied, "we have the right to go just where we please." Everything appeared threatening. Two thousand persons were said to be over the lines, as intruders upon lands belonging to the Indians. The Indians had fallen back, and sent word to the sub-agent, that "he would see them no more" —meaning as friends.

The white population was supposed to be, at that time, from three to five thousand, the larger portion at Galena. At least fifteen hundred, alarmed for their safety, caused by the apprehended disturbances, had quit the country. There appeared to be no time to lose; and as justice was all these harassed people desired, I adopted measures, at once, to secure it to them, by restoring to them their rightful possessions. A general return to a peaceful order of things immediately ensued.

This overt act, this trespass on their grounds, was the egg out of which the Black Hawk war was hatched. There was no necessity for that war, when, some few years after, it did break out. It was only needed that *the same justice* should be continued to the Indians; the same regard shown to their rights, and that war would never have occurred. At the time it broke out, the places that had hitherto been filled by those whose experience had fitted them for the rightful and harmonious adjustment of such difficulties, were filled with strangers. Hence the Black Hawk war; and hence, also, the Seminole war. *Injustice and bad faith,* combined with the absence of the needed intelligence, and that indispensable pre-requisite, experience —were the causes of both these wars, and of the waste of the blood and treasure that attended them; but the loss of this blood, and of this treasure, could be endured, if, in the origin and progress, and termination of these wars, the national honor had not been tarnished, and our name, as a people and nation, held up to the civilized world as *unjust, cruel and treacherous.* It is painful to recur, even thus slightly, to the history of those wars, and, for the present, I pass on, first recording my judgment against them, against their necessity, and against *the policy* that originated them, as well as *the measures* that were adopted for carrying them on.

Early Wisconsin

By John H. Fonda

The following series of historical papers were written by the editor of the Prairie du Chien *Courier*, as dictated by the aged pioneer, whose name they bear, and appeared in that paper, commencing with the number of Feb. 15th, 1858, and extending into May following. "We would advise all," says the editor, "to read the Early Reminiscences, as they are extremely interesting, and contain many historical facts, that will pay for the time spent in perusal. The subject of these sketches has been in the West for over forty years, and thirty years a resident of Prairie du Chien. He has lived to see most of the early pioneers carried to the grave. His life has been an eventful one, abounding in incidents of travel, camp and field, that will prove interesting to our readers. They are as correct and truthful as memory can make them."

Mr. Fonda was born in Watervliet, Albany county, N. Y., and is still residing in Prairie du Chien. We have the high authority of the venerable Rev. Alfred Brunson, of Prairie du Chien, for assuring the reader, that "Mr. Fonda's narrative is as reliable as anything of the kind given from memory."

No. 1.

Some few evenings ago, we were sitting by the fireside, in the house of one of the oldest pioneers now living at Prairie Du Chien, and listening, as is our wont, to the early history of the country, as the old settler related it. His seemed to have been an eventful life, and at our earnest solicitation "he lived his life o'er again." Below we give a part of the old backwoodsman's history:

You want to know my history? But it's not the first time I have been asked to tell it. In the year 1840, there was a person who came out here to talk with the old residents, and get facts, from which to write a book. He often came to my house to hear me talk. I told him a great many anecdotes, traditions, and incidents of frontier life, but though I read his

book afterwards, I could not recognize them, for he had dressed them up in new language, or changed their meaning entirely.

Well, I've been over about every one of the States, and Territories, which, let me tell you, is a good deal of country, and I hope, before I die, to travel over some of it again; especially that portion between here and York State. I was born in Albany County, N. Y., and of a good family. My father kept me at school, until I had obtained what was then called a good English education, and it being my parent's desire that I should follow a profession, he placed me in the office of a prominent lawyer, in my native town, where I studied law, with the assistance of the lawyer and his large law library. But, after remaining in the lawyer's office about two years, I caught the emigration fever, a disease that prevailed pretty generally, at that time, and a company being about to start for Texas, I took advantage of the circumstance to satisfy my desire for travel, and cast my lot with them. Bidding my folks a long farewell—(long, for I've never seen them since)—we departed to seek adventure in the Far West. And we got our share, I tell you! This was more than forty years ago, and the country west of the Alleghany Mountains was new. Few and far between were the white settlements, while the country was filled with tribes of Indians, who hunted the deer, bear, elk, and other game that afforded food or fur.

Our course lead through the State to Buffalo, where we took boat to Cleveland, thence south through the State of Ohio to Cincinnati, where we embarked on flat-boats, and floated down the Ohio River into the Mississippi, which we went down as far as Natchez. At Natchez we stopped to sell the flat-boats. The inhabitants were French, Spaniards and creoles. The boats were sold to an old half-breed trader named Le Blanc, for some horses, a covered wagon and a team of mules. Before leaving Natchez, one of our party was seized with the yellow fever and died. After burying our comrade, and completing our outfit, we were ferried over to the west side of the Mississippi into Louisiana, by the old trader, who charged an exor-

bitant price for his service—so much so, that I remember the company went on without paying him.

From Natchez we traveled directly west until we struck the Red River; this we followed up stream as high as where the Fort Towson Barracks are, and camped on a branch, or creek, called Le Bontte Run. Here the emigrants halted for a while to recruit, and holding a consultation for future proceedings, which resulted in a determination to settle on the prairie land near what they called the Cross Timbers, a tract of country watered by numerous streams, well timbered, and with soil of the richest qualities. But the novelty the journey promised at the start, had been sobered down to a stern reality during the last six months, and instead of accompanying the party into the then Mexican territory, I remained with a Scotchman, who had taken a Choctaw squaw for a wife, and kept a trading post on the head waters of the Sabine River. With this Scotchman, I stayed during the winter 1819, and in the spring of 1820 went down to New Orleans, with five voyageurs, to get a keel-boat load of goods for the Scotch trader, who had entrusted me with the business, for he took a liking to me, and knew of no other person in whom he could put as much confidence. The Red River was a narrow, crooked, turbid stream, steep banks on either side, and filled with snags; but the winter rains had swollen it, so we floated down without accident.

On reaching New Orleans, I had no little trouble with the boatmen, whom I did not know how to manage at that time, though experience afterwards taught me the *modus operandi.*

It was eight or ten weeks before I had collected all the Indian goods; but what hindered most was the indolence of the French *voyageurs,* who would go to some of the low dance houses in the town, and spree all night, which made them useless all the next day; so in one or two instances I was obliged to hire creoles to assist in loading goods that had been brought to the river.

One evening after the boat's load was complete, and the men pretty well over the previous night's frolic, I gave orders to

move up stream. But, as for starting to go back, the men wouldn't listen to anything of the kind, as there was to be a grand fandango in town that night, and they had all anticipated going there. They went, and I remained on board all night to watch the boat and goods.

Next morning the men came staggering in, and threw themselves down on the rolls of calico and blankets, where they slept until afternoon. About two o'clock they had all got up, and were preparing some food, when I gave them to understand that we must start at sun-down. They gave no answer, and having ate, they went to sleep again.

As the sun was going out of sight, I roused the men, directing them to get out the tow-line, poles, and to run up stream. They paid no attention to what I said, but gathered around one of their number, a big half-breed, who insolently told me that it would be impossible for us to ascend Red River, because of high water and the strong current at this season of the year. I knew the fellow was lying, for I had seen the river the last summer, and knew that if we had any trouble it would be from low water. And I was obliged to give the man a severe whaling, tying his hands and feet, and threatening the others with a similar dose, before they would go to their duty.

The men worked steadily that night, part of the time towing and poling, and sometimes taking advantage of the eddies in the lea of projecting points. The big half-breed begged to be released the next morning, and made no more trouble during the trip. The boat soon entered Red River, where we found sufficient water to float us, but had to make a number of portages before reaching what is called La Grange, a small French settlement, (the French claimed all west of the Mississippi in those days,) but the men did not offer to leave at this point, for they paid strict obedience to me since I punished their leader, and were growing more respectful each day as we approached the end of our journey.

We started in June, and had been gone three months, and it being September, I was anxious to get back, for the goods were much needed at the trading post.

On the 23d of September, (I kept a journal,) we were met about twenty miles below the trader's block-house, by one of his half-breed sons, who had come to take command of the keel-boat and crew, so I might go ahead and give in my report of the trip, before the boat-men had a chance to make any of their usual complaints. This custom was undoubtedly a good one, though I did not take advantage of it to the detriment of the men, but gave a favorable report of everything. When the boat arrived, Mons. Jones, as the old Scotchman was called, met them as they landed, praised the men for their faithfulness, and paid them what little might be due them, giving to each a trifling present. Now, I had observed while acting as clerk the previous winter, that a few beads, paints or cheap calicoes, would purchase many valuable furs; and after going down with the bales of skins, I had learned how, after receiving the cargo of goods, that a considerable sum was placed to my employer's credit, which made the fur trade appear very profitable in my eyes. So I readily agreed to receive what wages were due me, in goods, hoping to make a large profit on them. The old Scotchman did not seem over pleased with the goods I had selected by his direction; however, he paid me with some of them.

And thus ended my connection with the first and last expedition that I ever accompanied on Red River, or the lower Mississippi, and also the detailed account of it, which is as correct as memory will allow me to relate.

I clerked for the trader during the fall and winter of 1820, but had very few opportunities to sell my goods, for good reasons: first, the goods I had were not suitable; and if they had been, I could not have traded them, for the old Scotchman, who had been an *engagé* in the Hudson Bay Fur Company, was exceedingly grasping, and could not let me buy fur on private account, any where near the trading post. This prompted me to make several excursions among the Shawnee and Osage Indians, from whom I got a few packs of valuable fur. But, though there was an excitement about a trader's life that had a charm for me, yet often, when camped by a sheltered spring,

ambition would whisper, "you have another mission to fulfill."

Soon after the grass was well up, in the Spring of '23, I put my trappings on board of an old pack-mule, and straddling a mustang colt, started for Santa Fe along with two fellows who had come up from New Orleans. My companions were agreeable enough, but seemed to have no other motive than to see the country, and enjoy some of the pleasures of hunter life, they had "heered tell on."

We traveled to the source of Red River through the Comanche country, north to the forks of the Canadian River where we took the old Santa Fe Trail, which led us over and through the southern spur of the Rocky Mountains, to Santa Fe, where we arrived without any of those thrilling adventures, or Indian fights, that form the burden of many travelers' stories. We had expected to meet Indians, and were prepared for them, but aside from a party of Kioways, with whom I tried to trade, we did not see any.

At Santa Fe, I lost sight of my traveling companions among the traders, and soon left the trading post for Taos, where I passed the winter. The houses were all one story high, and built of clay or large gray brick. The people were Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians, a mixed breed, and a sprinkling of trappers.

Taos was a lively wintering place, and many were the fandangoes, frolics, and fights, which came off during the season I stayed there. But, though at an age when a young man is most impulsive, I seldom had a desire to join in the dance, and never had but two personal affrays, which, owing to my superior strength, terminated in my favor.

In May, 1824, I had become perfectly disgusted with Taos, and inhabitants, for the latter were a lazy, dirty, ignorant set, and as a whole, possessed less honor than the beggaily Winnebagoes about Prairie Du Chien, at the present time. Informing the Spaniard of my intention to leave, I went down to Santa Fe. Here I found a company of traders preparing to cross the plains, and soon made the acquaintance of a St. Louis merchant, who engaged me to oversee the loading and

unloading of his three wagons, when ever it was necessary to cross a stream, which frequently happened.

The whole caravan of wagons, cattle, oxen, horses, mules left Sante Fe in good condition; but the number that reached the Missouri River, was not so large—the oxen and cattle died from thirst, the horses and mules became exhausted and were left—and disease did the business for the men in some cases. It was a hard journey, and one that I never cared to repeat. Yet, it has always appeared to me, that the barren country, east of the Canadian River, would at some day, prove valuable. It is rich in minerals. The ground in some places was covered with pieces of a crustated substance, that tasted like saleratus. There were several springs of a volcanic nature.

From the merchant, whose name was Campbell, I learned much of Mexico, its climate, products, people and geopraphy. He had been down the Del Norte, and into the interior as far as Sonora, where he married the daughter of a Mexican. I took great pleasure in hearing this man talk, and probably I gained more knowledge of Mexico from his conversation, than in any other way.

It was October before we got to Saint Louis, which place I saw for the first time, and Campbell having no further need of my services, paid me in hard Mexican dollars, and I left him.

Having now been absent from home about six years, and possessing the means to carry me back, I was tempted to return. But chance threw me into the society of a person named Knox, a mason by trade, who persuaded me to follow the same business. Being naturally of a mechanical turn, I was soon able to earn fair wages. I worked steadily at the mason work and at brick laying, for fifteen months, at the end of which period I was dubbed a mason, and could also do a passable job of plastering—the last accomplishment stood me in pretty well, when Fort Crawford was built.

It was in the year 1825 that I had heard of Prairie Du Chien, and made up my mind to see the country in that direction. But before proceeding to give you an account of the early

history of Wisconsin, as far back as the year 1825, let me first tell you what hardy exercise and Western life have done for my constitution.

No. 2

I should have told you, that when a boy I was uncommonly large for my years; and it was my delight to swim, ride, run, wrestle, fish and hunt, in all which robust and athletic sports, I greatly excelled. And it is possible, that this love of sport, interfered not a little with the course of my studies, for my father sometimes had to reprimand me, and limited my hunting excursions to one day in the week, and that was generally Saturday. So, in consideration of the short allowance that the restriction gave me, I frequently extended my hunts to two days, thus including the *first* day of the week, and appropriating it to my purpose. I can recollect on one occasion, when about sixteen years of age, I was along with two or three young companions, hunting ducks and other water fowl, on a small branch of the Mohawk river. It was in the spring of the year, and one of the early freshets caused by the melting of the snows on the Catskill mountains, had swollen the creek and overflowed large tracts of low land, thus forming an admirable feeding ground for mallard, widgeon and numerous other wild-fowl, that instinct taught to leave the sea coast for these inland marshes, where the food they liked was most plenty. The ducks flew best in the morning and latter part of the afternoon, and were almost as abundant as they are here on the Mississippi.

What I am now going to relate, happened on our second day out, which perchance was one of those *first* days of the week. We had hunted with good success the day before, and were determined to have one day more. But the wind had changed, and the weather was raw, and though we waited patiently all the forenoon, the ducks did not come in much, so very few were killed. It was very cold and chilly, but having forgot the tinder-box, (there were no phosphorus matches then)

we did not light a fire as we would like to have done. Late in the afternoon, as we were lying in a clump of willows, on a sort of peninsula between the stream and a pond made by the rise, the ducks began to fly over us in clouds and settle down on the pond. This was what we had been waiting for; but while waiting, we had got so benumbed by the cold wind, that it was with difficulty we could load our guns, and after discharging them with indifferent success, I was determined to have a fire, before another duck was shot at. So, directing my companions to collect what dry leaves, twigs and wood they could, I proceeded to ignite it in this manner: Having arranged the leaves and twigs properly, I took a piece of gun-wadding, and filling it with powder, laid it among the leaves, upon which a handful of powder was also thrown. After this, I opened the pan of my fowling-piece—percussion caps being unheard of at that time—and putting in a good priming, pulled back the hammer, and placing the gun near the leaves, pulled the trigger. The "flash-in-the-pan," was instantaneously followed by another flash that made me start backward, with haste. My hair and eye-brows were badly burnt, and my right hand was severely scorched.

The fire burned briskly in the willows, but I had enough fire in my hand, without wishing for more. As we rode home that evening, few words were spoken, and when the wagon stopped in front of our house, I alighted, and went directly to my room. So severe were my burns, that they kept me confined to the house for six long weeks; during this time I was under the care of my mother. God bless her! she is dead now. That kind mother tried to impress upon my mind the duty I owed to my Heavenly Father—she advised me to regard the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath, &c," and those early injunctions have never been forgotten, though often disregarded. But it was not until the following fall, that I shouldered my gun and commenced to hunt again. Then came back my old roving habit—with it the fondness for manly sports, hunting included.

This early training, together with the almost constant ex-

ercise I had experienced, during my wandering mode of life, had toughened my muscles and so completely developed me physically, that I was no mean match for two ordinary men; besides, the desire to behold new scenes, had grown stronger than ever.

It was no other than a natural consequence then, that having heard of Prairie Du Chien, and the "Lead Diggings" south-east of it, that I should have a desire to take a trip up the Mississippi River to the Mineral Region; from where reports came, of fortunes being made by prospecting—these stories formed alluring inducements.

Having some money, and a sound constitution that five years of border life had made capable of enduring any degree of hardship and fatigue, I left St. Louis, and started up the river in a little Ohio steam-boat,—I believe steam-boats commenced running above St. Louis the same year I left, 1825,—loaded with army stores for military posts on the Upper Mississippi. The boat proceeded up stream 'till we reached the mouth of the Illinois River, where we met a keel-boat coming down, on board of which was an express, bound with dispatches for the commanding officer at Jefferson Barracks. They brought reports of Indian murders in the north, and the same boat bearing the dispatches had been attached, and had many ball marks on its sides, also a wounded man on board. The steam-boat took the express aboard, and was about to return with him, to St. Louis, so I bid Captain Bates goodbye, and left his boat. I learned now, that the Mining Region was the scene of the Indian troubles—that the inhabitants were leaving the country through fear, and the greatest misery and confusion prevailed at the "Diggings." So, instead of continuing up the Mississippi as intended, I joined a party of five Frenchmen, who designed going to Green Bay, and having no definite object in view at the time, I agreed to go with them. We had little knowledge of the route, but one of the Frenchmen had somewhere seen an old outline map, and assured us we could reach the Lakes by going up the Illinois river. We had entered the river and gone up a few miles

from its mouth, when we were seen by some Indians, who made signs for us to approach the shore.

After some hesitation we landed, and, to the disappointment of the Frenchmen, were received in a most friendly way by the Indians, who treated us with roasted ducks and venison. They furnished us a guide for a small reward, and we resumed our course without entertaining any further alarm on account of Indians. The weather was delightful, and we enjoyed ourselves as well as early travelers ever did. The river afforded splendid scenery; at times it flowed through large prairies, that formed a boundless area of fertile country, covered with luxuriant grass, and on which we frequently saw deer and elk feeding. Water fowl were abundant, and we could feast on them at every meal; while the river was swarming with excellent fish, that often formed a delicious addition to our other fare. There was no difficulty in killing game along that beautiful stream. Hardly an hour of the day passed but we had opportunities to shoot deer from the canoes, for it was the latter part of June, and in the heat of mid-day the animals would come down to the river, where in the shade of small groves that lined the river, they found a cool retreat. One of our party, a diminutive Frenchman, had a long Canadian duck-gun, of which he never ceased boasting; yet seldom confirmed his words, by making use of it. The barrel of the gun, independent of the stock, was full five feet in length. I had curiosity to see how it could shoot, and asked the owner to let me try it. He let me have the gun, and I loaded it with a heavy charge of powder, and seven slugs or pieces of bar lead, and then laid it beside me, in readiness for the first good shot.

Many chances offered where it was easy to have killed deer, but no notice was paid to them, and we continued to paddle up the river until near noon, when, just as the canoe passed around a head-land, I observed a noble stag, standing knee deep in water, on a bar, near the outlet of a small stream. He was about seven hundred feet from the canoe, with his side toward us, when I raised the long gun and fired. The deer dropped without a struggle, and, on hauling him ashore, we found that

every slug had struck it. Some had entered his glossy side, one broke a shoulder, another the back-bone. The result of the shot so pleased the Frenchman, that I really believe money would have been no inducement for him to part with his gun; though I would not have given my short rifle for a dozen such. While engaged in securing the choicest portions of the venison, our Indian guide told us it was but a short distance to a larger body of water, on the shore of which lived the great chief of his tribe, whose name was Muck-ke-tay-pe-nay. This piece of intelligence made us think we were near the large lake —Lake Michigan; but we were disappointed, for late in the afternoon, we entered the foot of Lake Peoria, and were met at landing by a number of Indians, from whom we learned that it was more than two hundred miles to the nearest trading post on the Lake, which was Chi-ca-a-go. We had to remain with this tribe several days, before our guide would leave the encampment; and during which time I saw several Indians of other tribes, one of whom was Black Hawk, who, I afterward found out, was then trying to get these Indians to join the Winnebagoes against the whites in the North-West. At length the councils were concluded, and our guide signified his willingness to proceed. Under his direction we paddled along until we came to the Des Plaines river, from which we passed into a large slough or lake, that must have led us into a branch of the Chicago river, for we followed a stream that brought us opposite Fort Dearborn.

At this period, Chicago was merely an Indian agency; it contained about fourteen houses, and not more than 75 or 100 inhabitants at the most. An agent of the American Fur Company, named Gurdon S. Hubbard, then occupied the Fort. The staple business seemed to be carried on by Indians, and run-away soldiers, who hunted ducks and musk-rats in the marshes. There was a great deal of low land, and mostly destitute of timber. The principal inhabitants were the agent, Mr. Hubbard, a Frenchman by the name of Ouilmette,* and

*Antoine Ouilmette, whose wife was a Pottawattamie woman, is mentioned in the treaty at Prairie Du Chien, in 1839, with the Chippewas, Ottawas, &c.; and at the treaty of Chicago, September, 1863, provision is made for his children. It would appear that he died during the interim between the two treaties.

L. C. D.

John B. Beaubien. It never occurred to me then, that a large city would be built up there. But great changes have taken place during the last thirty-three years. I read that the old log Fort, surrounded with its palisades, was torn down two years ago, and that Chicago is now one of the largest cities in the West. Great changes have I seen in my life; I was mail carrier in the North-West before there was a white settlement between Prairie Du Chien and Fort Snelling—a Government express, and volunteer during the Sauk War—from mere love of adventure, have I wandered through the wilderness of the West. I have explored its lakes and rivers in canoes, boats and on rafts, from Red River in the North to Red River in the South, and to New Orleans. I have traversed its woods and prairies, making myself familiar with Western scenes, the early settlers, and native Indians.

The Indians you now see about town occasionally, all know me. They seldom come down to the Prairie without stopping at my house. It was only three or four weeks ago, that seven Indians came down from Crow Wing. They called on me in the night, and we had a talk together. They said there was no game in the neighborhood of their reservation; that they couldn't work, and so they had come down, and wanted to know how it would do to go and hunt in Iowa, at the head of Cedar River. I told them this universal change, that I have witnessed everywhere, had been going on there also—that the country was filled with settlers, and deer scarce. The poor fellows looked sorrowful. It was late when they left my house; and though I tried to dissuade them from making the attempt, they resolved to go and see their old hunting grounds on the Wisconsin. Many Indians have left their reserve; and I have no doubt that they find shelter in the islands of the Mississippi, and in the Kickapoo timber.

The poor Red Man has been robbed, deceived, and driven from his possession. This I have seen—indeed I have assisted to drive them from their homes. And yet, no person under heaven sympathizes more sincerely with them. They are almost extinct—they are passing from the face of the earth!

But I look upon it as a decree of fate. Perhaps there are few persons more sensible of the beauties of nature than I am, and yet so little loth to see those pristine charms effaced, the better to subserve the advancement of art and civilization.

It is near half a century since I came West, and the changes that have been rapidly effecting everything, are too numerous for me to describe. The growth of Chicago is one of those changes. When there in the year 1825, it could boast of an old log Fort, and a few cabins. What is it now? You know best, for I haven't been there these last thirty years, but I know its inhabitants are numbered at over a hundred thousand; and where I once paddled in a dug-out, is now erected large blocks of buildings.

But to go on with my story, we departed from Fort Dearborn, in a fishing boat, and proceeded north along the Lake shore towards Green Bay. We camped on the beach every night, and finally arrived off Milwaukee Bay, which we entered; and went up Milwaukee River about half a mile above the mouth of the Monomonee, and landed on the east side of Milwaukee River, just below Solomon Juneau's Trading House. I was not acquainted with Mr. Juneau at this time, though I afterwards became related to him through marriage, and learned his history. Seven years before, he had been in the employ of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, in the capacity of a *voyageur,* and had visited Prairie Du Chien, where he found his uncle, my wife's father, who insisted on his leaving the Company, to whom he was indebted in the sum of three hundred dollars, and loaned him the cash to pay the debt; besides furnishing him an outfit, with which he commenced trading with the Monomonee Indians, in the vicinity of Milwaukee.

No. 3

You ask why I don't tell more of the stories connected with the country, and the adventures of early settlers' life. I could give you many such, but unless I qualify them to suit the times, or give them a historical tone, whereby they may fur-

nish useful information, it would only be of momentary interest, and you could derive little benefit therefrom. Besides, different individuals, owing to different positions or interest, seldom look upon the same objects with similar emotions, and were I to relate incidents that have come within the scope of my personal observation and experience, you possibly might come in contact with some person, who, viewing the subject in another way, might assert that I pervert the truth and mis-state the facts; so I will hurry through my brief history, which I commenced at your oft repeated request; and as every person gives that coloring to his life which appears to *him* most natural, I shall also claim that prerogative; after which I will furnish you all the early reminiscences that I can bring to memory.

I have told you how we arrived at Mr. Juneau's trading house, where the city of Milwaukee is built; but I did not describe the city, for it was not in existence then, nor even thought of, neither have I seen the city since it was built. The log house of Solomon Juneau, standing on a slight elevation back from the river, and a few neighboring cabins, belonging to half-breeds and Frenchmen, who had followed his example by marrying Indian women and settling down, then formed the only indications of the present city of Milwaukee. Mr. Juneau was the only merchant Milwaukee could then boast of, and were I so disposed, I could give a correct inventory of his entire stock contained in the old log house near the river, as it was not an immense one by any means, and had been brought down from Green Bay in one Mackinaw boat. He had settled there first, surrounded by Indians, with whom he traded, but soon emigration turned in his direction, and he afterwards found other neighbors, who brought with them the spirit of enterprise and advancement. The few hardy settlers who first erected their cabins near his, found him in a wilderness, the primitive state of which had never yet been disturbed by a white pioneer. South and south-west of Mr. Juneau's house, could be seen extending large marshes, covered with tall swamp-grass, rushes and water. The Lake was about two

miles distant, over the hill to the eastward; and on the west ran the river, beyond which was a wooded ridge that followed the river a distance of three miles up to the Rapids, that being as far as I explored the stream. The landscape has probably altered, yet an old settler would recognize my description of Milwaukee's birth-place then in embryo.

I left the neighborhood of Juneau's Settlement in the summer of 1827. We engaged a passage on one of Juneau's Mackinaw boats that were about starting for Green Bay to bring back goods; as help was not over plenty, he was glad to avail himself of our services down the Lake until the boats reached Green Bay, where others were to be engaged in our stead. It was a pleasant morning when the two boats passed out of Milwaukee River, and entered the broad Bay. The sun was just rising, and, though I was no sailor, yet I was charmed by the beauty of this inland sea. A fresh breeze commenced blowing from the south-west, and taking in all but the steering oar, we rigged the leg-o-mutton sails, and were soon wafted in our swift sailing Mackinaws outside the point. The boats were loaded with furs, blankets, kettles and provisions and yet their shape was such that they maintained a degree of buoyancy, for which they were highly prized by those who used them. I have used the Mackinaw boat on the Mississippi, and consider its shape, (pointed at both ends) admirably suited for the purpose of floating a large burden against strong currents.

We would land on the beach at night, and form our encampment on the white sand, where gathering around the camp-fire we told our tales of love, hunting and adventure, sung songs, satisfied our appetites, and smoked, or prepared food for the next day. This camping on shore was a pleasant pastime. With no tent save the star-spangled canopy of heaven, we would wrap ourselves in our blankets on a moon-light evening, and lying down amid the baggage or on the clean sand, gaze out on the Lake, where the white caps sparkled in moon beams—or looking up at the wood-clad bluffs, whose dark outlines stood in bold relief against the sky, we feasted on the romantic scenery, the mysterious beauty of which, inspired the most practi-

cal among us with a deep sense of poetic feeling. If I ever felt poetic, it must have been during one of these night bivouacs, when listening to the beating of the waves on the beach, mingled with the melancholy notes of some night bird.

Many exciting incidents occurred during the voyage. One I will give an account of. It was early one morning, shortly after we had left our previous night's camping place, and got about half a mile from land, that we observed a number of wolves on a point, and others swimming in the Lake. Their howling had attracted our attention, and we were wondering what possessed them when one of the men remarked, "perhaps they are after deer." But where were they? This was soon found out, for some distance ahead of us on the right hand side, we discovered a large doe, that the brightness of the morning sun prevented us from seeing before. She was swimming swiftly out to sea, and had evidently seen us, for she was straining every nerve to increase the distance between herself and our boat. Now I had often killed deer in the water, after having put hounds in the mountains to drive them down, but never before had I hunted with wolves. Entering into the spirit of the thing, I examined the priming of my rifle, and took a station in the bow of the boat, as the men began to pull for the poor animal. The billows were running pretty high, but the make of the boats caused them to ride the waves without shipping a spoonful of water.

A Frenchman named Joe King was in the other boat, urging the men to exert themselves to the utmost, that he might obtain the first shot. The two boats were about forty fathoms apart, and the distance between them and the doe, at the start, was equal. As the excitement of the race increased, the howling of the disappointed wolves was lost in loud shouts from the men, who propelled the rival boats through the waves that had increased in size, under the influence of a north east wind. Gaining at every pull, on the struggling animal, we soon came within easy shooting distance. King now got ready to shoot, but I knew the unsteadiness of the boat together with the excitement would cause him to miss. Confident of the result, I was perfectly

willing he should have the first shot. So, just as both deer and boat rose on the crests of the waves, he brought up his gun and fired. Spang! went the gun, and whiz went the ball, ricochetting over the water. A clean miss, by thunder! Now for my turn—and as the boat glided up to the panting animal I sent a ball through its brain, to the envy of my rival, the Frenchman, King.

King settled down near Juneau, and became a resident of Milwaukee. He afterward sold some property that he had accumulated there, and removed to Rock River, where his family were living the last I heard from them.

We drew the carcass of the deer into the boat, and as the wind had increased to a gale, we concluded to run the boats on shore, and wait until the wind lulled. By skillful management the boats were made to ride the breakers, and reached the beach in safety. The place where they ran the boats ashore, was near the mouth of two rivers, that flowed into the Lake through an outlet. Here was a handsome broad beach of fine white sand, behind which bluffs rose abruptly; and there being an abundance of dry drift-wood scattered about, the spot offered a pleasant encampment. Lifting the baggage out of the boat, we conveyed it higher up the beach, and deposited it on the smooth, water-worn pebbles.

The geography of this region being unknown to me, I therefore resolved to take a survey. Asking King and two others to accompany me, we ascended the barren Lake bank, carrying our guns with us. Arriving at the brow after a hard pull, we enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the Lake. As we looked over the vast expanse of water spread out before us, and strained our eyes along the silent shore, over which hung so much doubt and uncertainty, we felt curious to see more of the country. Continuing our exploration along the southern river, we advanced into a heavily timbered country, principally pine. No timber-stealing lumbermen had then rafted on the stream, and we take pleasure in believing, that ours, was the first party of white men who explored the country. We returned from our excursion into the interior, at sun-set, in sea-

son to join our comrades in a feast of roast venison, which made a pleasant change, after living on dried meat and parched Indian corn.

We were up early in the morning, as was our custom. The Lake was dark, and agitated, the surf was breaking very heavily on the shore, and unwilling to venture out while the Lake was so rough, we leisurely prepared and ate our morning meal. The sun had risen by the time we had finished breakfast, and as the wind was going down, preparations were made to start; we were soon embarked and plowing our way towards Green Bay.

Following along the coast we entered a pleasant bay, near the mouth of which, were broad bars, on which our men caught several trout and white fish. I had never seen these species of the finny tribe before, and the pleasure experienced in devouring the delicious, salmon-like flesh, is needless to describe, for they now form a dish on tables of every class, who esteem them a delicacy.

Our camp was on the northern side of the bay, under the lea of a point. On the bars and in the clear shallow water of the bay, I remarked several large boulders; they were apparently composed of some rock, extraneous to that generally found in their vicinity. A query arose in my mind, where these isolated rocks were formed—how, and why similar in shape? I was of an inquiring mind, yet possessed little knowledge of the geological formation of rocks, except what observation had taught me. The boulders could never have been formed from earth, rolling down the bank, mixing with the sand, become hardened by the water, like the round stones that covered the lake shore—they were of a different texture. It was long after I had traveled on Lake Superior, that the mystery was solved. When on that Lake, in the neighborhood of the Pictured Rocks, it occurred to me, that there was a resemblance between detached portions of these rocks and those boulders; and it resolved itself in my mind, that those foreign rocks found along the shores of Lake Michigan, had their origin here; owing to the action of water, or other natural causes,

in early ages—perhaps at the flood—they had been rolled to the place where I saw them.

Next morning while the others were loading the boats, I discovered some fine specimens of sulphurated iron ore in the Lake bank. Making the men acquainted with my discovery, I got aboard and we soon doubled the point, and passed out into the Lake, on our course. At each night's encampment, I was in the habit of examining the bluffs, and as a general thing, found that the iron and copper ore was mineralized by sulphur. If any geological survey has been made of the western shore of the Lake, you will find my observations correct, if you consult it.

Indications of the advanced season, were becoming perceptible. Frosts were on the ground each morning and the Lake winds were sharper. Wild geese, brant and ducks were winging their way towards the South. These unmistakable signs were not to be disregarded, and we made fewer stoppages, and urged the boats on their destination. Coasting along the shore, we passed between the Pottawattamie Island and the main land, and pulling into Green Bay, took the south-east shore, and went up as far as Sturgeon Bay, where we encamped. Left the camp early next morning, and by sailing and rowing, we entered Fox River that night, and arrived at Green Bay.

As we came into the village, the inhabitants crowded around us, with evident curiosity. They were a mixed crowd I can tell you; they were Indians, and half-breeds, voyagers, Canadians, French, and to my inexpressible delight there were also Americans—*Yankees* among them! In answer to my inquiry, one of these latter, an American soldier, said there were a number of Yankees in the settlement—that the U. S. Fort there was garrisoned with them. The commanding officer, Gen. Cass, gave us a cordial welcome, and accepting his invitation, I accompanied him to his quarters, and under his hospitable roof, I had a night of rest, enjoyment, and refreshing sleep, that only a person who has camped out, knows how to appreciate.

I had a view of the Fort Howard, and Green Bay Settle-

ment next morning, by daylight. The Fort contained a large garrison of soldiers, mostly rifle companies who had just arrived with General Cass and Col. M'Kenney.* Besides the garrison, Green Bay had a population of between seven and eight hundred people, consisting of every nation, from native Indian to the sable son of Africa; and amalgamation was not uncommon either, for all were connected by regular gradation of shades and color; and you might suppose an inhabitant's nationality to a fraction—as half-breed, a two-thirds Fox, &c. Thus you will perceive that society was a little mixed. This frequent intermarriage had the bad effect to make them indolent, for they evinced neither enterprise nor intelligence. They gained a livelihood like the Indians, by hunting and fishing, or were in the employ of a Fur Company that monopolized their time, and prevented them from engaging in agricultural pursuits. And had they time and knowledge, their disposition would lead them to prefer a pipe and idleness. So it is to the sturdy enterprise of the white settler alone, that I can attribute the growth and improvement, that have made themselves manifest in Wisconsin since 1827, at which time emigration began to pour into the territory.

When at Fort Howard in the year 1827, the Indian affairs had assumed a threatening aspect. Reports of murders and disturbances, had spread through the settlements. Not a straggler arrived but brought an exaggerated account of Indian difficulties. Prairie Du Chien, Juneau's Settlement, Chicago, Galena and Green Bay, were then the only white settlements in the North-West, and all more or less threatened by Indians, who infested the country surrounding them. I continued to hang around the Fort, leading a sort of free ranger life—sometimes accompanying the officers on their hunting tours, but refusing all proposals to enlist.

It was the winter of '27 that the U. S. Quarter-Master, having heard of me through some of the men, with whom I was a

*Gen. Cass was not the commandant of Fort Howard, as Mr. Fonda supposed; but was with Col. M'Kenney, on a commission to hold a treaty with the Chippewas, Monomonee and Winnebago Indians, which they did in August, of that year, 1827, at the great Butte Des Morts. L. C. D.

favorite, came to me one day, and asked me if I thought I could find the way to Chicago? I told him it wasn't long since I made the trip by the Lake. He said he wanted to get a person who was not afraid to carry dispatches to the military post at Fort Dearborn. I said I had heard that the Indians were still unfriendly, but I was ready to make the attempt. He directed me to make all the preparations necessary, and report myself at his quarters, at the earliest moment. I now began to consider the danger to be provided against, which might be classed under three heads, viz: cold, Indians, and hunger. For the first it was only needful to supply one's person with good hunting shirts, flannel and deer-skin leggins, extra moccasins, and a Mackinaw blanket; these, with a resolute spirit, were deemed sufficient protection against the severest weather. And fortunate was he who possessed these. Hunger, except in case of getting lost, was easily avoided by laying in a pouch of parched Indian corn and jerked venison. Against danger from Indians, I depended on the following.

No. 4

It was necessary at the time of the Winnebago out-break, in 1827, for every man—and woman too—to be constantly on their guard against surprise. Much trouble was apprehended from the Indian tribes generally, who were jealous at the encroachment of the emigrants, especially in the region of the Lead Diggings. The emigrant, settler, hunter and trapper, never parted with their trusty rifle either night or day. Weapons were an essential part of man's costume—his daily, yes, his constant companions—they were in the hands of the traveler, the homes of the hardy squatter, and had there been any sanctuaries in the Territory then, I believe they would have been found in the pulpits. The rifle provided food for the hunter. It also executed the arbitrary law of the land—self defense, and its decrees were final. It was during such a state of affairs, that I had passed my word to carry the mail between

Fort Howard at Green Bay, and Fort Dearborn, commanded by Capt. Morgan,* that stood on a point, now forming a part of the city of Chicago. Although the danger from the Winnebagoes had abated, owing to Black Hawk's failing to entice other tribes into the conspiracy against the whites, and the Indian War of '27 ended; yet the recent troubles made me rub up my rifle, and prepare every thing needful to insure the successful performance of the duty I was about to undertake. Carrying the mail during the depth of winter, a distance of two hundred miles, through a trackless wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts and wilder Red Men, was attended with no small danger. It will not be inappropriate, then, to describe my accoutrements and arms, to be used in case of emergency. My dress was *a la hunter*, one common to the early period, and best suited to my purpose. A smoke-tanned buck-skin hunting shirt, trimmed leggins of the same material, a wolf-skin *chapeau* with the animal's tail still attached; and moccasins of elk-hide. I must have had the appearance of a perfect Nimrod. My arms consisted of a heavy mountaineer's rifle that I had bought at St. Louis. It was rather long when I got it—the stock was bound with iron, and carved on it was a cheek piece and buffalo bull's head, that made it an efficient weapon in the hands of a strong man, even when not loaded. I, however, thought it unhandy, and had the barrel shortened, the cheek piece cut off, and a strap attached to it, so I could sling it over my back. Suspended by a strap from my shoulder was a large horn, containing two pounds of powder. Buckled around my waist over the hunting-shirt, was a belt containing a sheath knife and two pistols—one of which got lost, the other I have now—attached to the belt also, was a pouch of mink skin, wherein I carried my rifle bullets. The foregoing comprised my arms and accoutrements of offence, if we except a short handled axe, thrust in the waist-belt.

It had been customary for the carrier who preceded me, to be attended by a party of individuals, who, for any motives

*Capt. Willoughby Morgan, who subsequently rose to the rank of Colonel, commanded at Prairie Du Chien, and died there. L. C. D.

might be induced to go with him. This precedent appeared to me erroneous, and had no effect in shaping my movements, for I had concluded that one person could pass through the country, safer from being intercepted, than a large party; yet being socially inclined, I chose a companion to go on the tramp with me. He was a Canadian named Boiseley, and as he was a comrade with me for many years, and figured in many incidents on the Mississippi, I will give a brief description of his person and appearance.

Boiseley was short, thick-set, had long arms with big hands of tremendous grasp attached, and on the whole he was a little giant in strength. His head was small and covered with coarse, black hair, and his eyes were small, black, and as piercing as a rattle-snake's. There was nothing prepossessing in his person, in fact many would think him repulsive; yet this was the person I chose to go with me. He had been with me on one or two hunts, and remarking in him a spirit that was capable of enduring much fatigue, a sort of intimacy had sprung up between us, and that prompted me to select him. Having neither parents nor friends—that I ever heard of—he readily consented to go anywhere with me. I directed him to exchange his dress—rags would be the best term—for a comfortable out-fit, obtained at my expense, and had the satisfaction of seeing him transformed into a comparatively respectable looking man. He was accoutered in a style similar to myself. He sported a long Indian gun, and always carried a large knife, pistol and hatchet in his belt, and bullet-pouch and powder horn hung under his arm. To the horn were tied by sinew thongs several charms, which he believed possessed some mysterious power that preserved him from harm. Aside from this tinge of superstition I found Boiseley was naturally intelligent and true as steel. During the many long jaunts we had together, there was only one thing about him I couldn't become reconciled to, and that was this: we would start early in the day, each carrying a pack of equal weight, and after tramping all day he would go to work and make camp, and prepare any game we had shot, without showing any evidence of fa-

tigue; while I, a man of twice his size and apparent physical strength, would be so tired, as not to care whether I ate at all.

It was in company with this Boiseley that I presented myself before the Quarter Master, and reported ourselves ready for the start. I have not yet forgot the expression depicted in the Quarter Master's countenance, when he saw our slender equipment. It discovered a want of confidence in our ability; but assuring him that two of us could travel as safe as a regiment, and with greater celerity, my logic prevailed, and he confirmed me in Uncle Sam's service. He entrusted me with the—not mail-bag,—but a tin canister or box of a flat shape, covered with untanned deer-hide, that contained the dispatches and letters of the inhabitants. Receiving these and my instructions, we departed.

We left Green Bay on foot, carrying our arms, blankets and provisions. We had to pass through a country, as then little known to white men, depending on our compass and the course of rivers to keep the right direction. Taking an Indian trail that led in a south-easterly direction, we passed through dense pine woods, cedar swamps, now and then a grove of red oak, some of which reared their heads heaven-ward, and had for ages braved the fury of a thousand storms. Frequently would we disturb a gang of deer that had made their "yard" in the heavily timbered bottoms. And as we continued to plunge deeper and deeper into the primeval forest, and to proceed farther on our course, the tracks of the fisher and mink became more frequent, and occasionally a wild cat would get its quietus in form of a rifle ball. Once, at night-fall, we encamped on a branch of what I now know to have been the Center River. This stream was a live spring, several yards in width, and was not frozen over. It made several beautiful cascades as it flowed over the rocks. Under a projecting bank, Boiseley found the water perfectly alive with trout, and taking from his pack the light camp-kettle, he dipped out a mess of splendid speckled fellows, that relished well after being fried over the camp-fire. In the evening, after collecting a huge pile of wood, we heaped the snow up to wind-ward, and in the lee

of the snow-bank scattered some branches, on which we spread our blankets, and laid down with the packs beneath our heads, to listen to a serenade from the wolves. The night was spent in smoking, keeping fire, and intervals of sleep.

Leaving the trail at this tributary or branch of Center River we followed the creek down to the main stream, which ran in a south-east direction, and then taking a southerly course, we traveled a distance of twenty miles, and then struck another river. Following this due east, through a rough, but heavily timbered country, we arrived at the bank of the Lake, on the second day after striking the river. It was near sun-down when we made our camp near the mouth of this stream; and again within sight of the roaring breakers, a load of uncertainty was taken from me, for with such a guide, there was no going astray. It was decided that we should keep along the shore, at least where it could be done without diverging from a direct line running north and south; all head lands and points we crossed, instead of going around them. The roughness and difficulty of our track, on account of the icy mountains formed by the industry of the breakers and Jack Frost, made it a "hard road to travel." But trudging along through the snow, climbing over ledges of ice that in some places extended up the bank, and plunging through gullies and ravines, we managed to make good head-way. Thus we continued to travel day after day, though not without variety, either of incidents, fair or foul weather, scenery—something was always exciting interest or attention. Oft the winter mornings would appear beautiful and serene, without a cloud to obscure the rising sun. Then as we journeyed would we see flocks of ducks and sea-fowls sporting in the Lake, amid pieces of ice that sparkled like crystals; and anon a fisher or otter would glide off from the ice-fields where it had sought its early meal, to gain a safe retreat in some crevice of the Lake bank.

It was the 14th day after leaving Green Bay, that I arrived at Juneau's Settlement on the Milwaukee River, and as I had a message from Charles Larrabee to Mr. Sol. Juneau, I was welcomed by him, and remained two days with him to

rest and recruit. I here learned that Joseph King had returned safe with the goods, but had a hard time getting back; being caught out in the 'noctial storm, and encountered rough weather. The Frenchmen he hired at Green Bay, had already taken Monomonee squaws, and were living in their own cabins. Mr. Juneau had two children at the time, was lord paramount of the settlement, and did a good business trading with the Indians. Boiseley and I left his post to prosecute our journey. The river was frozen over, and the ice was near eight inches thick; taking this we pushed off for two or three miles, and moving over the frozen marshes, came on the Lake shore, and crossed a wooded point on the south side of the Bay; here finding a trail on the Lake bank, we followed it three days.

On the third day, as we came out on a prairie, we found ourselves near a number of Indian lodges. We wished to avoid them, but it was too late now, for the watchful curs of the Indians had seen us, and commenced a ferocious barking that soon brought the Indians out in a body. We soon learned these were all Monomonees, who had maintained friendly feelings towards the whites since the massacre of Chicago. There was one old chief in the village, who spoke broken English, and could speak French fluently. He had been to Detroit, and knew much about the white man. He was the most savage appearing Indian I ever saw; yet he displayed so much of dignity and decision in his manner, that I retained the impression that he was a noble Indian. He was a powerfully built man, about six feet tall, and well dressed for an Indian. He wore plain moccasins, deer-skin leggins reaching to his thighs, a calico shirt, a beaded cap with three feathers of the gray eagle in it, and a green blanket. There were also three other Indians worthy of notice, but they did not attract my attention by any peculiarity, so I'll not describe them. As a whole, these Indians were lazy, and staid in their lodges starving, rather than go out to hunt, though the country was teeming with deer, wild turkies and elk. Our stay with these Indians was short, inasmuch as they had no provisions; how-

ever, they treated us kindly, and directed us to the best route, when we left them, Instead of continuing along the Lake, the old chief advised us to go a little west of south until we arrived at the Des Plaines River, then follow that, and we would find plenty of game for food, and friendly Indians who would show us the way to Fort Dearborn.

The land route between Green Bay and Fort Dearborn was only traveled in the winter season, as then the rivers are frozen over, and offer no obstruction to traveling in a direct course. So following the Indian's directions, we came to as smooth a road as I ever wish to see. It was the frozen surface of the Des Plaines River. This led through wide prairies, and some large groves. Grouse were to be seen budding on the trees, and we killed abundance of them as we passed along. The grouse, with now and then a fish caught in the shallow rapids, formed our only food for several days. Until a little northwest of Chicago, we met with few Indians, all as hungry as ourselves. But joining a party of thirty Pottawattamies on their way to the Indian agency, we obtained from them a good meal of jerked venison and parched corn.

One noon we arrived at the southern terminus of our journey—at Fort Dearborn, after being on the way more than a month. It was in January, thirty years ago, and with the exception that the Fort was strengthened and garrisoned, there was no sign of improvement having gone on since my former visit. This time I was on business, and I advanced up to the sally port with a sense of my importance, was challenged by the sentry, and an orderly conducted me to the Adjutant's office, where I reported myself as the bearer of dispatches for the commanding officer. Captain Morgan was in the office, and advancing, intimated that he was that person, and took the case of letters, directing me to await his further orders. Geting a pass, I went outside the palisades, to a house built on the half-breed system—partly of logs and partly of boards. This house was kept by a Mr. Miller, who lived in it with his family. Here Boiseley and I put up during the time we were in the settlement.

I received my orders from Morgan about the 23d of January, and prepared to return with other letters. We started up one branch of the Chicago river, and after leaving this we followed the Des Plaines, taking pretty much the same way we had come; meeting with Indians and incidents, all of which were interesting, but only one of which I'll tell you now.

It happened that after sun-down one day, as the twilight was coming on, we had arranged our camp for the night in the edge of a grove, and the cheerful camp-fire was casting its rays upon the trunks of the neighboring trees, when Boiseley seemed attracted by something to a large oak, that stood in the light of the fire. "What's there, Boiseley?" said I. "Come and see," said he. "Bear sign, by thunder!" I exclaimed, approaching the tree that bore marks of having been frequently climbed by that animal. "He must have been here often, and not long since, either, judging from the recent scratches." "Yes," said Boiseley, "but he has not been here to-day, for the little snow that fell last night is not tracked near the tree." "Well, that's plain, but why does he climb this tree so much?" "To get the honey, of course." "Sure enough." Knowing now that we had found a bee tree, we naturally wanted a taste of its contents. Setting to work with our axes, we commenced hacking around the roots, and the tree being hollow and quite decayed it soon cracked, tottered, and came down with a crash across our fire. Luckily our guns and packs were leaning against a tree a short distance off, and escaped damage. The tree broke near its top, the smaller part split open by the fall, disclosing a store of honey that was tempting to us two hungry men. We filled the camp kettle with choice pieces of the comb, and as Boiseley was preparing a couple of grouse, (prairie-hens) for supper, I "dipped in" to the honey—slightly. I have always been blessed with a good appetite, but on that occasion it must have been a little better than usual, for after eating my bird, and discussing a fair ration of dried meat and parched corn, I thought it better to fill the kettle again with honey, by way of dessert. That evening I got honey enough for a life-time. The sweet extract of a thousand prairie flow-

ers passed from sight, but not forever. A strange sensation seized me, and—were you ever sea-sick?—if you were, it will be useless for me to describe what that feeling was, for you have experienced it. In the morning Boiseley invited me to join him at the honey pot, but I refused; and pursuing our journey, we left the rich treat to the wild animals. And since that memorable night, when we cut down the bee-tree, I have never tasted honey without a feeling of nausea and disgust.

Stopping a short time at the Juneau Settlement on our way back, we kept on our course and arrived at Green Bay, the 29th day of February. The Quarter-Master at Fort Howard expressed himself satisfied with my performance, and he wanted me to make another trip; but as I had seen the country, which was all I cared for, I did not desire to repeat it. Getting my pay from the Department, and a liberal donation from the people, a portion of which I gave Boiseley, I left Uncle Sam's employ, and took up my old profession—a gentleman of leisure, and continued to practice as such, until the Spring came, when with a view to extend the field of my labors, I made ready to bid good-bye to Green Bay. I had formed associations and friends among the inhabitants, with whom it was hard to get. The little Frenchman, with whose extraordinary long gun I shot the buck in the Illinois river, had married and was living in a snug little home of his own, where I was ever a welcome guest. I felt solitary and perhaps gloomy when I turned my back on the settlement, and embarked in the canoe with Boiseley, for I was doubtful of bettering my condition by the move. But doubts could not deter me from making the venture, and with determination we plied our paddles and urged the canoe up Fox River.

The route from Fort Howard to Fort Crawford was not an unknown one by any means; yet it was through a wilderness then new, and led through Indian country, inhabited by a race of men naturally cruel and treacherous, who the year previous, had begun a war of extermination against the whites. To us the way was unknown, and we entered on it without other guides than a few directions from an old voyageur in the

employ of the American Fur Company, who had made the trip. I shall not speak of the incidents that befell us, nor of our several camping scenes, just now, but suffice it to say, that we continued up Fox River into Lake Winnebago; and carrying our canoe across the narrow portage formed by the ridge that separates the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, we launched it in the latter, and were soon gliding down on its swift current, *en route* for the Mississippi. Proceeding on our voyage down the Wisconsin, we descried the beauties of a landscape enhanced by the charms of summer verdure. The bluffs that towered up on either side, as they do now, had never reverberated the shrill whistle of the locomotive, neither were the banks sprinkled with promising villages; but nature remained the same as it had for ages and ages. Now and then could be seen the wigwams of the Winnebagoes, but habitations of the white man there were none. The pale faces up to this time, had not dared to settle on the hunting grounds of the Red Men beyond the protecting influence of some fort. The whole splendid country about Madison contained but one white man, and that was Ebenezer Brigham, who had settled at Blue Mounds the year before I came to Prairie Du Chien.

It was in the summer of 1828, that the canoe came out at the mouth of the Wisconsin River, and then paddling up the Mississippi for three miles, we arrived at the village of Prairie Du Chien at that time limited to the Island over the Slough, consisting of the Old Fort, now gone, and the houses of the people in its neighborhood, some of which are now to be seen. As a correct description of Prairie Du Chien, its appearance, its inhabitants, and its position generally, at that time, (30 years ago), would be interesting, I will give it to you; at the same time I will relate all such incidents, and anecdotes connected with the country or its principal inhabitants, as they may come to mind.

On my arrival at Prairie Du Chien, in June, of 1828 this was no insignificant point in the North-West. The establishment of a military post here by the French, in an earlier day, which as a natural consequence, caused a host of

traders, camp-followers, army speculators and a mixed class generally to gather around, made it assume a livelier tone than many would imagine. Prairie Du Chien was also an important point in consequence of the Indian Agency then located here. Gen. Joseph M. Street,* was appointed Indian Agent the same year I came, and he was engaged in several negotiations and treaties with different tribes of Indians, among whom he managed to preserve comparatively friendly relations: inducing them to part with their land to the Government, strip after strip, for which he saw them paid off in cash or goods. I will not be certain that he always commanded the confidence of the Indians, but he was impartial in all his dealings with them, saw the conditions of engagements faithfully fulfilled, and made the annual payments promptly at the proper time. It was at these same payments, some of which I attended, that the traders and employees of the Fur Company reaped rich harvests. There are those here now, who made the bulk of their fortunes, after these payments, in trading with the unsophisticated Indians. This being a point most accessible to a great many tribes, they frequently received their payments here, at head quarters. These payments were great occasions—to the Indian because he would obtain new blankets, and money wherewith to buy guns, ammunition and whisky—to the trader for he would rake in all that money, giving in exchange a very *superior* quality of goods; at a *very small* advance on first cost—and to the Government, as it offered a chance for purchasing more territory. An Indian payment was invariably attended with a great jubilee, in most cases got up at the expense of the Indians. At these frolics the Indians generally got "plenty drunk," but the traders got all their money, and the Government got their lands. Gambling was a common thing at such times, and the Indian often returned to his village, empty handed, *sans* land, *sans* money, *sans* everything but a deep conviction of having been cheated. Thus it will be plainly seen, that the trade carried on between the Indians and

*A brief sketch of Gen. STREET is given in a note, p. 173, of vol. ii, Wisconsin Historical Collections.

whites, was anything but advantageous to the former, while many of the dealings of the Government with the Indians, threatened to embroil the frontier in an Indian war.

Besides the Indian Agency, and being a military post, there was located here the head-quarters of the American Fur Company. This Company was organized by John Jacob Astor, in the year 1809 and if memory serves me right, Joseph Rolette was the principal agent at this place when I arrived in 1828; and H. L. Dousman, who had come on the year previous, was also in the employ of the Company. Of Rolette I could relate a host of anecdotes, but space and other motives forbid. I will state, however, that his influence was considerable, his will arbitrary, and his word law. He held sway over the French inhabitants and *voyageurs,* which if not really tyrannical, was exacting in its requirements. At the fire over the Slough, when the Company's buildings were burned, a powder magazine, filled with powder, stood in close proximity to the fire. This magazine was in eminent danger from the heat and flying cinders; and to prevent a terrible explosion, it was necessary to remove the powder. Rolette taking in everything at a glance, saw need of immediate action, and thereupon ordered all those in his employ, to save the powder. And although it was almost as much as life was worth, they dared not disobey that mandate, and rushing in they seized the powder kegs, and carried them through the fire and smoke down to the river. This incident shows his influence over the people, who feared him worse than they did death.

The Mississippi River, when I came here, was at a stage of water 4½ feet higher than it had been known before, or has occurred during any subsequent rise. It was in June, and the site of the village was an island. To this same island, made so by too high water, was then restricted all that bore the name of Prairie Du Chien. On the east of the Slough, in the year 1828, there were only five houses; the one built by J. H. Lockwood, afterwards occupied by Colonel Z. Taylor, north of the present Fort; one other where Union Block now

stands; the house of one Larrivier, and two others that I cannot correctly locate.

I have said that all Prairie Du Chien was included in what is now termed the main village. But, at that time there were many more houses and inhabitants there, than at present. It is true that the people were chiefly Canadians, Frenchmen and traders; and their habitations were less prized for architecture than comfort, yet there was much to admire in the neighborly sociality that pervaded the early society. The old Fort Crawford was then commanded by Maj. Kearney,* and garrisoned by the 1st Regiment of U. S. Infantry. Among the soldiers were many persons, who possessed thorough and even classical education, whom adventure or some other motive, had enlisted in the United States Army. There was a young man of this class in Fort Crawford named Reneka. He was a favorite with both the officers and men. His strict, soldier-like attention to duty, and courteous bearing, made him many friends, and he bid fair to occupy the highest non-commissioned rank in the Army. But in an unguarded moment he allowed himself to accept the proffered invitation of his comrades, to join them in a social glass, and—fell. Unaccustomed to liquor, the poison soon flew to his brain, and complained of being dreadful sick; he immediately left his companions, and started for the barracks. Entering the sally-port with a firm but excited tread, he passed the sentry on his way to his quarters, from which he was directly afterwards seen to issue with a rifle. The rifle was one which he had purchased a short time before, for the purpose of hunting, and always kept it in his quarters, ready loaded. It is supposed that on reaching his room, the liquor he drank had made him crazy, for taking his rifle, he rushed out into the parade, and raving like a maniac, he whirled the

*Stephen Watts Kearney was born in Newark, N. J., August 30, 1794. and entered the army as a Lieutenant in March. 1812; and was particularly distinguished at the battle of Queenstown Heights, was promoted to Captain in 1813; Brevet Major in 1823, Major in 1829, Lieut. Colonel in 1833, and Colonel in 1836. In 1846, he was made Brigadier General, and commanded the Army of the West, and conquered New Mexico and California; in the battle of San Pascual he was twice wounded. and brevetted a Major General. From March to June, 1847, he was Governor of California, and died Oct. 31st, 1848, at St. Louis, Mo., in consequence of disease contracted while in the discharge of his official duties. His character and bearing as an officer were unsurpassed. L. C. D.

heavy rifle around his head. Aroused by the disturbance, the officer of the day, Lieut. Mackenzie,* came out of his quarters at the further end of the long parade, and calling to the Corporal of the guard, told him to "Take that fellow to the guard house." Hardly had the order escaped his lips, when Reneka observed him, and instantly poising his rifle, shot Mackenzie through the brain. It was a long shot, but a deadly one. In making it, Reneka had killed his bosom friend. He was arrested and confined in the guard-house, and when he became sane and learned he had killed his best friend, no words of mine can picture the heart-rending agony of remorse that seized him. But he was delivered over to the civil authorities, convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hung, and brought back here to be executed. The gallows was erected over the Slough, and the day of execution arrived. I did not go to see him hung, but it is said he made an affecting speech to his comrades, warning them against strong drink. He showed up his own case in the strongest light, and described the grief of his mother when she should hear of her boy's disgrace. Many an old veteran shed tears when Reneka was swung off into eternity. But his was not an isolated instance, where youth, talent, hope—all were sacrificed to King Alcohol. The army and early history present a multitude of such victims; even now, none are exempt from the baneful effects of the curse—every individual feels, or has felt, personally or socially, its injurious influence.

For some years before 1828–29, little advancement or change had been going on in the appearance of Prairie Du Chien. Soon after the Indian difficulties of 1827 were adjusted, emigration increased, and settlers began to arrive bringing with them seeds of progress. From that period the eastern emigrants commenced gathering at this point, the population increased, improvement began and prospered, until we now enjoy the blessings of the electric telegraph, railroads and reliable

*JOHN MACKENZIE was a native of North Carolina, graduated at West Point, and entered the army in 1819 as Second Lieutenant; promoted to First Lieutenant, November, 1822, and killed as stated in the text, Sept. 26, 1828.
L. C. D.

steam navigation. The arrival of steam-boats at that early day, were like angel's visits, "few and far between." Well do I remember in 1828, when the steamboat Red Rover, commanded by Capt. Harris, arrived at this place. It was like the dawning of a new era, and Capt. Harris is still spared, and now commands a floating palace on the "Father of Waters."

The principal citizens that resided in the village thirty years ago, were Mr. J. Rolette, his wife and family; J. H. Lockwood, merchant trader, and his wife and family; Mr. J. Brisbois, family of four sons and two daughters; Hercules L. Dousman; Gen. J. M. Street and family; E. Bailey, who built the old Prairie House; F. Gallanau, F. Chenviet, Flavin Cherrier, who were wealthy farmers. I may have omitted some others, but the remainder of the people then here, were mostly traders, Canadians in the employ of the Fur Company, and those who lived on the Indian trade.

In the year 1829, Col. Zach. Taylor arrived and took command of old Fort Crawford. Col. Taylor was a brave man and a good officer. It was about this time that large bodies of recruits were coming on, would stop here a few days, and then continue up or down the river, as they might be ordered. The army regulations then admitted of enlisting for a term of three or five years. Taking advantage of this, I enlisted in April, of 1829, for a term of three years, previous to the rescinding of the article, permitting that term of enlistment. Under the command of Taylor, I was a Corporal, and attained the rank of Quarter-Master's Sergeant. Having a natural turn for such things, I had acquired a good knowledge of military tactics, and being then free from the prevailing habit of drinking liquor, an evil common to the soldier, I, perhaps, (if the truth is known,) stood high in the estimation of my superior officers. I said that Taylor was a brave officer, and now repeat it, asserting that he was ignorant of fear. On one occasion when all the soldiers were mustered for "dress parade," Taylor came sauntering in from his quarters, and running his eye along the front rank, observed a large, stout German recruit, out of line. The German was a raw recruit anxious to do his

duty, but did not understand the English language. So when the order was given to "dress," the soldier remained as before. Col. Taylor remarked this, and thinking it a willful neglect on the soldier's part, walked up to him and after one or two trials, got hold of his ears and shook the fellow severely. This treatment was called "Wooling," a favorite mode of punishment with Taylor, but the German not knowing how to appreciate it, nor why it was inflicted on him, had no sooner got his head free than drawing back, he struck Taylor a blow that felled him to the ground like a log. This was mutiny, and the officers and guard would have cut him down, if Taylor had not rose up and said, "let that man alone, he will make a good soldier." And the German was allowed to go back to his place, and never got punished for his insubordination; after he could speak our language, I found him an intelligent man, and an agreeable companion. He afterwards became one of the most faithful soldiers in the garrison, was promoted, and served in the Black Hawk War of 1832.

A depredation had been committed by the Fox and Sauk Indians, on the whites at the Mines. A number of horses were stolen, and word was received at the Fort, that assistance from the troops was necessary to recover them. Lieut. Gardenier was immediately put in command of a body of soldiers, and sent down the river to Dubuque, where the Indians were said to be encamped. I accompanied Lieut. Gardenier* as pilot of the line. We arrived at the mouth of the Slough, after dark one night, and encamped. It rained hard all night, and next day. And though the bluffs where Dubuque is buried, and all the country was thoroughly searched, yet no Indians were discovered, and we got neither horses nor glory on that occasion; but I got a better knowledge of the Mineral Region than I had previous to the expedition. At Dubuque, the country was rough, wild and wooded, with few indications of civilization; and across the Mississippi at Galena, the face

*JOHN R. B. GARDENIER, a native of New York, entered West Point as a cadet in 1823; was appointed a brevet Second Lieut. July 1, 1828; First Lieut., 1836; Asst. Com. Subsistence and Captain, 1839; and died at Dardanelle Springs, Arks., June 26, 1850. L. C. D.

of the country was rugged and rocky, but the discovery of mineral had caused an excitement, that brought emigrants there in swarms, who on their arrival would go to *prospecting,* frequently making fortunes, but oftener failing to make anything.

It was during Taylor's command, in the year 1829, that the present Fort Crawford was commenced. It was known that I came down the Wisconsin River, and therefore Taylor chose me to pilot the men up along that river to a given point, where they were to cut timber for building the Fort. I guided them as far as where Helena now is. We found such timber as was needed, and the men commenced cutting down the trees, and preparing the logs to raft down stream. I returned to the Fort, having performed the duty allotted me, to the satisfaction of the commandant. This apparently raised me in favor, for I was appointed to do much outside duty, and frequently had a file of men under me. Many a time was I sent out on special duty, which none would have been entrusted with, but such as could command the implicit confidence of Old Zack himself. In an early stage of the Fort's erection, Col. Taylor sent for me, to know where would be the best place to burn lime. I told him that the stone along the bluff, to eastward, was of a sandy formation, but I was sufficiently acquainted with the west side of the river, to know that plenty of good limestone existed there. He then gave me directions to take a file of men, and go over and find a convenient spot to make a kiln. It was an easy matter to have told of several with certainty, but it was my motto, to "Obey orders, if you break owners," so following his directions, I took two men and started across the Mississippi in a *pirogue.* This species of water craft was a dug-out made from the trunk of a mammoth pine. In the center of this large canoe, was rigged a mast, with a large square sail. There was no wind, so we had to propel it with paddles. On reaching the west side, below where the town of McGregor now is, we turned the dug-out down stream, and running along the bluff until we reached the Coulee where old Jack Frost then lived, and there landed.

Near this Coulee, (at the present day known as "Lime-stone Coulee,") we soon found suitable stone in abundance. There was no difficulty in doing this, for a better quality of stone or more of it, cannot be found, even at this day, than is in the bluffs south of McGregor. The place picked out, and we had nothing more to do, but to return to the Fort.

The men who were with me were both stone-masons, one was known by the name of Dunbar, a lively, fearless fellow, ready for any mischief; the other as Baird, a timid person, who was afraid of Indians, of dying, drowning—in fact, anything that had any affinity to danger. It was a warm, sultry day, and we continued to loiter in the cool shade, 'neath the bluffs, conversing, lolling on the grass, occasionally jerking a piece of rock out on the mirror-like surface of the Mississippi, (that being the way we worked for Government,) until about four o'clock in the afternoon. I had prophesied a storm that day, on account of the calm; but my predictions *sometimes* failed, and no attention was paid to my remark, until we heard a deep, distant rumble, and Baird jumped up and said, "what's that?" I knew that it was the coming storm, for lying on the ground, I heard the thunder distinctly, and looking up, I saw the fleecy clouds borne on the wind over the bluffs; but, winking at Dunbar, he suggested the howling of wolves. This was very probable, for wolves were more common than they are now, and the wildness of the place gave weight to the idea; but to increase his fright, I attempted to account for the growing darkness and roaring thunder on some volcanic principle. A new terror seized him, and casting a hasty glance up at the wild, rugged, precipitous, bluffs, he implored us to hasten back, and made off in double quick time. It was now time to think of returning, and going down to the pirogue, found Baird crouched in the bottom, shivering with fear. We told him to get in the bow, and trimming the sail, Dunbar took charge of it, while I sat in the stern to steer. We waited for the storm to burst upon us. Drops of rain commenced falling, the river became ruffled, the thunder sounded nearer, at last the storm burst with terrific fury. This was our time—putting out from

the shelter of the bluff, the wind struck us, and away went the pirogue, plowing through the waves, dashing the spray from its bows, and leaving a foamy wake astern. With the wind blowing a perfect hurricane, and with the thunder, lightning, rain and water on a general tear, Dunbar and I were in our element. But how was it with Baird? Poor fellow! he sat in the canoe, praying us to take down the sail, (the pirogue would have instantly filled had we done so,) but seeing we did not answer his prayers, and thinking he was certainly to be drowned, he appealed to Heaven. One exclamation of his was "Oh, Lord, if I must die, let the gallows claim its own!" We laughed at his fear, as he continued to curse, pray, blaspheme, and finally to threaten us, when Dunbar told him to stop his noise. This made him cower down, but when the canoe struck the Government landing, he was standing in the bow, and the sudden jerk pitched him headlong, a distance of twenty feet out on shore. He recovered himself, and taking to his heels, ran to the Fort, never once halting until he was safe in his quarters. I made my report to Quarter Master Garland,* and was afterwards sent back with a body of men to make lime; but poor Baird did not go with us, for he could never be induced to go boating on the Mississippi again.

No. 6

It was in the fall of 1829, while the present Fort Crawford was building, that Col. Z. Taylor ordered a body of men to proceed to the pineries on Monomonee River, there to cut logs, hew square timber, make plank and shingles to be used in the construction of the Fort and its defences. The number of soldiers drafted for the purpose was seventy, besides three officers and myself. Col. Taylor himself came to me as he had

*John Garland was born in Virginia in 1792; entered the army as First Lieutenant in March, 1813; promoted to a Captaincy in 1817, Assistant Quarter-Master, 1826; brevet Major, 1827; Major, 1836; and Lieut. Colonel in 1839. During the Mexican war he distinguished himself at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Contreras, Churubusco, Molina del Rey, and was severely wounded in the capture of the City of Mexico. He was brevetted Brigadier General in 1848, and the next year made full Colonel. He died in New York city, June 5th, 1861, aged about 69 years. L. C. D.

done before, and did afterward—and said he wanted me to pilot that expedition. It was late in the season, and I did not like to bear the responsibility, and told him so; but Taylor had more confidence in me than I had in myself, and nothing would do but I must go. We left here in seven Mackinaw boats, with ten men in each boat. The officers accompanying the expedition were Lieut. Gale,* Lieut. Gardenier, Sergt. Melvin, and myself as pilot. Lieut. Gale was the senior officer, and had command. I was put in command of the advance boat, Gale in the third boat, Melvin in the fifth, and Gardenier in the rear boat, with orders to keep the boats well up, and see that they reached shore together at night.

The weather was fine for that season of the year, cold nights and clear frosty mornings. The boats made good headway against the current, kept together admirably, and the men felt vigorous under the influence of the pure, bracing atmosphere. Officers and men were in good spirits, and we passed along swimmingly until we reached Wa-ba-shaw's Prairie. As we entered Lake Pepin, floating ice was encountered, the current was swifter, and the cold intense. Now, instead of the men being in good spirits, *good spirits* got into the men, and from that moment we had trouble. Lieut. Gale would get ashore with his gun and a couple of men, to kill some of the geese and ducks for our mess, and always left orders for the boats to keep together. One afternoon, when we had entered the Chippewa River, Gale landed on the north-west shore to shoot brant geese, that were very plenty, leaving Lieut. Gardenier in command, with strict orders to keep all the boats together, and at night to land them in a body, so the men might form one camp. This was necessary for the sake of convenience, and because it kept the men from getting separated, in case the river should close suddenly. After Gale went ashore, I took his boat, which was the flag-boat of the expedition, and appointing one of the men to take temporary command of mine, continued up the river. Chippewa River is a very crooked

*Levin Gale, a native of Maryland, entered West Point as a cadet in 1823; brevet Second Lieutenant July 1, 1827; and died at Dixon's Ferry, Ill., Sept. 1, 1832.

L. C. D.

stream, and the channel is worse. Often only one or two of the boats would be in sight, on account of the bends and abrupt turns in the river. At sun-down we had arrived to within fifteen miles of the mouth of the Monomonee River, and only three boats in company. I decided to encamp, and wait for the other four boats.

Selecting a place on the southeast side of the river, the men prepared camp, and I sent a skiff to the opposite shore to bring over Lieut. Gale and one soldier named Earl, who had come down stream opposite to the camp. Gale saw the other boats were missing, and sent me down in the skiff to find them and hurry them up. Some distance below, I met Melvin with two of the boats. He said Gardenier had run aground on the sand-bar that I had carefully warned him (Melvin) to look out for. I had guessed as much, for Gardenier was far behind when the other boats were warned. The channel near the bar, ran across the river at right angles with the course of the stream. Lieut. Gardenier was not aware of this, and when his boats struck the bar the men tried to force them over into the deep water of the channel just above, but this made matters worse, for the boats were heavily laden with stores, and the quicksand closing around them, soon made it impossible to move back or forwards. Between the boats and the shore on either side, the swift, icy water was too deep to wade, and the only alternative was to remain where they were until the other boats took them off. So when I got down to the bar, there they were tight enough—in more respects than one. It was very cold, and to keep the blood in circulation, they had tapped two of the whiskey casks, and were circulating the liquor—every soldier was allowed a certain amount of whiskey per diem, at that time called "whisky rations"—this article of the soldier's rations was abolished during Jackson's administration, and coffee and sugar substituted.

On arriving alongside of the boats, I saw it was useless to think of getting them off that night, so telling all who could to tumble into the skiff, I pulled for the shore, and after three or four trips, had all the men, together with their blankets and

provisions, safely landed in the Chippewa Bottoms. After the fires were made, I got into the skiff and rowed back to the main camp, where Melvin had arrived before me. I reported to Lieut. Gale, and sitting down regaled myself on roasted goose. Next morning we went to Lieut. Gardenier's camp to enquire into the matter of running the boats aground. A council was held, and resulted in Lieut. Gardenier's being sent back. There was an effort to attach the blame on me, but it fell through. The day following was spent in unloading the boats, and fruitless attempts to get them off the sand bar. On the third night the Chippewa River closed, and while the ice was getting stronger, we made sleds to draw the stores on the ice fifteen miles up to the point on the Monomonee River, where we were to cut timber. By the time the sleds were made, the ice on the river was strong enough to bear a team, and the sleds were loaded with casks of whisky, blankets and provisions, and we drew them up to the proper place on the Monomonee River, where Gale remained with two men to watch the stores, while I returned with the men and sleds for another lot.

It seems that soon after I left, Gale discovered a war party of Chippewas on the path, looking for Sioux, and having a natural fear of Indians, he made off through the wooded bottoms at the top of his speed. The chief of the party sent a couple of his swiftest runners to bring Gale back, but they could not overtake him. The warriors had no idea of disturbing anything, but seeing the liquor and goods lying around without a guard, they were tempted to help themselves, and took some of the goods and filled everything they had that was capable of holding whisky, and then departed. It is seldom war parties are out after snow has fallen; I have only noticed it among the Sioux and Chippewas, who were always warring against each other. I arrived the second day with more goods, and learned from the two men that Lieut. Gale had been gone almost sixty hours from camp. I sent men in the direction he had taken, and discharged guns every moment, and stationed a look-out on the high ground that commanded an extensive

view of the Chippewa Flats. The day passed without our finding the Lieutenant. On the third day, the oldest chief of the war-party paid us another visit, returning all the things they had taken, except the whisky, which they promised to pay for with venison.

While the party were in the camp, the look-out reported that he could see some object moving on the marsh, about three miles distant. Two soldiers were sent out who succeeded in creeping on Lieut. Gale, and catching him before he could get away. He had been wandering three days and three nights, and exposure had deranged his mind, and he did not recognize his friends. He was brought in, and, on examination, I found his feet and legs were frozen up to the knees. A hole was cut in the ice, and the Lieutenant's limbs thrust through. After the frost was out of the frozen parts, they were greased with melted deer-fat, and wrapped up in blankets. In a few hours Gale had come to his senses—especially that of feeling—and ordered us to carry him down to Prairie Du Chien. We made him as comfortable as possible on a sled, and with three men started to draw him to the Prairie, leaving Sergeant Melvin—who was my senior, and ranked me—in command of the men. Lieut. Gale endured great pain, for every motion was torture, but when we came within sight of the Indian lodges on Wa-ba-shaw Prairie, he forgot his pain, and wanted us to avoid meeting the Indians. This would have been a difficult thing to accomplish, so we marched into the village, and Wa-ba-shaw came out of his wigwam to welcome us. Upon learning the condition that Gale was in, the chief had him carried into his lodge, and treated after the Indian manner with a concoction of white-oak bark and poultice of roots. To these remedies Gale owed his perfect recovery, if not his life. We left Wa-ba-shaw Prairie and arrived safe at Prairie Du Chien, and the Lieutenant was placed under the care of Dr. Beaumont.* I was immediately ordered up the river

*Dr. Wm. Beaumont, a native of Maryland, entered the army as a Surgeon's Mate in 1812; promoted to Surgeon, resigned and retired from the service December 21, 1839. He was the author of an interesting work relating to experiments on the gastric juice. L. C. D.

again, with the three men, and had to drive two yoke of oxen back. When we arrived at the camp on Monomonee River, the men had a log cabin most finished, and were drawing the goods into it.

We had only been there a short time, when one of the men who was drawing a sled, slipped down and broke his lower jaw. Sergeant Melvin was a severe disciplinarian and believed in flogging a soldier for an accident. He ordered the man to strip and prepare to receive a few lashes. It was brutal to scourge a man who was already suffering with pain, so I told the man to keep his coat on. The Sergeant glared at me, but perhaps he discovered something in the expression of the men's faces, for he kept silent, and the man was put on the sick list. The men were divided into three gangs, two of thirty men each, one gang commanded by Melvin, another by me; and the third gang of ten men, remained in camp. It was my first duty to build a large flat boat, and having selected a piece of timber suitable for the gun-wales, we erected scaffolds and prepared pullies and ropes to raise the log upon them. This preparation attracted the attention of Melvin, and he supposed the men were about to hang him. Fear had previously caused him to have built a small block-house in which he had placed all the arms and ammunition, and where he now unnecessarily shut himself up. He gave me orders through a loop hole, but would never come out to see if they were faithfully executed.

The work progressed steadily until the river opened. Trees had been felled, timber hewn, stuff for the flat-boat got out, and we had divided the log with whip-saws, and the parts were being hewed into the proper shape for gun-wales, when one of the men laid his thigh open to the bone with a broad-axe. It was necessary that the man should have medical aid, so Melvin made out his report of the work done, also a charge against me for creating mutiny, and appointed me to carry the documents and two wounded men—the man who broke his jaw was unfit for duty—in a dug-out down to head-quarters. I paddled down the river without accident, and entered the

Slough north of the Fort one evening after dusk, and was surprised to hear the bugles playing the "Dead March." I had the men put in the Hospital as soon as I landed, and then repaired to Maj. Garland's Office, where I found Taylor and his officers, holding a council. They were deliberating on the removal of Lieut. MacKinzie's body from the old burying ground near the mound, where Col. Dousman's dwelling stands, to the officers' grave-yard north of the new Fort. It was to be done with the honors of war, and the musicians were practicing for the occasion, which accounts for the music I heard. I delivered the papers to Quarter Master Garland, and after perusing them in silence, he began to read Melvin's charge against me in his droll tone, that convulsed all present with laughter. Garland asked me if we intended to hang the Sergeant. I told him we hadn't thought of such a thing, and then gave a straight-forward account of all that had transpired from the departure of the seven boats, up to my leaving the camp on the Monomonee in the dug-out. I was not court-martialed.

Lieut. Gardenier, Boiseley, myself and seven men, returned to the Pineries to bring down the rafts. We found on our arrival, that the men had worked well, and had got out a large quantity of square timber, with any amount of shingles, and the flat boat was put together and nearly finished. Two rafts were soon formed of the timber, and I was put in command of one, and Lieut. Gardenier took the other. My raft was the largest, but it drew less water, and therefore all the provisions for the men of both rafts, were placed on it, except a barrel of whisky. Melvin was left with some of the men, to bring down the shingles in the flat boat, as soon as it was launched.

The rafts were run out of the Monomonee down into Chippewa river smooth enough. One night I made fast to the shore, just above the head of Bœuf Slough on the Chippewa, and was waiting for the other raft. It presently appeared in sight, and I noticed that something unusual was going on, for the raft floated rail-fence fashion, first against one shore and

then against the other, bumping along as though it was intoxicated—perhaps that whisky barrel leaked. I cried out to Gardenier to either make fast above me, or pull for the point opposite the Slough. He heard me, and tried to make the opposite shore, but owing to the strong current or some mismanagement, the raft was sucked into the Slough, without touching, and was carried down some distance, and struck on a small tow-head or island. I thought it best to wait until morning before going to them, and quietly ate my supper which Boiseley had prepared. The principal dish of this meal, was a hedge-hog that I had shot. It was cooked by throwing it into the fire whole, and after being perfectly roasted, taken out and all the quills and hair scraped off, and the entrails taken out. After it had undergone this process it looked as nice as any roasted pig I ever saw, and with proper seasoning, it tasted better.

In the morning, I put some food in Boiseley's canoe, and went down to the raft. The men were glad to get the grub, for they had had nothing to eat but the whisky, all night, and you may believe they were not in the best working order. I saw how matters stood, and suggested that the raft be "broke," and towed out of the Slough piece-meal. Gardenier didn't approve of the plan, for he said such a large stream of water must have an out-let somewhere, and he would follow it, and take his risk of getting safe through to the Mississippi River.

At the entrance of this Slough, the Chippewa River forms an elbow, the acute angle of which is the mouth of the Slough. This Slough was indeed a pretty stream of water, wide and deep, with fine banks, and had I not learned better, I would probably have made the same error that the Lieutenant did. I told him, that when we drove the oxen up through the frozen bottoms, I found where the Slough spread out into a wide marsh, and that following it up to the Chippewa, we often came to large piles of drift-wood, that would certainly stop the raft.

It was decided, however, that the raft should go down the Slough, and orders were given to swing her off the island, and

bidding me good-bye, they were swept down the stream. I went along down the Chippewa into Lake Pepin, without seeing anything of Gardenier's party, and feeling anxious about them, for they had been absent four days without provisions, I got into the canoe with Boiseley, and taking our guns and something to eat, started to find them. I knew very near where the raft would bring up, so putting into a Slough that has its rise in the big marsh, we paddled the little canoe through the water at a good rate, until unfortunately we run on a sunken log and were upset. Boiseley seized the guns and carried them ashore, but all our food and ammunition was damaged or lost. I turned the canoe right side up, and getting in, we continued up the Slough, came to the marsh, and as I expected, found the raft jammed against a pile of drift-wood in the Slough, some distance above. The raft was deserted of everything except the whisky barrel, and that was *empty*. Boiseley said the men had been gone from the raft at least two days, and knowing that they would head off my raft, somewhere below, we did not try to find them, but started to return to our party. We had gone back some distance, when passing close to a small island covered with willows, a band of young Sioux braves jumped up and gave the war-whoop. The Indians told us to come to them, and even waded towards us, but preferring to keep our guns, blankets, and canoe, in our own possession, we paddled away through the islands, and soon got out of their reach.

In our haste to leave the Indians, we missed our way, and wandered around in the marsh for two days before we reached the Mississippi River, far above our raft. We were hungry, for our provisions gave out two days previous, our guns were wet, and all the powder spoiled, so we could not shoot any game for food. Landing on an island in the river, we hauled the canoe up, and went to sleep without a fire. Next morning the wind blew so, we dared not leave the island. I had been so long without eating, that I did not care if I ever saw food again. I had a hot, bitter sensation in my stomach. Late in the afternoon of that day we saw a canoe, with two

Indians in it, coming down the western shore. I told Boiseley, we must meet that canoe, if we wanted to live. Shoving the canoe out, we got in, and by paddling and drifting, made the west shore, where we were picked up by the Monomonee chief Wa-ba-naw, and his squaw. I asked the chief for food, and told him how long we had been without. He landed and made camp, and his squaw cooked some hominy. This was given to us in very small quantities at first, and no entreaty or threat could make the Indian increase the dose, until it suited his pleasure. He continued to feed us at intervals, little by little, until our appetites became ravenous, and then made us lie down, and we fell asleep. Wa-ba-naw's squaw roused us at midnight, and set before us a kettle of thick *bouillon* made of hominy and meat, and told us to eat. We eat all the soup, went to sleep, and awoke in the morning well as ever. Old Mrs. Wa-ba-naw, called me her son ever after, and I always give her a present of snuff, when she comes to see me. She lives on the island opposite Prairie du Chien, and she says she has seen twice fifty years, but that falls short of her real age. She is blind and lives in a wigwam with her son, who with another Indian, murdered an old white man, and was pardoned the same year I came to Prairie Du Chien. Mother Wa-ba-naw knows many traditions of the country.

Wa-ba-naw went down to the raft with us, from which we had been gone six days. The men were glad to see us safe, and getting the raft into the current, we floated down, keeping a good look out for any signs of Gardenier's party. Second day after my return to the raft, a signal was discovered on an island below us. It proved to be the missing party. They had been absent eleven days, and had eat nothing but acorns and roots. We treated them according to Wa-ba-naw's direction, for they were most famished, and would have killed themselves, had they been allowed to eat all their appetite craved. They took the high land after leaving the raft, and traveling ahead of us, made a raft of drift-wood that carried them to the island. The wind broke up their raft, and it was swept away, making them prisoners on the island. There they

remained without eating, until we took them off. They had resolved to kill and eat a man, named Austin Young, who was resigned to his fate, and had gone down to the river for water, while his comrades loaded a musket and cast lots who should shoot him. He filled the kettle with water, and was about to go back, when he saw the raft coming, and told his companions. Our appearing at that time saved his life.

Putting the weakest of the party into a Mackinaw boat we had picked up, I sent them down to the Prairie with a couple of men. The boat must have got down a long time ahead of the raft, for when we arrived at Paint Rock, I met Lieut. Gardenier looking well as ever, and he promised me something handsome if I would not give the particulars in my report, as to how the raft was lost. But I knew Taylor hated a liar as bad as he did a drunkard, so when I arrived at the Fort, I stated all the facts just as they were; and it was well I did, for Col. Taylor would soon have found out the truth. Besides, I secured the respect of Lieut. Gardenier by so doing, for he was an honorable man. His wife sleeps in the officers' grave yard, where the slabs that mark the resting place of those who died at that early day, may now be seen.

The north quarter of the new Fort was completed in the summer of 1830, after I returned from Monomonee River. The powder magazine, at the south-east corner of the Fort, was built the same year. It took four men ten months (the way we worked for Government) to build it. The walls are of rock, three feet thick, and each rock matched into another like flooring, and cemented together.

In building the Fort, we disturbed an Indian mound. It was a common burying place of the Indians, and we took out cart-loads of bones.

No. 7

I think it was in the year 1830, that I witnessed a murder in the garrison of Fort Crawford, without being able to prevent it. One Coffin, a Provost Sergeant, whose duty it was

to spy on the men, make arrests and report everything that occurred, was shot by one Beckett, a soldier. The facts of the transaction as I recollect them, are these:

Provost Coffin had discovered the soldier Beckett, in the act of leaving the Fort through one of the windows, from which a couple of iron bars had been removed. It was one night after *tattoo*. Coffin was on the watch, and he caught the man just as he got out, and kicked, beat and otherwise injured him, until he was nearly dead, and then had him dragged to the guard-house. The soldier was in a dangerous condition, and the physician had him put in the Hospital where he laid sick a long time. He asked and received permission to go back to his company, as soon as he was able to be up. He had ever been a favorite with his comrades, and they all expressed their joy at his return; but he replied to their kind welcome with a strange quiet in his manner, that left an impression of dark foreboding on the minds of his friends. He continued in a state of morbid taciturnity, in spite of efforts made to cheer him.

One day, while acting Quarter Master's Sergeant, I was going out with a file of men to see to butchering some cattle, when an officer named Green hailed me and said the Pay-Master was at the Quarter Master's Department and I had better go there soon, if I wanted my pay. I then had all the money I needed, and not being afraid to trust Uncle Sam, I went on with the men. When I got back, I went into the Quarter Master's Office to make my report, and found the Pay-Master gone. The only persons present, was Coffin, who had a little desk in the office, at which he was writing, and the soldier Beckett who had come in and was standing with his musket near the stove. I noticed something strange in Beckett's appearance, and knowing his disposition, it instantly occurred to me, that he intended to shoot Coffin, who stood with his back towards us.

Without speaking, I walked towards Beckett, hoping to approach near enough to snatch the musket; when designing my purpose, he warned me off, and quickly shot Coffin—a

cartridge of three buck-shot and a ball passed through him, and he fell dead without a groan.

Beckett was arrested, and confined in the guard-house. He was ironed with great care—his hands and feet confined with irons, an iron collar around his neck, with a bar connected, extending through the shackles of his hands and feet. He laid in a stone cell on the floor made of square timber eighteen inches thick, to which he was confined by a band of iron, passing over his body and fastened firmly on either side. A guard was placed over him, but with all this precaution he managed to escape.

He got away as far as Cassville, and went to work in the Mines somewhere south of that place, and was found by Capt. Billy Harris,* who was down there hunting for deserters. He was carried to Mineral Point, tried by the civil authorities, convicted, brought back here, and hung like a dog. The sheriff who sent his soul into eternity, barely escaped on a fleet horse with his life, for the soldiers were enraged at the indignities shown to their unfortunate comrade, and tried to kill him.

The same year, the Fox and Sauk Indians killed some Sioux, at the head of Cedar River in Iowa. Capt. Dick Mason† started with a number of troops, for the scene of disturbance, and I went along as guide. We arrived at the place of the fight, found everything quiet, and all we did, was to turn about and go back the way we came.

Soon after the Sioux and a number of Monomonees, attacked a party of Sauks and Foxes, at Prairie Du Pierreaux and killed some ten Indians, among whom was Kettle, the great Fox chief.‡ The Sauks and Foxes were coming up to a treaty unarmed, and the Sioux made aware of this, through their runners, got the Monomonees and laid in ambush on the east

*Capt. Wm. L. Harris, a native of Virginia, was a cadet in 1819; brevet Second Lieut., 1824; First Lieut., 1830; served in the Black Hawk war; Asst. Com. of Subsistence, 1833; dismissed, Oct., 1836, and died in Illinois, in Feb. 1837. L. C. D.

†Richard B. Mason, a native of Virginia, was a First Lieutenant, 1817; Captain, 1819; served in the Black Hawk war; Major of Dragoons, 1833; Lieutenant Colonel, 1836, and Colonel, 1846. He commanded the forces in California, and was ex-officio Governor, 1847–48; brevetted Brigadier General, and died at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., July 25, 1850. L. C. D.

‡This was in 1830; See vol. ii Wisconsin Historical Collections, p. 170, 171, 228. L. C. D.

shore. The unsuspecting Foxes were fired into from the ambuscade, and their best warriors lost their scalps.

After the fight the Monomonees and Sioux came up here, to have a dance over the scalps. The Indians presented a horrid appearance. They were painted for war, and had smeared themselves with blood, and carried the fresh scalps on poles. Some had cut off a head and thrust a stick in the throttle, and held it on high—some carried a hand, arm, leg or *some other portion of a body*, as trophies of their success. They commenced to dance near the mound over the Slough, but Col. Taylor soon stopped that by driving them across the main channel, on to the islands, where they danced until their own scalps went to grace the wigwams of the Sauks and Foxes.

In 1831, I think it was, that I was with a few men getting out stone near Barrette's lower ferry. We lived in a cabin on the west shore of Wisconsin River. One evening after we had gone to bed, two of the men who had been to town for liquor, came rushing into the cabin and told us to get up, for they said the world was *done!* We got up, and the awful grandeur of the sight that we witnessed, I shall never forget. The air was filled with a meteoric shower of phosphorescent light. It came down in flakes, and as thick and fast as hail. It continued for some time, presenting a brilliant spectacle, and giving us a pretty good idea of the judgment day. After the first surprise passed, I knew it was some natural phenomena, (although I had never before or since heard it accounted for,) but it appeared strange that the fire did not burn. In the morning no trace was left of the previous night's wonder.

In April of 1831, I was in the Hospital at Fort Crawford when through the influence of Col. Taylor and Dr. Beaumont, I got my discharge. When I was convalescent, which was about June, a war party of Sauk and Fox Indians came up from their part of the country, to the bluff north of Bloody Run, from where they watched the Monomonees, who were encamped on an island, opposite Prairie Du Chien, a little north of the Old Fort. One night the Monomonee camp was sur-

prised by the Fox and Sauk war-party, and all in the camp killed except an Indian boy, who picked up a gun and shot a Fox brave through the heart, and escaped. After massacring, scalping, and mutilating the bodies, the Fox Indians got into canoes and paddled down the river past the Fort, singing their war song and boasting of their exploits. Soldiers were sent to punish them, but I believe they failed to catch them. In the morning I helped to bury those killed. There were twenty-seven bodies, all killed with the knife and tomahawk, except the Fox brave shot by the boy. They were buried in three graves, on the landing below the present Fort Crawford; and until within a few years, the spot was marked by a small muslin flag, kept standing by the few Monomonees who lingered in this vicinity; but nothing is now left to preserve the graves from sacrilege, and soon the iron horse will course o'er the bones of those Red Men, long since gone to their happy hunting ground.

After the Monomonee massacre, a warrior of that tribe was found in the old Catholic grave yard, and buried. He had no wounds, and it is thought that when the Foxes attacked the Indians on the island, he got away and ran so fast that he had to lean against the wall to rest, and that he rolled over and died.

A soldier named Barrette was killed this year by J. P. Hall, an officer, who struck the man on the head with a pitchfork handle, and broke his skull. Hall was acquitted, but he never forgot that murder. I believe Hall lives in Iowa.

I continued in Government employ until the fall of 1831, when having saved some money, I formed a co-partnership with a person named Perry, and went to keeping a boarding house and tavern. I can say that I kept the first tavern in this town. It was kept in a house we bought of J. H. Lockwood, which house is still standing. I continued in the business some time, and found it very profitable; but afterwards sold my interest to Perry, who became involved. A suit arose about this time between J. H. Lockwood and myself, about some notes. This suit lasted several years, and was finally decided in my favor.

The cholera raged terribly among the troops the year of 1832. One hundred soldiers died at Fort Crawford in two weeks. They were buried on the prairie south of the old dragoon stable; their graves are now open common, and the officers' grave-yard is not much better, for the fence is broken down, and the graves desecrated. Only four citizens died of the cholera, and those in one house.

The Indian Agency was removed this year to Yellow River, and the Rev. Mr. Lowrey appointed Agent. It was afterwards removed to Fort Atkinson, Iowa. The mission buildings can be seen now on Yellow River, about five miles from its mouth.

The Black Hawk war commenced this year. Some of Dodge's recruiting officers were drumming around here. I met and got acquainted with one, named White, and enlisted during the war. A Quarter Master was up here buying horses. He purchased near five hundred head, and I went with them down to the mouth of Rock River, where the army under Atkinson were encamped.

I was under Dodge's command, which was composed of Illinois Volunteers, and a wilder, more independent set of dare-devils I never saw. They had a free-and-easy, devil-may-care appearance about them, that is never seen in the regulars, and Gen. Dodge of all others, was the officer to *lead* them. A number of Sioux, Winnebagoes and some Monomonees joined the forces on Rock River. I was in the ranks, and my opportunities for knowing and seeing the movements of the army, from the encampment on Rock River to the Four Lakes, and to the Wisconsin bluffs, were limited.

Generals Atkinson, Dodge, Henry and Alexander, lead the different commands. The force under Dodge, consisted of two or three hundred men, and we proceeded to the Lakes, through the swamp towards Black Hawk's camp on Rock River. Gen. Dodge was impatient to engage the Indians, and urged the men on; but orders came for our men to proceed to head quarters, where we immediately went.

From Gen. Atkinson's camp we were marched to Fort

Winnebago, from where we started in pursuit of the Indians who then held the two Hall girls prisoners, and were camped at Rock River Rapids. Gens. Henry's and Dodge's men reached the Rapids, but the Indians had retreated. Information was received that the Indians were making westward, and getting on their trail, we followed them rapidly for two days; the scouts discovered many Indians on the second day about camp near the Lake.

The pursuit was renewed on the day after reaching the Lakes, where one or more of the Indians was killed. Our men led the chase, next after the scouts, who were continually firing at the Indians. The Indians continued to retreat, until they reached the Wisconsin River, where some made a stand and showed fight, while the others crossed the river. Here we were fired on by the Indians, and one man was killed, and several wounded. We returned their fire with effect, and then charged them, killing a good many, all of whom were scalped by the wild Sucker Volunteers.

Soon after the skirmish on Wisconsin bluffs, Gen. Atkinson came up, and the entire army crossed the river at Pine Bend, (Helena), and took the trail on the opposite side, and followed it seven or eight miles, in the direction of Prairie Du Chien. When it was discovered that the Indians were making for the Mississippi, Gen. Atkinson sent me with little Boiseley to carry a dispatch to Fort Crawford, that the inhabitants might be ready to prevent the Indians crossing in any canoes or boats belonging to the citizens. Boiseley and I traveled day and night, and arrived at the Fort without seeing an Indian. Black Hawk and his people, with the army in pursuit, had turned northward, intending to ford the Kickapoo high up.

No. 8

It was on the 1st day of August when Boiseley and I reached the Sugar Loaf, at the south end of the Prairie. As we were taking a look over the Prairie previous to starting for

the Fort, we saw the smoke and steam of a boat coming up the river, just off the mouth of the Wisconsin. We hastened on, and reached the Fort as the steamer *Warrior* made the Government landing. I reported myself to Captain Loomis, and was directed to go up the river in the boat. I assisted to get a six pounder from the Fort on to the *Warrior,* which cannon was managed by five other persons and myself, and was the *only* cannon fired at the Indians—if not the only one aboard.

The steam-boat *Warrior* was commanded by Throckmorton, and Lieut. Kingsbury was aboard with a body of regulars. The cannon was placed on the forward part of the boat, without a defence of any kind; and I have the names of the five persons who assisted to manage it, for they got on at the Prairie when I did.

The boat steamed up stream, with all on board anxious to get a pop at the Indians. Just above where Lansing is, we picked up a soldier, who had been discharged from Fort Snelling and was coming down in he river in a canoe. He had come down the west channel, on the Minnesota side opposite Bad Axe, and, fortunately for him, he did not meet the Indians. We came in sight of the Indians south of the Bad Axe River; they were collected together on a bench of the land close to the Mississippi, and were making efforts to get their women across.

Captain Dickson's scouts had not come up yet, and the Indians raised a white flag and endeavored to induce the boat to approach the east shore, and succeeded in bringing her close enough to pour a shower of balls into her. The cannon sent a shower of canister amongst the Indians, which was repeated three times, each time mowing a swath clean through them. After discharging the gun three times, (there were only three charges of canister-shot aboard,) the Indians retreated to the low ground back from the shore, where, lying on their bellies, they were safe from us.

A continual firing of small arms was kept up between the persons on board the boat and the Indians ashore, until the fire-wood gave out, when we were obliged to put back to Prai-

rie Du Chien to wood-up—for there were no wood-yards on the Mississippi as now. The village was roused to carry wood aboard, and we soon had a sufficient quantity of that article. A lot of Monomonee Indians were also taken on, and then, under a full head of steam, we put back to the secene of the battle.

Before we rounded the island, and got within sight of the battle-ground, we could hear the report of musketry, and then it was that I heard Throckmorton say: "Dodge is giving them h—ll!" And he guessed right, for as we reached the scene of action, the wild volunteers under Gen. Dodge were engaged in a fierce conflict with the Indians. The Indians were driven down to the river edge; some of them under shelter of the bank, were firing at the volunteers, who had command of the bluffs. The Suckers and Hoosiers, as we called them, fought like perfect tigers, and carried everything before them.

The troops and Indians on board the *Warrior,* kept up a brisk fire on the Indians ashore, who fought with a desperation that surpassed everything I ever saw, during an Indian fight, and I have seen more than one. The Indians were between two fires; on the bluffs above them were Dickson and his rangers, and Dodge *leading* on his men, who needed no urging; while we kept steaming back and forth on the river, running down those who attempted to cross, and shooting at the Indians on shore.

The soldier we picked up, helped to man the gun, and during the engagement, he was wounded in the knee by a rifle-ball. The Indians' shots would hit the water or patter against the boat, but occasionally a rifle-ball sent with more force, would whistle through both sides. Some of the Indians, naked to the breech-cloth, slid down into the water, where they laid, with only their mouth and nostrils above the surface; but by running the boat closer in to the east shore, our Monomonees were enabled to make the water too hot for them. One after another, they jumped up, and were shot down in attempting to gain cover on the bank above. One warrior, more brave than the others, or perhaps more accustomed to the smell of

gun powder, kept his position in the water until the balls fell around him like hail, when he also concluded to *pugh-a shee,** and commenced to creep up the bank. But, he never reached the top, for Throckmorton had his eye on him, and drawing up his heavy rifle he sent a bullet through the ribs of the Indian, who sprung into the air with an *ugh!*—and fell dead. There was only one person killed of those who came up on the *Warrior,* and that was an Indian. The pilot was fired at many times, but escaped unharmed, though the pilot-house was riddled with balls.

One incident occurred during the battle that came under my observation, which I must not omit to relate. An old Indian brave and his five sons, all of whom I had seen on the Prairie and knew, had taken a stand behind a prostrate log, in a little ravine mid-way up the bluff; from whence they fired on the regulars with deadly aim. The old man loaded the guns as fast as his sons discharged them, and at each shot a man fell. They knew they could not expect quarter, and they sold their lives as dear as possible; making the best show of fight, and held their ground the firmest of any of the Indians. But, they could never withstand the men under Dodge, for as the volunteers poured over the bluff, they each shot a man, and in return, each of the braves was shot down and scalped by the wild volunteers, who out with their knives and cutting two parallel gashes down their backs, would strip the skin from the quivering flesh, to make razor straps of. In this manner I saw the old brave and his five sons treated, and afterward had a piece of their hide.

After the Indians had been completely routed on the east side, we carried Col. Taylor and his force across the river, to islands opposite, which we raked with grape and round shot. Taylor and his men charged through the islands to the right and left, but they only took a few prisoners; mostly women and children. I landed with the troops, and was moving along the shore to the north, when a little Indian boy, with one of

* Puck-a-shee—*be off—escape*—is quite a common word with several of the Western Indian tribes. The Shawanoes used it. L. C. D.

his arms shot most off, came out of the bushes and made signs for something to eat. He seemed perfectly indifferent to pain, and only sensible of hunger, for when I carried the little naked fellow aboard, some one gave him a piece of hard bread, and he stood and ate it, with the wounded arm dangling by the torn flesh; and so he remained until the arm was taken off.

Old Wa-ba-shaw with a band of his warriors and the Monomonees, were sent in pursuit of those of Black Hawk's people who crossed the Mississippi, and very few of the Sauk and Fox Indians ever reached their own country. The *Warrior* carried down to the Prairie, after the fight, the regular troops, wounded men and prisoners; among the latter was an old Sauk Indian, who attempted to destroy himself, by pounding his own head with a rock, much to the amusement of the soldiers.

Soon after Black Hawk was captured, the volunteers were discharged, and I received a land warrant for my two months service, settled down and got married.

When Taintor and Reed came here and took contracts to furnish the Fort with wood, which was soon after the close of the Black Hawk war, when they were showing Black Hawk around the country, I moved up on the bluff, and went into the employ of Reed. The wood was furnished at a high price, and the contractors made a good profit from it. I remained on the bluff some time; finally Reed went away, and I returned to the Prairie. Uncle Ezekiel Taintor afterwards commenced to keep a store on the Prairie, but the business not suiting him he discontinued it, and returned to his farm, where he now lives, a respected and well-to-do citizen of Crawford.

In the year 1834, I think it was, I moved back to the Prairie into the old tavern. That year the small pox broke out in the village; many citizens were attacked with the disease, and hundreds of the Indians then living in this vicinity died. My oldest son, then nine months old, was seized with the disease, and recovered; but a Winnebago, whom we called Boxer, and who acted as my clerk and sold liquor to the Indians, caught the loathsome disease, and died. I will relate the manner of his death, for he was a faithful fellow, and though he

took in a hundred dollars a day sometimes, he never defrauded me of a cent. I was about to move to Bloody Run, and had sent Boxer over to see if the shanty was ready, and he took his canoe and went over. It seems on his way back he felt sick, and drew his canoe up on the point of the island, east of the Run, where the fever came on, and he laid down by the water's edge to drink, and there he died. There I found him as I was going over to the Run. I buried him on the island, and can show you his grave, and say, there lie the bones of an honest Indian. I proceeded to Bloody Run after burying poor Boxer, and was there taken with the small pox myself. I laid down by a spring, and remained there during the attack, four days and four nights, which time was passed in great misery, and seemed an age to me, but after the crisis passed, I was enabled to reach the Prairie, where I soon regained my health, and then moved my family to Bloody Run.

In Bloody Run I lived about two years. When I first went over there the cabin we moved into leaked, and one day I was on the roof fixing it, when I saw a deer coming down the coulee, from the north, directly towards me. I thought it was chased by something, and not being entirely recovered from my sickness, I did not get down to harm it. Soon after the deer passed I was attracted by an exclamation from my son, and looking, I discovered a large gray wolf making towards him. I got down quickly, and snatching up a gun loaded with small shot, that my wife had been hunting with, I advanced towards the wolf, but it did not retreat until I sent a charge of shot into its face.

Bloody Run was a great hunting ground, and Martin Scott,* of whom I know many interesting anecdotes, made it his favorite beat, when in pursuit of game. From this circumstance it is said the Run derived its name, but that is an error, for the true origin of Bloody Run, is known to some old settlers now alive, and is as follows:

* See vol. II, p. 119, *Wis. Hist Collections,* for a notice of Col. Scott. L. C. D.

No. 9

Bloody Run is so called, from an incident of backwoods' life, which I will relate as it was told me, by a person who was born in these parts, and who is now living in Prairie Du Chien. The name applies to a large ravine or valley, on the west side of the Mississippi, in Iowa, opposite Prairie Du Chien, and one mile north of McGregor. A stream of pure, cool spring water, clear as a crystal, and thickly skirted with a growth of timber, meanders along through the valley, over its pebbly bottom towards the Mississippi, into which it flows. This stream winds between high wood-covered bluffs that bound the valley on either side; and at a distance of more than seven miles from its mouth, it furnishes power to run Spalding & Marsh's mill.

In that season of the year when vegetation and verdure are at their height, a picturesque sight is presented to the tourist, as he winds his way along the stream through the valley of Bloody Run. The lover of nature has never imagined a wilder, more beautiful place than was Bloody Run, when I was there in 1834. No wonder that Martin Scott chose this as his favorite hunting-ground. His true sportsman instinct led him to this place, to watch for the red deer as it came down from the bluff at mid-day, to slake its thirst, and cool its panting sides in the crystal waters of the Run. Here it was, his brag gun dealt death among the wood-cock, wood-duck and pheasants, that were very abundant in the valley; and here, too, transpired a scene of blood-shed that gave to this beautiful spot its ominous name.

There is scarcely a stream, point, bluff, wood, coulee or cave in the West, but has attached to it some associations that are alone peculiarly historical; and as I possessed a natural curiosity to learn the derivation of names that to me seemed peculiar, my probings have often brought to light, mines of legendary lore and antique history.

It was years ago before the English were guided to and captured Prairie Du Chien, and before the traitorous guide hid

himself in a cave in Mill Coulee—when Prairie Du Chien was inhabited by only a few French families and Indian traders, that an event occurred which gave to the Coulee, wherein North McGregor is now being built, the name of Bloody Run. A couple of traders lived on the Prairie, named Antoine Brisbois and George Fisher, and as was the custom with those extensively engaged in the fur trade, these two traders had their clerks or agents, who they supplied with goods to dispose of to the Indians. Among other clerks, were two who lived with their families in Bloody Run. Their names were Smith Stock and a Mr. King. King's wife was a squaw from the Sauk tribe, while Mr. Stock and wife were English, and both families lived on a little bench or table land, about a mile and a half from the mouth, on the north side of the valley. Their cabin was situated a few rods west of the log house now standing, and I can show you the stones of the old fashioned fire-place, lying where they fell after the cabin went to decay.

The clerks had sold a quantity of goods to the Indians on credit, who were backward in canceling the debt. Among other Indians who had got in debt for goods, was a Sauk chief, Gray Eagle.* The chief had been refused any more credit, and would not pay for what he had already obtained. This dishonesty on the part of the chief made King impatient, and he told his wife that he would go to Gray Eagle's village, and if the chief did not pay, then he would take the chief's horse for the debt. His wife told him it would be dangerous to treat a chief that way, and warned him not to go; but he said he had traded too long with the Indians to be afraid of them, and started to collect the debt.

On his way to the village he met the chief, unarmed, riding on the very horse he had threatened to take. Approaching him, he dragged the chief off, gave him a beating, and got on

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*We have no further certain information of this chief.

Me-ca-itch, or the *Eagle,* a Sauk chief of Missouri, signed the treaty of 1815.

Mau-que-tee, or the *Bald Eagle,* a Fox chief, signed the treaty at Rock Island, in 1832.

Pe-a-chin-a-car-mack, or *Black-Headed Eagle,* father and son, signed the treaty with the Sauks and Foxes in 1836; and the same year Pe-a-chin-wa, a Sauk chief, signed the treaty of Dubuque, with Gen. Dodge. L. C. D.

the horse himself and rode it home, and tied it before the shanty door. When he told his wife what he had done, she said she was afraid the chief would seek revenge, and warned her husband to be cautious. Soon after Mrs. King rushed into the cabin and said that Gray Eagle was near at hand with some of his people. Upon hearing this, King arose to go out to the horse, but he scarcely reached the door before a bullet from Gray Eagle's rifle pierced his brain, and he fell across the thresh-hold a bloody corpse. The Indian took the horse.

Mr. Stock, the remaining trader, persisted in his refusals to give the Indians credit, which so enraged them, that they shot him through the heart. After this last tragedy, the surviving members of those two families removed from the old claim, and for years after no white man lived in the valley, which, from the murders perpetrated there by the Indians, has ever since been called *Bloody Run.*

Such is a description and history of the place where I went to live twenty-four years ago; and it remained about the same until within two or three years. I lived there two years and raised two good crops, and spent the pleasantest two years of my life. The Indians were very numerous, their reservations being close by, and they sometimes stole my corn and potatoes, and killed my hogs; but I should have continued there had the title to the land been good. But an advantageous offer was made to me to go up into the Monomonee Pineries, and I left Bloody Run.

Within the last twelve months, Bloody Run has undergone a great change. The land titles have been investigated and adjusted; the floating population of the West has begun to settle there; mills have been built; dwellings erected, and a rail-road is surveyed through the valley, and partly built. A young city is rearing itself in the valley; and will yet surpass its neighbor (McGregor), in population and trade, as it does now in its natural advantages.

No. 10

It was in 1839, while in the Monomonee Pineries, that desirous of returning to Prairie Du Chien, I looked around for the means of doing so. I pitched upon a plan that few would think of in this age of progress, when a very few hours suffice to perform the journey, that then occupied as many days. But there was no conveniences of travel on the Upper Mississippi then; a passage in a high-pressure steamboat, such as was the *Science*, could not be counted on with any certainty. I got a large Mackinaw boat, rigged an awning, and placed my family and what few worldly goods I possessed in it, and made the trip from the mills on Monomonee River to the Prairie.

We had a pleasant trip, sailing and floating down the river; and were I to give a minute sketch of it, you might think it interesting; but as I am anxious to give an account of things in general rather than a personal history, I will merely notice one incident of our journey, which occurred before our safe arrival at Prairie Du Chien.

Our boat was thirty feet in length and the awning extended over a space of fifteen feet in the centre, beneath which was placed our goods, provisions and bedding, at the same time affording shelter for my wife and children, from the rain and night damps. In the stern I had reserved a space to work the steering oar, while in the bow was a stove where my wife cooked our food and such game as I shot. With all the exposure of that trip, I look back at the time thus spent as among the pleasantest of my life.

One day while the boat was floating lazily down with the current, opposite Trempealeau Mountain, my attention was called to an animal, pointed out by my wife. It was on a long, narrow bar or point of an island just below us, and appeared to be playing with some object, unconscious of our approach. I was not long in discovering that it was a large panther, and made up my mind to shoot it, for at that time I had never killed one. So telling my wife to take the oar and direct the

boat to a point nearest the beast, I stood in the bow ready to fire as soon as we had approached near enough. The panther kept dragging the object about, unmindful of the boat, until its keel grated on the sand within twenty feet of it. Just as the boat stopped, I fired. The bullet pierced its vitals, and after satisfying myself that it was dead, got out to skin it, when I found that one of the panther's paws was firmly locked in the jaws of a large, hard-shell turtle. It appeared to me that the panther had been in search of food, and spying the turtle, crept up to it, with the intent to catch it, and he did *catch it*; he "caught a tartar." The turtle got a paw in his mouth, and kept hold so firmly that the panther was unable to extricate it. I am of the opinion that the panther knew he had "put his foot in it," and out of respect to his unfortunate condition, I never boasted the exploit of killing him. The skin of the panther was not worth a *sou-markee,* but the turtle was a prize I knew how to manage, for I was something of an epicure. The turtle furnished us with many a delicious feast, until we reached the Prairie.

I found on arriving at Prairie Du Chien that the speculating mania had come to a crisis, and "hard times" had put a damper on the spirits of the people, as well as put a stop to all enterprises. Real estate was still held at high rates, but it did not change owners as frequently as in 1836. The state of affairs was similar to that of 1858.

In the year 1824, one cow would buy a small farm. As an instance, showing how cheap land could be bought then, I will cite a fact that occurred to me. A certain person owed me a bill of five dollars, and not having the money, he came to me and offered to deed a piece of property to me to pay the debt. Low as such property was, taxes were very heavy, and so I would not accept the offer. B. W. Brisbois afterwards paid eight hundred dollars for the lot, and now it is not to be had at any price.

The Territorial Government of Wisconsin was established when I had returned in 1839, and I believe that I sat on the jury when the first criminal case was tried under the Territo-

rial law of Wisconsin. As no harm can be done, I will give a brief history of this case, to show how such things were then managed. Judge Dunn was presiding at that time, and Ezekiel Taintor, who summoned me, was acting Sheriff. The defendant was a Dacotah Indian, charged with the crime of murdering a young man named Akins, whose father was prosecuting. From the evidence it appeared that Akins the senior, was a trader at the head of the Mississippi, where he had a trading house. Young Akins attended to the trading-house department, while his father who resided in a house some distance off, furnished the goods and capital. In his intercourse with the Indian, the son had seen a remarkable handsome young squaw, and taken some kind of liking for her. The squaw was the wife of a young brave. By means of numerous presents, Akins persuaded the squaw to desert her husband, and live with him in the trading house. When the Indian came for his squaw, Akins locked the doors and refused to let her go. The Indian went away, but returned the next evening about dusk, and walked into the house where Akins was sitting, and again asked for his squaw. Akins refused to let her go, and the Indian shot him dead on the spot. The father of young Akins had the Indian brought down here for trial.

The case was conducted with very few formalities; and whenever the court took a recess, the jury were locked up in a *grocery*, where for the sum of 75 cents each, we could have all the liquor we wanted, provided we did not waste or carry any away. Now imbibing was quite prevalent among all classes, in that day, and if each of the jurymen drank his 75 cents worth in one night, the Judge and Counselors could not have been far behind in that respect; and some individual was heard to say, that *the prisoner was the only sober man in the court room.* After the jury were charged, we were locked up two days and three nights—I generally got out and went home nights, but came into court in the morning; and on the third morning we brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and the Indian was discharged.

If there were any irregularities in the administration of justice, after the Territory of Wisconsin was organized, there were many more under the Michigan Territorial Government. I remember that soon after I came to Prairie Du Chien, Joseph Rolette was Chief Justice, I forget who his associates were, and it was rich to watch the proceedings and decisions of the court. Joseph M. Street, H. L. Dousman, and M. Brisbois were afterwards appointed to the offices of Chief Justice and Associate Judges, and a decided improvement was introduced in the manner of conducting the court. Severally, the Associates had the powers of a Justice of the Peace; they could marry persons, issue warrants for arrest, &c., but it was only collectively that they had original jurisdiction in civil and criminal natters.

From 1840 until the commencement of the war with Mexico, nothing to excite interest occurred; unless we remark that the country was rapidly filling up with new comers. In 1846 orders were received to raise a volunteer company of one hundred men.

When I left Bloody Run to go up to Lockwood's mill on the Monomonee, in 1836 or '37, great speculative excitement existed. *Land Companies* Nos. 1 and 2 were formed, and great improvements and projects were commenced. At Prairie Du Chien and Cassville, towns were laid out, hotels built, and real estate was held at enormous prices. It was designed to make Cassville the Capital of the Michigan Territory; but mens' practice always falls short of their theory. The hard times came on, and the much talked of project was abandoned; land depreciated, and a general stagnation of business ensued. Among the organizations of the times was a wild-cat banking institution, entitled the "Prairie Du Chien Ferry Company." This Company issued its shin-plasters at Prairie Du Chien; some of which I have, and they bear the signatures of G. Washington Pine, President; and H. W. Savage, Cashier. This pioneer bank, however, had to succumb to the pressure, and adopted the "suspend payment" system, which suspension has lasted to the present day.

The Rev. Alfred Brunson, and quite a number of persons, some now living in Curt's settlement, came here the year I went to the mills on Monomonee River. I went to Lake Pepin with my family in the steamboat *Science*. At the Lake were two trading houses. Immediately upon our arrival at the Lake, a fierce battle was fought on its shores, between the Sioux and Chippewas, which resulted in the defeat of the latter. I passed the scene of the fight, and saw the mutilated bodies of the dead Indians. The Chippewa Indians were better warriors than the Sioux, but being poor, their arms are almost valueless, which accounts for their defeat. From the Lake we went up the Chippewa River in Mackinaw boats. The water of the Chippewa is as red as wine, and a crimson streak may be seen for some distanc below its mouth. This color I attribute to deposits of iron-ore through which the channel of the river runs. On reaching the mills, (there being three of them,) I entered upon my duties as a lumberman. The mills were situated on the Monomonee River, in a tract of neutral ground between the Chippewa and Sioux Indians. These two tribes were constantly warring against each other, and I had frequent opportunities to see war parties of both tribes. There were some Chippewas living near the mills, who sold game, maple sugar, wild fruits and such like articles to the mill hands.

On one occasion the hands had gone to work, and left their cabin locked up, when a number of Chippewas came in their absence, crept through a window, stole the blankets from the beds, pork from the barrel, filled their blankets with flour, and started away with all their plunder. Fortunately, the mill hands discovered their loss early. They pursued the Indians, overtook them, gave them a good whipping, and took away everything that had been stolen. It was with such incidents as these, that we relieved the monotony of life in the Pinery.

One day my wife was alone in our cabin, when an old Chippewa who had often visited us, came in with some maple sugar. My wife took the sugar, and in return gave him some pork and flour, at the same time telling him she thought there

were Sioux Indians near, for that day she smelled *kinnikinnick* smoke in the woods. The Chippewa soon left, and it seemed not more than a moment after that the house was filled with a war party of Sioux. The chief asked her if there was any Chippewas there, and she answered that she had not seen any. The Sioux said they had tracked one to the cabin, and taking some of the sugar the Indian had brought, called it "Chippewa's sugar," and said they would eat the sugar, and cut the Chippewa's throat when they caught him. The war party ate all the food they could get, and then filed out; but they didn't catch the old Indian, for he managed to escape, and afterwards brought game to our house.

There is something mysterious in the appearance of a war party. I have seen several, and they glided along like a serpent, with noiseless, even motion; and had I not been looking at them, I should not have known that they were passing within thirty feet of me. Once a raft broke to pieces, and I went with the men to recover the lumber. While engaged in collecting it, we had to pass over a ridge frequently during the day, and at night when we were going over on our way back to the mills, we heard a laugh close by our side. We looked around for the cause, but not finding it, we were about to move on, when the laugh was repeated, and we were surprised to see what we had taken for a pine stump, assume the form of a Chippewa scout. It appears he had been hid there all day, watching for Sioux, and we had passed within arms' reach several times, without seeing him.

I remained two years in the Pineries and could have made money, had I accepted the offer made me if I would remain longer; but I desired to return to Prairie Du Chien.

No. 11

The year after my coming down from Lockwood's Mills, in 1840, an election occurred, and I was solicited to accept the office of Constable in and for the county of Craw-

ford, and Territory of Wisconsin On the 28th of September, 1840, I was duly elected, and on the 19th day of October, was qualified before C. J. Learned, to perform the duties of the office. The business of Constable here, eighteen years ago, was not very considerable, yet there was a kind of character attached to the office in that day, which made its occupant a person of note and dread, in the eyes of the then unsophisticated inhabitants of this vicinity. Well do I remember the first writ I served; the trepidation that took hold of the person against whom it was issued, when I came into his presence. But he has got bravely over that, and is at this time, one of the first citizens of Prairie Du Chien, under obligation to no man.

Ezekiel Taintor was elected Sheriff of Crawford County, about 1840; at all events, he occupied that office in the year 1841. This point was then the place for holding all criminal trials, for the entire country north-west of it. Some very noted lawyers of those times, were located here; among these was T. P. Burnett, a thorough read lawyer, and a gentleman of respectability. His public services will long be remembered by the citizens of Wisconsin. He died in 1846, leaving a vacant seat in the Territorial Legislature, and a large circle of friends.

In the year 1841, J. Rolette, the first citizen of Prairie Du Chien, died, and was buried in the Catholic grave-yard. Four years previous, Michael Brisbois, an old fur-trader, and citizen, died, and was buried on the summit of a high bluff, in accordance with a request made previous to his death. The bluff is back of the town, and is called Mt. Pleasant; and strangers whose curiosity prompts them with a desire to see all the sights of this beautiful valley, often climb up to the grave, where, reclining beneath the weather-beaten cross, they feast on the magnificent scene that can be had from the bluff, or listen to the story of the old pioneer's request.

In 1842, the subject of religion created considerable interest, and at a quarterly meeting conference, held in Prairie Du Chien on the 25th day of September, in that year, the project

of building the first Methodist Episcopal church, was talked over and resolved on. At that same meeting a committee of three: Mr. Dandly, H. Brace and Sam. Gilbert, were appointed to secure a suitable piece of ground on which to build —to make out plans—estimate the cost, and to obtain subscriptions in money, materials and labor, for the erection of the church. The committee selected Lot No. 15, of H. L. Dousman's Addition to St. Friole, part of farm lot No. 32, as the most suitable piece of ground for the purpose. This lot was donated to the church by Col. H. L. Dousman. Subscriptions to the amount $1,034.93, in cash and materials were soon raised; and on the 6th of April, 1843, the building committee: Rev. A. Brunson, Sam. Gilbert and H. Brace, entered into a contract with H. H. Baily and G. W. Blunt, for the erection of the church. The building was to be fifty feet long by thirty-six feet wide, with stone foundation—to have on the front-end a tower fourteen feet square at the base, and thirty feet high from the main plate, with spires at each corner; to have a gallery on the front-end eight feet wide. Blunt and Baily agreed to have this building finished by September 1, 1843, in consideration of $1,010; but the church was not finished at the time. This I believe to be a true account of the project to build the *first* Methodist Episcopal church at Prairie Du Chien.

Taking an interest in church matters, about this time, I am able to narrate the particulars of the Methodist Sunday School organization, and the establishing of the Sunday School Library. The latter was formed by subscription and donations, and comprised many volumes—some very valuable works. I was superintendent of the Sabbath School at one time, and took great pleasure in it.

Robert D. Lester was Sheriff in 1844, and sustained the character of being a prompt and faithful officer; he came to his death in a bloody manner, while returning home after the execution of some official business. He had been up to St. Peters or St. Paul, and in the absence of steam-boats had obtained a canoe, and was returning to the Prairie. He wore a

soldier's coat, and an Indian, probably mistaking him for a discharged soldier, and incited with a desire for plunder, shot him from the shore as he was paddling down the Mississippi. An old Frenchman, in another canoe about half a mile distant, saw Lester when he sprung up and fell over the side of the canoe; but was not near enough to identify the Indian. The Indian was taken, however, put in captivity, and confined two months; but owing to a flaw in the indictment, Judge Dunn released him, and made the remark: that, "if the people won't select a Prosecuting Attorney, who can draw up a document that will hold, I will not keep the prisoners in jail 'till they rot!" The Attorney then in question, is now considered one of the best read lawyers in the State.

At a general election held on the 22d day of September, 1845, I was elected to the office of Coroner and Constable for Crawford County. In the first office, the duties that devolved on me were neither few nor pleasant. The holding of inquests on the bodies of persons picked up in the river, and found murdered, were of more frequent occurrence than now. The country being thinly settled, detection was easily avoided, and the penalties of the law hard to enforce; so evil-disposed persons, not having the fear of certain punishment before them, perpetrated deeds of violence with perfect impunity. I was once notified that a dead body was lying in the water, opposite Pig's Eye Slough, and immediately proceeded to the spot, and on taking it out, I recognized it as the body of a negro woman belonging to a certain Captain then in Fort Crawford. The body was cruelly cut and bruised; but *the* person not appearing to recognize it, a verdict of "Found Dead," was rendered, and I had the corpse buried. Soon after it came to light that the woman was whipped to death, and thrown into the river during the night; but no investigation was made, and the affair blew over.

For a long terms of years have I held positions that gave me every opportunity of observing and detecting crime; as a Policeman, Constable, Sheriff and Justice of the Peace, I was an almost daily witness of rascalities, and could furnish a calendar

of crimes perpetrated in the North-West that would startle even those who have lived here a much longer time, but who are not as thoroughly posted in criminal affairs. There is an individual now living in the town, *known* to be guilty of several murders. Others are aware of this fact, and desire a full history of the murders, which I have in my possession; but I do not feel warranted in unfolding the history at present, but will do so at another time and place.

The subject of education was not an unknown one in Prairie Du Chien, at that day; taxes were levied and money appropriated to establish and sustain district schools. In January, 1846, I was appointed Collector for District No. 2, of which E. W. Pelton was Trustee. It was this same year that the affairs with Mexico came to a head; war was declared, and volunteers were raised throughout the county. Orders were received from the Secretary of War to raise a company to occupy Fort Crawford during the trouble with Mexico. A company was enlisted under Brevet Major A. S. Hooe.* Wiram Knowlton was Captain, Charles Brisbois First Lieutenant; and on the third day of September, 1836, I received a Second Lieutenant's commission from Governor Henry Dodge. The inferior officers were Sergeants D. Gary, F. N. Grouchy and E. Warner; and Corporals W. R. Curts, A. Titlow, B. Fox and J. A. Clark; the whole number of men in the company was seventy-three. The men were a little aristocratic, and they all wanted to wear officers' uniform; but after the one year (which was the term of enlistment,) had expired, a new company was mustered by Major Garland, and placed under the command of Captain Knowlton, who maintained the strictest of military discipline. This company was styled the *"Dodge Guards,"* and was commanded by the officers of the first company.

On the 13th day of August, 1847, First Lieut. Charles Brisbois, died at his post, from a disease contracted while on

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*Alexander S. Hooe, a Virginian, was a cadet in 1823; entered the army as Brevet Second Lieutenant, 1827; First Lieutenant, 1833; Captain, 1838; was distinguished in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, in the latter of which he lost an arm, and was brevetted Major. He died at Baton Rouge, La., December 9, 1847. L. C. D.

a visit to St. Louis, and in its fatal termination the community lost one of its most valuable citizens, and society an honorable member. He was born and educated in the Western country, and from youth to manhood, had been engaged in the fur trade connected with the Hudson Bay Fur Company. Residing in a country where there was no law, he ever acted upon the principles of right, and formed a character, which in his intercourse with his fellow-man, had won for him the confidence and respect of all. As a soldier, his upright and impartial conduct had secured him the confidence of his superiors in rank, and the respect of all under his command; as a citizen he was liberal and active; as a friend, faithful, generous and kind. He left a wife and family, and a large number of relatives and friends. We buried him in the old Catholic burying ground with military honors, and a large concourse of the people were in attendance, and joined in the solemn obsequies that consigned to their last resting place, the earthly remains of Lieut. Charles Brisbois.

After Brisbois died, I was promoted to the First Lieutenancy in the volunteer company of *"Dodge Guards"* and received my commission dated from the 13th day of August, 1847. I took an active part in the affairs of the post, often performing duties that belonged more properly to the commanding officer, while Capt. Knowlton* being a superior disciplinarian took much pride in drilling the men.

During the year 1848, just previous to the adoption of the State Constitution, the Winnebago Indians were scattered through the country along the Wisconsin and Fox Rivers, through the Kickapoo Timbers, and the Lemonweir Valley. Orders came from the Sub-Indian Agent, J. E. Fletcher, to collect and remove them to their Reservation, near Fort Atkinson, Iowa.

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* Wiram Knowlton, in 1828-29, resided with his father on a farm near Lockport, New York, and was an attendant, in the winter, at the same school with the writer of this note. We well remember he was fond of guns, and used to stock them. Studying law, and early locating at Prairie Du Chien, he was elected Circuit Judge of his district, and served from 1850 to 1856; and died a few years since at Prairie du Chien. L. C. D.

No. 12

In 1848, when orders were received at Fort Crawford to remove the Winnebagoes, several attempts were made to do so, but with poor success. Early in the same year I received the following official letter:

"Office Sub Indian Agent,
"Turkey River, Jan. 4, '48.

"Sir—In answer to your inquiry respecting the disposition to be made of the Winnebago Indians, who may be found wandering about through the country, I have to say, that I wish you to arrest them, cause them to be securely guarded, and report them to me as early as may be practicable.

"Very respectfully,
"Your obd't servant,
"J. E. Fletcher,
"Indian Ag't.

"To Lieut. ——— ———,
"Comd'g Ft. Crawford, W. T."

Upon receipt of the above, I made all necessary preparation, and started with fifty men to collect the Indians. This attempt was quite successful, and several hundred were arrested, and sent to Fort Atkinson, Iowa. It may appear strange to some persons, that such a handful of men could take many hundred Indians prisoners, and guard them day and night as we traveled through a wild, unsettled country; but it was done, and I have a list of the names of those men who accompanied me on that expedition. My journal, kept during the time we were hunting the Indians, presents numerous interesting items, only one or two of which, I will relate.

In taking the Indians, great caution was necessary to enable us to approach them. When the scouts reported that Indians had been discovered, four or five of the men would start on ahead, enter the Winnebago camp, collect all the guns and take off the locks, before the Indians were aware of their intention. Frequently a hunting party would come in while the

men were *un*-locking the guns, and make a demonstration of resistance, by which time our entire party would arrive, and prevail on them to submit to the same treatment; telling them if they came along with us quietly, no harm would be offered them. On the 10th of May, we camped in a valley near the Baraboo, and three days after were on Dell Creek. Here the scouting party captured a Winnebago Indian, who told me his part of the tribe were encamped at Seven Mile Creek. I sent eleven men to the camp which was very large, and comprised many lodges. When the main body had come up to tlement in the North-West—have seen the dawning of a new all the guns but one, which belonged to a young brave who refused to give it up. Fearing he might do some mischief, the gun was taken from him. It was a fine rifle, of which he was proud; but in spite of his remonstrance, the lock was taken off, and put in a bag with others. When the piece was rendered unservicable, they handed it back to the young Indian. He looked at it a moment, and then grasping the barrel he raised it above his head, and brought the stock down with such force against the trunk of a young sapling as to break it to splinters, and threw the barrel many rods from him. His sister, an Indian girl about seventeen years old, picked up the barrel and handed it to him. The brother bent it against the tree and then hurled it over the bank into the creek.

The addition of the Indians put us on short allowance, and I was obliged to send one of the wagons back to the Baraboo for provisions and grain. Just before making camp on main ridge, the 15th of May, my horse was bit on the nose by a rattle-snake. The horse's head was soon swelled to twice its natural size, and I thought him as good as dead, when an old Frenchman offered to make the horse well by the next morning. I turned the horse over to his care, and sure enough, the morning following the swelling had all disappeared, and the horse was as well as ever. I asked what he had put on to effect the sudden cure, he said he did not apply anything, but one of the men told me that he cured the horse by looking at and talking to it. This was the same man who cured one Theo.

Warner, now living in Prairie Du Chien, when he was bitten in the leg by a rattle-snake. His name was Limmery, and a strange man he was; his eyes were the smallest I have ever seen in the head of any human being, with a piercing expression that once seen could never be forgot. He would never allow a snake to be killed if he could help it, and could take up the most venomous snake with impunity. I saw him take up a large moccasin snake, while we were in the Kickapoo Bottoms, and it never offered to bite him, while it would strike fiercely at any third person who approached it. I could only attribute the strange power of this man to some mesmeric influence.

We were fortunate enough to bring all the Indians to Prairie Du Chien without accident, where they were delivered to a body of regulars from Fort Atkinson, who moved them to their reservation. That was the last of the Winnebagoes in Wisconsin as a tribe. There are now a few stragglers loitering near their old hunting grounds, in the Kickapoo and Wisconsin bottom-lands, but altogether they do not exceed a hundred souls.

In the year 1848 a society was formed at Fort Crawford, called the "Fort Crawford Temperance Society." The object of the Society was to promote the cause of temperance. All that was requisite to become a member, was to sign a pledge to abstain from the use of liquor as a common beverage, for six months, a year, or any length of time a person joining might see fit to set opposite his name. The Society met each Saturday night, and so long as the interest was kept up, its influence may have been beneficial, but like many such societies, it was short lived, and its effects forgotten.

It is an impossibility to keep liquor out of a garrison if the men are determined to have it. No matter how vigilant and watchful the officers may be, the soldiers will smuggle it in some way. Major Garland had arrived at Fort Crawford, and was stopping at my quarters, and was expected to inspect the men. So strict orders were given, to prevent men passing in and out with suspicious packages, and to search all such, to

see if they had whisky about them. Trusty sentinels were put on guard at all the sally-ports, and when the first review came off, every man was in his place, and after Capt. Knowlton had drilled them a while, the Major was perfectly satisfied with their discipline and equipments, and complimented the officers on the fine appearance of the men. That same evening, after supper, Major Garland proposed a stroll through town. It was a nice, moonlight night, and we remained out some time after tattoo. When we reached the gate that opened into the grounds that surrounded the Fort, something attracted the Major's attention, and he pointed an object out to me, and asked: Is that a cat going towards the Fort? I looked in the direction, and supposing it was only a cat creeping across the green, I paid no more attention to it. When we were about to enter the little private wicket in the north-east gate, Major Garland spoke and said, "See, that cat is making in this direction; it moves strangely, let us see what's the matter with it." So passing along under the wall, we reached a little ditch paved with rock, that carried off the water from the inside of the Fort, here we discovered a string stretching out towards the cat, that still continued to approach us. Stepping on this string, the Major cut it, and all at once the cat stopped within a few feet of us. It was evident the string governed the motions of the cat, and taking hold of one end, we drew the apparent cat up to us; but on close examination, it *proved to be a cat's skin, stuffed with a bladder full of whisky.* The Major had just been speaking of the unusual sober appearance of the volunteers, while I had lauded the reforming influence of the Temperance Society. He little suspected that the patrol guard we passed in our walk, had the *barrels of their guns charged with fire-water, warranted to kill forty rods;* but it was even so.

On the 6th day of September, 1848, I obtained my "honorable discharge," from the "Dodge Guards," and returned to citizen but not private life; for soon my friends offered me the office of Justice, which I accepted and filled for a number of years; since which time, all matters of interest have been no-

ticed by many other persons, who have made the public familiar with them. I will merely remark, that I have witnessed the gradual progress of civilization in the West, for fifty years; came to Prairie Du Chien when it was the most extreme settlement in the North-West—have seen the dawning of a new epoch, since the introduction of railroads and the electric telegraph, and being yet strong and robust, I may live to enjoy a share of their benefits.

In conclusion, I would say that very many things, historical incidents, legends, adventures and such like matters, have escaped my memory, but hope to relate them at some future time. Should I move into one of the new Territories, and live another half century, I hope to be able to give a more interesting account of an old pioneer's life.

Dodge's Volunteers in the Black Hawk War

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 20, 1851.

To the Editor of the Potosi Republican:

SIR:—As I have received a great number of letters asking the date at which particular companies were called into service of the United States, in 1832—the time for which they served—the number, designation, &c., of the Regiments I had the honor to command in the Indian War of that year, I send you a letter from the Second Auditor, containing the information wanted, and ask the favor of you to insert it in your paper, hoping it may be of service to those who performed military service in 1832, in establishing their claims for bounty lands, under the recent act of Congress.

I remain, Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

HENRY DODGE.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, 2D AUDITOR'S OFFICE,
January, 15, 1851.

SIR:—The following appear to be the names of the Captains, and the periods paid for, by the companies under your command, designated "Iowa County regiment, Michigan Volunteers," in the Black Hawk war, to-wit:

Capt. Clark's Company, from 16th May to 16th Oct., 1832
" Dixon's " " 17th June to 17th July, 1832
" Gentry's " " 11th May to 9th Oct., 1832
" Parkinson's " " 17th June to 20th Aug., 1832

Capt. Price's	Company,	from	20th May to 20th Aug., 1832
" Rountree's	"	"	17th May to 17th June, 1832
" Berry's	"	"	19th May to 20th Aug., 1832
" Delong's	"	"	24th May to 20th Aug., 1832
" Funk's	"	"	19th May to 20th Aug., 1832
" Gehon's	"	"	19th May to 20th Aug., 1832
" W. Hamilton's		"	2d May to 20th Aug., 1832
" I. Hamilton's	"	"	19th May to 20th Aug., 1832
" Jones'	"	"	20th May to 20th Aug., 1832
" Mone's	"	"	20th May to 20th Aug., 1832
" O'Harra's	"	"	4th July to 20th Aug., 1832
" Sherman's	"	"	20th May to 20th Aug., 1832
" Terry's	"	"	18th May to 20th Aug., 1832
" Thomas'	"	"	1st June to 20th Aug., 1832

Mr. Rountree's letter is herewith returned.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. Clayton,
Second Auditor.

Hon. Henry Dodge, U. S. Senate.

Reminiscence of the Black Hawk War*

Previous to the spring of 1832, several families had settled in the valley of Apple River, Jo Daviess County, Ill. Their peaceful employments had been uninterrupted until the spring of that year, at which time the Black-Hawk war commenced. The Indians then began their ravages. Houses were pillaged, and the inhabitants were obliged to remain concealed, while they saw their horses taken from the plow in the field, and driven off with shouts of savage joy. For their mutual protection, they erected a fort ten miles up the river, where the town of Elizabeth now stands. The men formed themselves into a company under the command of Captain Stone, for the defence of the fort; and thither the inhabitants fled for protection. In the course of the summer, Col. James M. Strode, commander at Galena, sent an express of five men to Dixon, on Rock River, at which place Gen. Atkinson's army was stationed. The express was commanded by Captain Frederic Dixon, an old pioneer, and a man of great experience in Indian warfare. They started out on Sunday morning—a wet, rainy day, and to protect their guns from the dampness of the atmosphere, the party discharged them. They proceeded on their route, and reached Apple River Fort about noon. They found it in a very defenceless situation. Some of the inmates were out gathering berries, others sleeping, and some walking about in quest of amusement. The express halted a few moments and then passed on. When about 400 or 500 yards east of the Fort, some Indians secreted in the high grass fired on the foremost man of the guard, wounding him in the hip. He

*This article originally appeared in the *Galena Advertiser*, in April, 1859, written by "Emilie;" and appears to be entitled to full credit. L. C. D.

was thrown from his horse, and the savages rushed upon him with the tomahawk. Captain Dixon charged upon them with his empty gun and rescued the wounded man. They then returned to the Fort, and raised the alarm. Scarcely had the inhabitants reached it, and closed the gates, when 270 Indians surrounded the Fort, and raising the most demoniac yells, mingled with the Indians war-whoop, commenced an indiscriminate fire. The gates being closed with Captain Dixon on the outside, he started at full speed for Galena. In his rapid flight west of the Fort he rode into a party of 25 or 30 Indians, who appeared as much surprised as himself, permitting him to escape without molestation. We now return to the Fort.

The Indians kept a hot fire for two or three hours, while concealed behind the stumps or out-buildings. Capt. Stone's company were mostly absent, and the fort numbered only some fifteen effective men. The women and children were panic-stricken, crying and wringing their hands. At this stage of affairs, Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong, wife of John Armstrong, of Sand Prairie, in this county, finding the Fort but poorly supplied with balls, divided the women into two parties; the first, who could load fire arms, constituting the first division; the second were to run bullets. Mrs. Armstrong delivered to them a short effective address, telling them that it was but worse than folly to give up to fear in such an emergency as the present one—that they could expect no sympathy from the Indians, and to go to work immediately and do their best to save the Fort. They obeyed, and under her direction performed miracles. The second division supplied the balls, while the first received the empty guns from the loop-holes and returned them loaded. While passing round the Fort, Mrs. Armstrong discovered a man who, to escape the flying bullets, had snugly stowed himself away in an empty flour barrel. Quickly ejecting him from his retreat, she ordered him to take a gun and do service. Trembling with fear, he obeyed, dreading our heroine within, almost as much as the enemies without. After a siege of two or three hours, the Indians retired, shooting all the stock, robbing the cabins, and carrying

off their dead and wounded. On our side, one man named Harkelrhodes was killed, and several wounded. He was buried near the Fort, but no trace remains of his resting place.

When Capt. Dixon arrived at Galena with the news of the attack at Apple River, every man was ready to volunteer relief, but Col. Strode, thinking that so large a party of Indians would undoubtedly take the Fort, and then march on to Galena, called out every effective man, placed a numerous guard, and awaited an attack. The night was dark and rainy, and though entreated and warned by the people at the Fort, a young man named Kirkpatrick, one of the express, formed the determination of going to Galena to inform its inhabitants of the result of the battle. In vain they expostulated with him that the Indians had gone, no one knew where, perhaps to Galena, and in that case, he would meet certain death. He replied that he did not care where the Indians had gone; that he knew the people there would be anxious to hear from them, and he would relieve their fears before he slept. He mounted his horse, and arrived at his destination between 10 and 11 o'clock at night. He was soon surrounded by crowds eager to hear the news. It is doubtful if the inhabitants of Galena ever gave to any one a warmer welcome than they did to this noble and brave young man. He had descended from an Indian fighting family, and was himself as fearless as the bravest of his ancestors.

It was generally conceded that the Fort would have been taken had it not been for the exertions of Mrs. Armstrong. Her address and presence of mind undoubtedly enabled the courageous defenders of the Fort to save themselves from a horrid death by the hands of a cruel and unsparing enemy. Too much praise cannot be awarded to her for casting aside all womanish fear, and substituting a resolute will and strength of courage which might do honor to those of the opposite sex. Mrs. Armstrong was one of the first settlers in this Western country, and she was by nature well qualified for the hardy scenes of pioneer life. Though unacquainted with the forms

of fashionable life, she is possessed of a strong mind and a kind heart, ever ready to assist those to whom her great experience can afford relief. She is still living, one of the best of wives and mothers, the warmest of friends, and kindest of neighbors. May she long live to enjoy the happiness and love to which her courage and goodness justly entitle her.

Battle of the Bad Axe

The following letter appeared originally in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, Dec. 28, 1863—furnished by a son of the writer. Though it gives but a brief account of the battle of Bad Axe, yet it is well worth a place in the store-house of historic records:

"JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO., Sept. 2, 1832.

"MY DEAR A—: After a most severe and fatiguing campaign of four months and a half, I returned to this place (which I now command) on the 17th of August, leaving my company at Rock Island, four hundred miles up the Mississippi. I had the happiness to find my wife and children all well, as they still remain, thanks to a kind Providence. You have doubtless seen by the papers that a tribe of Indians, called the Sacks and Foxes, in April last, invaded the State of Illinois, and commenced murdering our citizens—women and children. On the 8th of April, the troops from this post left here under command of Gen. Atkinson, and from that time till the 18th of August, I was constantly marching through swamps, woods, rivers, plains, &c., in rain, in sun, hot and cold, sleeping of course either in the open air or in my tent, which was about as bad. We were constantly endeavoring to overtake the Indians and fight them, but they, being mounted (800 or 900 warriors) kept out of our way, until at length on the 2d of August, we overtook their whole army on the bank of the Mississippi, about fifty miles above Prairie Du Chiens, and immediately attacked them. After an action of three hours we completely defeated them, they losing one hundred and fifty or more killed and one hundred and twenty prisoners, and

we had but twenty-seven killed and wounded. I think the war is over, as the Indians are dispersed and beaten, and are bringing in and surrendering their chiefs.

"I did not see J——, though he is with the army at Rock Island. He did not arrive until I had left there. Of course he was not in the fight, but he has been in the midst of the cholera, and has so far escaped. * * *

"I expect to be in your part of the country this fall or early in the spring. I have been notified by the Government that I have been selected to superintend the construction of certain harbors (Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, &c.) on Lake Erie, and shall probably reside in Buffalo for that purpose. Had it not been for the Indian war, I should have been ordered there in June.

* * * * * * * *

"Your affectionate and sincere

"HENRY SMITH."*

*The writer, Henry Smith, was a cadet (from New York) in 1813, and entered the army in 1815, as a Third Lieutenant of Artillery, subsequently serving in the Infantry, in various grades of Second Lieutenant, Adjutant, Quarter Master, First Lieutenant, aid to Gen. Winfield Scott, and Captain in the Sixth Infantry, in July, 1826; then served in the Black Hawk war, and resigning in Nov. 1836. He was then appointed a civil engineer, superintending U. S. harbor improvements on the Lakes, in Ohio and Michigan, from 1836 to 1840; was appointed Quarter Master, with the rank of Major, in March, 1847, and served in the Mexican war, and died of yellow fever, at Vera Cruz, Mexico, 27th July, 1847. L. C. D.

Capture of Black Hawk

By David McBride

At the close of the memorable Black Hawk war, in the summer of 1832, when that noble brave of the Sacs was finally over-powered, and the most of his band, men, women and children were killed or taken prisoners on the Bad Axe—when naught but ignoble submission or hasty flight was left for the hitherto successful chieftain of a once powerful tribe, who had for many years held unbounded sway over the entire territory of Wisconsin, from his favorite home on Rock Island to Lake Superior, and at whose war whoop a thousand stalwart warriors rushed to the battle field—to submit then to his enemies, to those who had wronged him of his heritage, who had driven him, his family and his people from their loved homes, from their hunting grounds and from the graves of their fathers, was an act too degrading, too humiliating for the proud and haughty Black Sparrow Hawk,* and therefore instant flight became his only alternative. He became satisfied the battle was lost, and hastily retreated to a surrounding height, overlooking the sanguinary battle ground, accompanied by his faithful adjunct the Prophet, and for an instant turned to view the scene of his disastrous defeat, his haughty bosom filled with mingled feelings of disappointment and despair, gave vent to a loud long yell of revenge on the destroyer of his family and people, then hastily fled to seek a temporary refuge among his *pseudo* friends, the Winnebagoes, of the Lemonweir valley.

*The interpretation of his Indian name, attached to the treaty of 1816, is given as Black Sparrow Hawk. L. C. D.

This ever treacherous but cunning band had professed great friendship for the Sac chief, in his early efforts to arouse and combine the whole North-Western Indians in a last great struggle to drive the pale-faces from their territory. He had held long and earnest councils at their village on Lake Winnebago on his return from Malden, where he had met the British agent, who had promised him efficient aid in his project. He relied firmly on the adherence of this tribe to his fortunes; though not numerous, they could still aid him efficiently in this war of extermination, from the fact that they were to some extent in the confidence of the officers commanding the frontier posts; but the subsequent history of the war fully exhibited their innate fickleness and treachery, both to Black-Hawk and the whites.

The fugitive chief fled northward with his follower, until he entered the valley of the Lemonweir, where he hoped to secrete himself among its numerous bluffs and rocky cliffs, over which in former days, he had roamed and hunted with success and security. Not a trail, nor nook, nor craggy prominence but was familiar to the hawk-eye of the now hunted and toil-worn brave. When he reached what is now known as the Seven Mile Bluff, from its lofty and precipitous heights he could see an enemy or friend in their approaches for many miles. Here he felt secure for the present, and cast himself down under the shade of its ever-greens to rest his wearied body, that had for many days known no respite or repose, dispatching his companion in search of food, and to ascertain whether any of his Winnebago friends were in the vicinity. Late in the evening the messenger returned without food, but with information that they were pursued; that either friends or foes were on their trail. Not a moment was to be lost; they must separate and each secrete himself as best he could. The Prophet sought refuge in a cliff of the romantic chimney rocks, at the east end of the bluff, and Black Hawk selected a unique hiding place, where he had often, years before, secreted himself, when on hunting excursions, to watch for game. On a bold promonotory of the bluff that stretches far out into the valley, on its

northern face, and high up on the summit of a towering crag, stands an isolated gray pine with its dwarfed and straggling limbs. About twenty feet from its base, a remarkable thicket of small branches starts suddenly out from its trunk, like the cradle from the ship's mast; covered with a dense mass of deep green foliage closely matted together, forming a complete protection from outward view to a much larger animal than man, and from which an extended view was readily obtained of the leading trail, which passed close to the foot of the cliff, up and down the valley for many miles; and which has, since the above event, been familiarly known as "Black Hawk's Nest," by the early settlers of the valley. Into this secure retreat Black Hawk quickly ascended, to hold vigil over his now extremely critical position.

For two whole days and nights he kept still in his eyrie. Twice during the first, runners passed on the trail, but doubtful of their character as friends or foes, the accustomed signal was not given; towards evening of the third, two tall chiefs approached in view; the quick discerning eye of the fugitive, recognized the well-known costume and gait of his former Winnebago friends, Cha-e-tar and One-Eyed De-cor-ra. They had been his friends in the early period of the contest, had given him important intelligence of the movements of the white men, and had even piloted him to the settlement at Spafford's Farms and Fort Mound, while another of their chiefs, White Crow, was acting as guide to Col. Dodge.

Soon these runner chiefs came close to the hiding place of Black Hawk, and encamped for the night at the base of the cliff upon which he was then perched. Before they slept, in soft whispers, the purport of their journey was disclosed to the deeply interested ear of their intended victim—their errand was to make him captive. Overwhelmed with disappointment at their duplicity and treachery, but fearful of the result of an attempt at this moment to seek revenge, with characteristic stealthiness, at midnight, he quickly descended and again sought safety in flight.

After communicating with his friend the Prophet, on his

future plans of escape from the grasp of his pursuers, they both started for Prairie La Crosse, one hundred miles up the Mississippi, where he could cross to the west side, and again be secure among the remnant of his tribe under the young chief Keokuk.

But in this he was alike deceived and unfortunate. As day broke, Cha-e-tar and De-cor-ra, believing he had sought refuge in the great cave in one of the twin bluffs, about fifteen miles west, started on their hurried journey, and had proceeded but a few miles ere they came upon the well known trail of the fugitives. Though prepared for the emergency, their instructions were to take them alive, if possible, and their policy was to keep close on their footsteps, well knowing they could make the capture before crossing the river. For two days these wary chiefs kept close in Black Hawk's rear, until on the evening of the second they saw their victims enter the wigwams of their band at the river, and in a few moments after they were in the presence of the fugitive chief and his companion. Black Hawk saw at once his fate was sealed, he was in the hands of his captors, his long cherished visions of triumph over his white enemies instantly vanished, but he was still a brave, a warrior that could meet his worst fate with dignified composure. His cup of misery was well nigh full. His loved wife and children he believed killed or taken prisoners, and most of his followers gone to the spirit land; he stood almost alone of his once powerful band of noble Sacs. But still he retained his native dignity, the unconquered chieftain of the Wisconsin. With a proud and sullen look of contempt and withering scorn on his treacherous captors, he silently held out his hands for the accustomed cord.

The prisoners were at once secured and taken down to Gen. Street, at Prairie Du Chien, the Indian agent, who sent them immediately to Jefferson Barracks.

The captors received the large promised reward for this important service, important doubtless it was to the Government, but of exceeding doubtful character to a great and chivalrous nation. And an act that has justly consigned the degraded

instruments, Cha-e-tar and De-cor-ra,* to the universal and merited contempt of the honorable of both races.

MAUSTON, Aug. 31, 1857.

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*Wadge Hut-to-kaw, or *The Big Canoe*, commonly called One-Eyed-De-Kau-Ray, was a son of Chah-post-kaw-kaw, or *The Buzzard*, who settled with a band of Winnebagoes at La Crosse, about 1787, where he was shortly after killed in a drunken row. The father of The Buzzard was a Frenchman, named Descarrie or De Kau-ray, who married Ho-po-ko-e-kaw, or *The Glory of the Morning*, a sister of the principal chief of the Winnebagoes, according to Augustin Grignon, but more probably the daughter, according to Judge Gale, as derived from One-Eyed De Kauray, who ought to be the better authority regarding his own ancestry. This elder De-Kau-ray, fought under De Langlade during the old French and Indian war, and was mortally wounded before Quebec, April 28th, 1760, and died shortly after at Montreal. His widow Ho-po-ko-e-kaw, was the chieftess of her tribe when Carver visited the Winnebagoes in 1766, and not improbably the heroine described by Carver, who liberated some of her countrymen when captured by Capt. Marin, in 1730. This Winnebago queen—"an ancient woman" when Carver saw her—was also the mother of Chou-ke-kaw or *The Ladle*, who was the father of Scha-chip-ka-ka, or *The White War Eagle*, who has been repeatedly mentioned in this and former volumes.

One-Eyed De Kau-ray, was born about 1772, and was consequently about fifteen years of age when his father and other Winnebagoes settled at La Crosse. He aided in the capture of Mackinaw in 1812; was out in 1813, when the British attacked Fort Stephenson, and took part in Col. McKay's expedition against Prairie Du Chien, in 1814. But his participation in the capture of Black Hawk, in 1832, has given him most distinction. He was a signer of the Prairie du Chien treaty in 1825. He died near the Tunnel, Monroe County, Wisconsin, in August, 1864, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. His aged brother, Wa-kon-haw-kaw, or Wa-kon De Kau-ray, or *Snake Skin*, the orator of the Winnebagoes, was very recently living among his people, in Minnesota. L. C. D.

Dells of Wisconsin: Black Hawk's Cave

These narrows in the Wisconsin River are situated in Adams County, about a mile and a half above the place where we are located, and are considerably noted for their wild scenery, and especially for their somewhat dangerous character in rafting through them. The perpendicular rocky banks are fifty or sixty feet high, and, for half a mile or more, the river is narrowed to about one-fourth its average width. In one place, the rocks on either side are only about fifty feet apart; and this place is spanned by a timber bridge, called "Dell Bridge." Near the west end of this bridge is an opening in the rocks, called "Black Hawk's Cave," because, it is said, Black Hawk once secreted himself there to avoid his pursuers. We lately visited this cave, approaching it from the ice on the river. We walked in, upon the ice, about twenty feet; then climbed a rather dangerous precipice, some thirty feet high, from which point one may wind around and upwards, and emerge at the top of the bank; but we chose to take our back track rather than climb higher. In the spring, when the river is high, we understand the water rushes through the Dells with great force; and as the river is quite crooked, raftsmen find it very exciting, as well as rather dangerous passing through. Persons from the vicinity frequently resort there during the rafting seasons to see the rafts pass through, and we have been informed that sometimes as many as a hundred rafts pass there in a single day. It is thought that when the dam at this place shall be completed, the water will set back so as to considerably check the force of the current at the Dells, and render rafting through them comparatively safe.

In the spring, men and boys have great sport fishing there. Each has his spear, with a handle ten or fifteen feet long, and a cord attached; and, perching himself upon some projecting rock, fifteen, twenty or twenty-five feet above the water, he watches till he sees a good sized pickerel, cat-fish or sturgeon turn up on the water; then, quick as a hawk upon his prey, he darts his spear at his victim, and deliberately draws back, by his cord, spear, fish and all. One part of this operation is of vast importance to those engaged in it—that is, to make sure their footing, so that they shall not draw themselves in, instead of drawing the sturgeon out.

A short distance from the Dells, to the north-east, is a very high hill, from the top of which the whole country, for twenty miles around, may be seen. We think when our rail-road shall be completed, that from this and perhaps some other hills in the region, the cars may be seen to pass for twenty-five or thirty, and possibly forty miles. In the vicinity of the Dells the ground is covered with winter-greens; and huckle-berries, walnuts, butter-nuts, &c., abound. We conclude that all these attractions, especially the wild romantic scenery of the Dells will always make them a place of resort for seekers of pleasure.—*Newport Mirror.*

Black Hawk's Autobiography Vindicated

Early in February, 1855, J. B. Patterson, the editor and amanuensis of Black Hawk, in the preparation of the old Sauk Chief's narrative, published in the *Oquawka Spectator*, the following vindication of the correctness of that work—and whatever relates to Black Hawk, will possess an enduring interest to the people of Wisconsin; and, in this instance, authenticates an important source of information relative to the Black Hawk war, with which our early Wisconsin history is so closely identified:

In Governor Ford's History of Illinois occurs the following passage:

"It may be well here to mention, that some historians of the Black Hawk war have taken much of the matter for their histories from a life of Black Hawk written at Rock Island in 1833 or 1834, purporting to have been his own statement written down on the spot. This work has misled many. Black Hawk knew but little, if anything about it. In point of fact it was got up from the statements of Mr. Antoine Le Clair and Col. Davenport, and was written by a printer, and was never intended for anything but a catch-penny publication. Mr. Le Clair was a half-breed Indian interpreter, and Col. Davenport, an old Indian trader, whose sympathies were strongly enlisted in favor of the Indians, and whose interest it was to retain the Indians in the country for the purpose of trade. Hence the gross perversion of facts in that book, attributing this war to the border white people, when in point of fact these border white people had bought and paid for the land on which they lived from the Government, which had a title to it by three different treaties. They were quietly

and peaceably living upon their lands when the Indians, under Black Hawk, attempted to dispossess them."

This extract, short as it is, contains the following "gross perversions of facts:"

First.—Black Hawk knew all about it—it was at his own request that it was written—and is a literal translation of his own statements. He made it in his own justification—and as such it was submitted to the public.

Second.—The position of Col. Davenport was not such as the historian assigns him. He was a friend of the Keokuk or peace party, and *opposed* to Black Hawk.

Third.—Although Black Hawk was grieved at the course taken by the whites who settled upon what he deemed *his* land, he repeatedly advised non-resistance; and did not attribute the war to the "border white people," but to far different causes—treachery on the part of members of his own tribe, deceptive treaties, and a firm belief that Government was trespassing upon his rights.

My personal knowledge of Black Hawk warrants me in aserting that he was, in many respects, *a noble man.* A man deeply imbued with a sense of justice—gifted with a fine intellect—and jealous of his reputation. It was because he had been kindly treated by the whites, among whom he traveled subsequent to his overthrow, that he desired to lay before them the motives which actuated him to rebellion against the whites, in order that they might know that he *thought* he had good reasons for his course. Although as editor of the *Galenian,* during the Black Hawk war, I advocated the cause of the white settlers and maintained their rights; when, afterward, I became acquainted with the vanquished chieftain, and satisfied of the sincerity of his motives, and his desire to vindicate himself before those whom he had been represented as having wronged—I willingly undertook the task of editing "his own story."

Several years ago, while at Springfield, at the time Governor Ford was preparing matter for his intended History of Illinois,

that gentleman called upon me, and spent many hours in my company, collecting facts relating to the Black Hawk war, knowing, as he did, that I was a resident of Galena at that time, and cognizant of many facts which he wished to embody in his History. At that time he especially requested me to inform him where he could procure the book in question, having heard of, but never seen it. I informed him that I had but one copy, but that he might procure one at Rock Island. Whether he ever did, I do not know. But I do not believe he ever did; otherwise he could not have mispresented it in so notorious a manner as he has done in the extract above quoted. To prove that he has done so, I beg the reader's attention to the following facts:

On the very opening page of this book is the following certificate, made by the U. S. Interpreter, Antoine Le Clair, with respect to the publication. Mr. Le Clair, is still living, near Davenport, Iowa, and any person who is acquainted with his character, will exonerate him from any charge of dishonesty, let it come from whatever source it may:

INDIAN AGENCY. ROCK ISLAND, Oct. 16, 1833.

I do hereby certify that Ma-ka-tai-mo-he-kia-kiak, or Black Hawk, did call upon me, on his return to his people, in August last, and express a great desire to have a history of his life written and published, in order (as he said), "that the people of the United States, (among whom he had been traveling and by whom he had been treated with great respect, friendship and hospitality,) might know the *causes* that had impelled him to act as he had done, and the *principles* by which he was governed." In accordance with his request, I acted as interpreter; and was particularly cautious to understand distinctly the narrative of Black Hawk throughout—and have examined the work carefully since its completion—and have no hesitation in pronouncing it strictly correct, in all its particulars.

Given under my hand, at the Sac and Fox Agency, the day and date above written.

ANTONIE LE CLAIR,
U. S. Interpreter for the Sacs and Foxes.

Then follows an advertisment in which I made the following statements:

"Several accounts of the late war having been published, in which he thinks justice is not done to himself or nation, he determined to make known to the world the injuries his people have received from the whites—the causes which brought on the war on the part of his nation, and a general history of it throughout the campaign. In his opinion, this is the only method now left him to rescue his little band—the remnant of those who fought bravely with him—from the effects of the statements that have already gone forth.

"The editor has written this work according to the dictation of Black Hawk, through the United States Interpreter, at the Sac and Fox Agency of Rock Island. He does not, therefore, consider himself responsible for any of the facts, or views, contained in it—and leaves the old chief and his story with the public."

The charge against Col. Davenport we will dispose of by extracts from Black Hawk's own statements:

"The trader (Col. Davenport) explained to me the terms of the treaty that had been made, and said we would be obliged to leave the Illinois side of the Mississippi, and advised us to select a good place for our village, and remove to it in the spring. He had great influence with the principal Fox chief, (his adopted brother,) and persuaded him to leave his village and go to the west side of the Mississippi River, and build another—which he did in the spring following."—Pp. 84 and 85.

"We learned during the winter, that part of the lands where our village stood had been sold to individuals, and that the trader (Col. Davenport) at Rock Island, had bought the greater part that had been sold. The reason was now plain to me, why he urged us to remove. His object, we thought, was to get our lands. We held several councils that winter to determine what we should do, and resolved, in one of them, to return to our village in the spring, as usual; and concluded, that if we were removed by force, that the trader, agent, and others, must be the cause; and that, if found guilty of having

us driven from our village, they should be killed. The trader stood foremost on the list. He had purchased the land on which my lodge stood, and that of our grave-yard also! Ne-a-pope promised to kill him, the agent, interpreter, the great chief at St. Louis, the war chief at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, and Ke-o-kuk—these being the principal persons to blame for endeavoring to remove us."—Pages 92–3.

Now, although the taunt upon honest labor—upon a calling honored by the title of the "art preservative of art"—upon an avocation which is instrumental in giving fame to the author of that History—upon an art patronized by Benjamin Franklin, and many equally as illustrious men as Governor Ford, (the taunt implied in the use of the word printer,) comes with ill-grace from one occupying the position he did, we will let it pass, and charitably hope that the Governor never saw the book. He may have heard it spoken of by others, and forgotten what we told him respecting it, and thus been led to make statements which every page of the book stamps as unfair, untrue and unjust.

It is not uncommon for great heroes to have a desire that their military achievements should occupy a page in the current history of the times: Gov. Ford's great object in preparing his "History of Illinois" was to vindicate himself from censure that had been cast upon him by a portion of the press and the people of Illinois, for the course he pursued with regard to the difficulties during the Mormon war. So with Black Hawk. That the brief remnant of his days might be passed in the satisfaction of having shown to his white brethren that he deemed his cause just, he gave them the history of the motives that impelled him to take up arms against them. I make no apology for instituting this comparison. Black Hawk, although an untutored savage, was free from social vices which (learned from the white man) have swept so many of his race from the stage of action—he was just—he was generous—he was brave. Could Gov. Ford, with all the advantages of civilization, have been more a man than his dusky brother.

J. B. Patterson.

Death of Black Hawk

Willard Barrows wrote to the Davenport *Gazette,* in 1859, the following account of the death and burial of the noted Indian Chief, Black Hawk:

The varied accounts of the death and burial of Black Hawk are such as to induce the author to say, that he was not "buried in a sitting posture *in* the banks of the Des Moines River, where he could see the canoes of his tribe as they passed to the good hunting grounds," as was stated in some accounts at the time of his death. Neither was he buried as Schoolcraft says, (Vol. 6, *History of the Indian Tribes*, p. 454,) "with all the rights of sepulture which are only bestowed upon their most distinguished men," and that "they buried him in his war dress in a sitting posture on an eminence, and covered him with a mound of earth." He sickened and died near Iowaville, the site of his old town, on the Des Moines River, in Wapello county, in this State, on the 3d day of October, 1838, and was buried hard by, like Wapello, another chief of his tribe, after the fashion of the whites. His grave was some 40 rods from the river, at the upper end of the little prairie bottom where he lived. While performing the public surveys of this district in 1843, one of my section lines ran directly across the remains of the old wigwam in which this great warrior closed his earthly career, which I marked upon my map, and from his grave took bearings to suitable land marks; recorded them in my regular field notes, and transmitted them to the Surveyor General. Black Hawk's war club was then standing at the head of his grave, having often been renewed with paint and wampum, after the fashion of his tribe. At a later period it is said that a certain Dr. ——, of Warsaw, Ill., disinterred the body and took the bones to Warsaw. Gov. Chambers learning this, required their return to him, when they were placed in the hall of the Historical Society at Burlington, and finally consumed with the rest of the Society's valuable collection.

Winnebagoes and the Black Hawk War

The following article, from the Washington *Constitution,* of April 17, 1859, contains some interesting facts, worthy of preservation, relative to the part acted by the Winnebagoes in opposing Black Hawk and his followers during the border hostilities of 1832:

The Winnebagoes consist of about 2,000 men, women and children, of whom very favorable accounts have usually been received for several years past. In the last annual report of the agent, Mr. Charles E. Mix, they are described as "uniformly peaceable and inoffensive." But two or three instances of drunkenness had of late been known among them; and in these—whatever may be thought of such rules in more enlightened communities—the white venders of the "fire-drink" were promptly and justly punished by the imposition of heavy fines. The agent states further, that these Indians have applied themselves with earnestness to the pursuits of agriculture, the necessity of which they have been made to feel most keenly by the almost total disappearance of the buffalo and other profitable game from their prairies and forests. Model farms have been established by the agency; farming implements have been provided for the Indians; manual-labor schools are conducted for the benefit of their children; and in every respect the true welfare of the tribe is sought to be promoted by the United States Government, and not without gratifying evidences of success.

The delegation of that tribe who have just visited Washington, endeavored to establish the claims of a number of their warriors to bounty land for military services rendered to our Government. These claims have been presented heretofore; but the absence of the company rolls, and all other recorded evidence, have presented obstacles apparently insurmountable. Conscious of their right, however, these men persist in their

demands, and appear determined to rest them on the equity of their cause. On the 2d inst. they held a highly interesting "talk" upon the subject with Charles E. Mix, Esq., Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at the Department of the Interior, Gen. Lowry acting as Interpreter, assisted by Peter Menaige.

Wah-con De-cor-ah, the chief, and ancient orator of the tribe, aged about 84 years, said the story he was about to tell would be partly about himself; but he would try and not be too fond of it, nor make it too long. When he was a young man his village was near to Prairie Du Chien, and the white men came and built a village near. They were quiet in their villages, when the news came that the Sacs and the Foxes were at war with the whites—that a battle had been fought and a great many killed; and soon they heard that another battle had been fought and a great many whites had been killed. He had no friendship for the Red Men who had done these things, for he was then mourning for a member of his family whom they had slain. The agent and one of the white soldier-fathers then talked to him about these troubles. He had white blood in his veins, and listened with pleasure. The soldier father gave him a flag of the United States, and a military dress, and told him the words of the Great Father at Washington, who wished him and his people to dig up the tomahawk, and use it against the Sacs, side by side with the white soldiers. He went from that council to his village, called his young men around him, and started on the trail of the enemy. When he had got near to where Governor Dodge was, he encamped, and sent word to the Governor, who soon came with forty soldiers, and placed them among the Indians. With these they overtook their enemies and fought them, but lost twelve men in the battle. The Winnebagoes followed Gov. Dodge on the trail until the battle of Bad Axe, when they were in the thickest of the fight. Afterwards Gov. Dodge sent word that he had whipped the Sacs and Foxes, and wished the Winnebagoes to whip all who should attempt to cross the river; which they did, killing many of them. The Winnebagoes were all summer on the war trail. Their crops were neglected,

and they suffered much. The Sacs wasted the crops as they retreated over the fields, and this made the Winnebagoes fight the harder for their Great Father. They delivered to Gen. Atkinson and Gov. Dodge more prisoners than these officers could take care of, and they were therefore sent to Rock Island.

The Winnebagoes were then told by Gov. Dodge that their Great Father wanted the big warriors taken—such men as Black Hawk and the Prophet—and they soon heard that Black Hawk and his men were on Keesick River, near Fort Winnebago. The Prophet was taken by the whites; but Black Hawk was taken by the Winnebagoes. Nee-no-hum-pee-kan was the man who did it. The war was then over; their crops had all been destroyed; and so they went back to the Fort, and received flour and other things to live upon.

When the Winnebagoes were going down with their prisoners, they met Gov. Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, at St. Louis, who accompanied them to Rock Island, saying that he was much pleased at what they had done, and that they would be rewarded by their Great Father. They also saw General Scott at Rock Island. He drew his sword and put it back into its scabbard, saying he had no use for it; his red brethren had made it of no use. He said their Great Father had heard of what had been done—"had heard of *me*," said the old chief; and Gen. Scott thanked the Winnebagoes in Gov. Dodge's name for the help they had given in the war. He said our Great Father always gave money and land to his own soldiers, and he would tell him of the services of the Winnebagoes, and he would then treat them in the same way; and the Winnebagoes have always believed this. Their Great Father after whipping the Sacs and Foxes, made peace with them; but there was no peace made between them and the Sacs and Foxes. The Sacs hated the Winnebagoes for helping their Great Father, and when peace was made with the whites, they struck at the Winnebagoes, first at the family of the speaker. When he was away from home, they stole upon his lodge, and killed his wife and children! For ten years the Sacs and Foxes struck at the Winnebagoes with their war parties, and

at Red Cedars they killed men, women and children, and destroyed all they could. This all came because the Winnebagoes had listened to the words of their Great Father, but the old chief thought the Commissioner must have something about these things in the papers of his office. He could not name the officer with whom he and his party had left Prairie Du Chien. He had between thirty and forty warriors with him then. His brother, who is still living, left Prairie La Crosse with more than sixty warriors.

The Prophet said there were many Winnebagoes in that war, and that some of them have left children who are now poor. The old man had told the truth. The Prophet was then very young, but was with the old chief in that war. Other tribes, which he named, had done little or nothing, yet they had been paid. The Winnebagoes did not ask to be paid for all their losses and sufferings, but thought the promise made to them should be performed.

The Commissioner explained that the names of the other Indians in the service of the United States had been sent to the War Department, and that this was the reason why they had been rewarded; but the old chief replied that all Gov. Dodge's papers had been burned up at Fort Winnebago. The Winnebagoes had served three months, and had received nothing except some captured horses Gen. Scott had turned over to them.

Little Hill arose and declared the words spoken to be all true. His uncle had, in the battle of the Bad Axe, killed one of the Sacs, and turned his scalp over his eyes. Others now here could tell the names of the warriors who fought with Gov. Dodge. Little Hill had not reached the field until the battle was over; but Gov. Dodge was pleased with the bravery of the Winnebagoes, and thanked them. None of their names are forgotten. The man who took Black Hawk was a relation of Little Hill, and ever since has been called Black Hawk. Little Hill's brother was killed in that war. The Winnebagoes had lost a hundred scalps in it.*

The Commissioners finally promised to cause a search to be made for documentary evidence in their favor.

* This must be an exaggeration or an error.

Sioux and the Black Hawk War

[The substance of a talk held at Prairie Du Chien, the 22d of June, 1832, by Gen. Street, Indian Agent, with the Sioux, who turned back, after starting with Col. Hamilton to join the army commanded by Gen. H. Atkinson. From the *Illinois Galenian*, of July 11, 1832.]

Gen. Street:—I wish to know why you have left the army? Heretofore, under the instructions of your Great Father the President, I have endeavored to keep the peace between all his red children. When your friends were killed by the Sacs and Foxes, I advised you not to revenge; your Great Father would see justice done. That all the Indians were alike under his protection; who, as Father of all, desired to see them live in peace and harmony. The Sacs and Foxes had behaved bad; they had killed several Indians of different nations; but the President was desirous to keep peace, and urged them to wait, and he would have justice done. He wished to show the Indians how much better and happier they would be, if they would live in peace as brothers, than in a state of war, one revenging his friend to day, and the other retaliating the next. This would be an endless war, where the nations could feel no security. Your Great Father wanted to learn you to seek *justice,* and not *revenge.* When a murder was committed, to give up the murderer, and let him be punished as an example to deter other Indians from like offenses.

Your Great Father feels towards his red children as you feel towards yours. He does not want to kill, but reclaim them, and make them good. When they err, and are bad, he chastises them; and if they can be, he will make them good. But when you revenge, the innocent are killed more frequently than the guilty. You make no distinction between virtue and crime, the good and the bad. This is not right. And

your Father wants to save you from the horrors attending upon retaliation, unite you in love, and restrain you from retaliation or revenge.

This is the reason I was directed to restrain you from war, that he might interpose and bring about a lasting peace between all his red children. If this was once the case, you would be much happier, and in security. Now you are in danger when you lie down at night, of being murdered before the morning, or rising to see your families butchered around you. As yet, the unruly and vengeful passions of the Indians have defeated these humane intentions from affecting the desired object, and saving the effusion of blood amongst his red children. Still your Great Father has forborne to use force, until the Sacs and Foxes have dared to kill some of his white children. He will now forbear no longer. He has tried to reclaim them, and they grow worse. He is resolved to sweep them from the face of the earth. They shall no longer trouble his children. If they cannot be made good, they must be killed. They are now separated from their friends and country and he does not intend to let one return, to trouble him again. And he directed me no longer to restrain you from war. And I said, go and be revenged of the murderers of your friends, if you wish it. If you desire revenge, you have permission to take it. I will furnish you arms, ammunition and provisions, and here is the man who is sent to conduct you to the enemy. Follow him, (Col. Hamilton)* and he will lead you to the murderers of the Winnebagoes, the Monomonees, and the Sioux. With one accord, you desired to go to war, and appeared bent on *full satisfaction* for your accumulated wrongs and injuries. You raised the war-song, and were borne on your way upon the bosom of the Father of waters, under the conduct of Colonel Hamilton. He led you into the country infested by the Sacs and Foxes, and when in striking distance of your enemy, you mangled the dead bodies of eleven Sacs killed by the warriors of your Great Father the day before your arrival, and you turned about, and came back to this place.

*Col. W. S. Hamilton, of Wisconsin, son of the celebrated Alexander Hamilton.

You have neither seen, nor made an effort to see, the Sacs and Foxes. After coming 2 or 300 miles to revenge your murdered friends and relations, and the murderers are before you, you turn and come home without striking a blow. Why is this? To me your conduct is strange. I cannot comprehend it, and want you to explain the reasons that have influenced you to so disgraceful a course. Your own, and the reputation of your nation are at stake. Consider what you have done, and what you now ought to do, to redeem the honor of your tribe. Answer me truly; why have you returned? and what do you intend to do?

The Sioux chief Lark (a half Winnebago) said:

"My Father, we had a little piece of land over there (pointing west of the Mississippi) which we wanted to keep for hunting; but you gave us a great deal of trouble about it. We live by our Father there, (pointing to Mr. Rolette, the trader,) and he told us he wanted rats, and not scalps.* The Sacs and Foxes would not let us hunt on this land, and killed our people. You told us to let them alone, and leave it to our Great Father, and he would settle the quarrel. We wanted to go to war, but you would not let us. And now the land is not ours, and what did we get for it?

The Sacs and Foxes have now begun to kill white people, and you say, go to war, and take your revenge. We came to do so, and you sent us with a little man (Col. Hamilton) and said he will conduct you to a great Chief, who has many men, and some on horses; he will shew you the Sacs and Foxes. We followed him a great way over large wagon roads that were very hard, and our moccasins are worn out, and our feet sore; we can walk no further. Yet we have seen but very few men and horses. The people were not there. We saw desolated houses, and some places where houses had been burned, and white people killed and left, but no large body of people to help us fight. We were led to a fort, (Fort Hamilton) where there were not many people, and we had starved until we were tired—we did not want to go any further. We have seen

* Probably meaning *muskrat* and other skins.

no large army as you said we would. .The man (Col. Hamilton) whom you sent with us did not use us well, and we turned and came back to you.

Father!—We saw a man with much beard, (General Dodge) who had killed eleven Sacs—he is a brave man, and there are brave men along with him; but they are very few. The Sacs and Foxes have killed a great many white men, and are still killing them. More than a hundred have been killed already.

Gen. Street:—You have not answered the principal inquiry I made of you. What brought you back, and do you mean to return? If you are tired, some can ride, as these white men (Capts. Estes and Jones) are going to take horses for Gen. Dodge. He will shew you the large army I told you was on Rock river. You did not go far enough to see it. The white people that have been killed are less than your fears suggest.

It was not that your Great Father wanted help from you, that I told you to go to war. It was to give you an opportunity to revenge your slaughtered friends. Your Father has penned those Indians up, and he means to kill them all; and had you remained, you would have seen how his white children rush upon, and kill their enemies. He does not ask you to help him; but if you want revenge, go and take it. This is what I said to you. And I now repeat it—if you want to kill the murderers of your friends and families, go now and do it; for your Great Father has devoted these Indians to death. He cannot reclaim, and he will kill them.

What I said, was to explain to you how you came to go down, and remind you of your great anxiety to go against the Sacs and Foxes. I do not mean to take any notice of any part of what you have said, except what relates to this business. I want a direct answer. What brought you back, and what do you intend to do?

Lark:—Our feet are sore and our moccasins worn out; we want to see our families. We have come thus far, and I think shall continue on home. Six of our people have remained with the little man (Col. Hamilton); some went by Galena for our canoes; three of those who went to Galena have just

arrived. They say the white people will not let them have the canoes, and have detained the rest of the Indians.

Father!—We want you to write to the white people, to let our friends come back and give us our canoes.

Gen. Street:—When I first sent to you, I thought you were men, and wanted to revenge your murdered friends. You had complained of the Sacs and Foxes murdering your friends, and being prevented by me from retaliating; and I was willing to give you an opportunity to take your revenge. I gave you liberty to go, and shewed you a man to conduct you. I put arms in your hands, and gave you provisions and ammunition, and you have gone within striking distance, and come back, and say you are on your way home.

Your story is not true. These gentlemen, who sit by me, are some of Gen. Dodge's men; they were at the place when you arrived, and came down since you left. You were kindly treated and provisions were plenty and were issued to you freely. They also add that you said you came to get new moccasins, and would return in a few days. Your complaints are untrue; they are made to excuse your coming. You have not hearts to look at the Indians who murdered your friends and families. Go home to your squaws, and hoe corn—you are not fit to go to war. You have not courage to revenge your wrongs.

Yesterday one of you gave me his left hand and said, "my other hand is stained with the blood of the Sacs and Foxes." It was untrue; yours was a bloodless campaign. Some of you may have mangled the dead bodies of Sacs killed by Gen. Dodge and the brave men with him, (who know how to kill Indians,) the day before you reached the army. You have not seen, or endeavored to see, a live Sac or Fox.

Your Great Father gives you some flour and pork to eat—you have no stomachs for war. Go home to your squaws, and hoe corn, and never again trouble your Great Father with your anxiety to go to war. Take your canoes and clear yourselves.

Note.—In justice to Mr. Rolette, the trader alluded to by the Indians, he immediately explained to me, that he did use such language to the Indians; but it was several months previous, when he knew I was endeavoring to prevent the Indians from going to war. J. M. S.

Personal Narratives of Black Hawk War

By Col. Joseph Dickson*

My parents were natives of Pennsylvania, and emigrated to, and settled in St. Clair county, Illinois, in the year 1802, where I was born, January 28th, 1805. That county was then a frontier region, and but sparsely inhabited, except a small district of country on the American Bottom, settled mostly by French people.

In the year 1818 my father and family moved to within nine miles of where Springfield, the present capital of the State was afterwards located, where I assisted my father in building the first white man's log cabin in Sangamon county, where I remained until the spring of 1827, when I emigrated, with many other young adventurers to what was then called the Fevre River Lead Mines, making the journey from Keokuk, on the Lower Mississippi Rapids, on foot through an entirely uninhabited wilderness, packing my provisions and blankets, in the month of March. I spent the first summer in mining, until the 15th of August, when I commenced improving a farm one and a half miles south of where Platteville is now situated. The next spring I plowed up twenty acres of prairie land, and planted and raised a crop of corn that season, which I think was the first field of corn raised in what is now Grant county. I continued to carry on farming until the spring of 1832, when I exchanged it for mining.

The Black Hawk war commenced in the month of May, when on the first intelligence of hostilities by the Indians, I joined a mounted company of volunteers raised at Platteville. At the organization, I was elected Orderly Sergeant in John H. Rountree's company; and in that capacity I served one month, when, in consequence of the absence of the Captain, I was

* Of Grant County.

chosen to command the company, and thus served about one month. Then, by the order of Colonel Dodge, I took command of a spy company, and continued in that capacity, in front of the army, during the chases to Rock River, Fort Winnebago, and to the Wisconsin Heights; and at the latter place I, with my spy company, commenced the attack on a band of Indians who were kept in the rear of the retreating Indian army, and chased them to the main body of Indians, when we were fired at several times, but without injury, and I returned to the advancing army without loss or injury to my command.

After the battle of the Wisconsin Heights, and the army was supplied with provisions, we again pursued the Indian trail, and I took the lead with my company and followed to the Bad Axe River, by command of Gen. Atkinson. At the Bad Axe, I discovered, the evening before the battle, the trail of Black Hawk with a party of about forty Indians, who had left the main trail, and gone up the river; which fact I reported to the commanding General. On the next morning, my company encountered and engaged a company of Indians at a place near to where I had the evening before discovered the trail of Black Hawk and his party. During the battle that ensued, my command killed fourteen Indians, and after a short time, say an hour's engagement, General Dodge with his force, and General Atkinson with his regular army, arrived at the place where I had engaged this party consisting of about forty Indians; and about the time of their arrival, we had killed and dispersed the whole party. The main body of the enemy had gone down the river, after they had entered on the River Bottom. I pursued with my command, passing General Henry's brigade formed on the Mississippi Bottom; I crossed the Slough, and engaged a squad of Indians, who were making preparations to cross the River; after which we were fired upon, and returned the fire of several bands of squads of Indians, before the army arrived. I and several of my men were wounded before the other troops came up.

After the battle was over, I was taken with others on board

of a steamer, which came along soon after, to Prairie Du Chien, where I was properly cared for, and my wounds received suitable attention. Since which, I have spent a short period in Illinois, and the balance of the time to the present I have devoted myself to agricultural pursuits on my farm, four miles south-west of Platteville.

GRANT COUNTY, 1855.

By W. Davidson[1]

In the spring of 1828, I arrived at Galena, situated on what was then called Fevre river—the Indian name of which was then said to be Ope-a Se-pee. At that time Galena was submerged by the river, and presented rather a dull prospect; but thinking of an old adage, "keep a stiff lip and a light toe nail, and you may come out yet;" and so I have—at the middle of the horn. I then became acquainted with a few men in Galena, who afterwards proved to be friends indeed. After looking round a few days and making many enquiries, Yankee-like I commenced digging at Scrabble—since called Hazel Green. I started a prospect hole, expecting to find a mineral lode in a few days; but I found out that success was not so much in hard labor, as in good luck; and being a stranger, if I discovered a lode, the country was then staked off in what was called mineral lots, agreeable to the mining regulations, I would either have to fight my way through fifty claimants, or be swindled out of my prospect.

After a few months labor in that way, and finding nothing, I started to view what was then called Sugar Creek Diggings. T. D. Potts had then made what was considered a valuable discovery; but I thought differently, and so it turned out. The first night on our journey, we reached Col. W. S. Hamilton's Diggings; he had made a valuable discovery; it is now Wiota—so named by the Colonel himself. We then started for the Blue Mounds, and spent the night with Col. E. Brigham; he had made what was then considered, as it has since

[1] Of Grant County.

proved to be, a valuable discovery. He treated us very kindly, and told us "our hats were chalked." We then went to what was called the Cole, Downing and Dudley Diggings, then supposed to be proven for four million pounds of mineral, but they did not turn off more than half that amount. Mineral was then low in price. We then went to John Messersmith's Diggings; his prospect was fine. We got there the best dinner I had met with in the country. At that time, owing to the low price of mineral, and living some distance from market, and having a large family to provide for, Mr. Messersmith was only able to secure a comfortable support for his family. Times have since changed, the old man and his boys persevered, and have been well repaid for their enterprise. We next went on to the Dodgeville Diggings, and there found a town, as it was then called, with five or six cabins, and in three of them "rot gut" whisky and poor tobacco were sold; since then quite a village has grown into existence there.

We then journied to what is called Mineral Point, which then went by the name of Little Shake Rag. After looking round the various diggings, I returned to Scrabble, and moved my provisions, tools and furniture, consisting of blankets, spider, frying pan, &c., into the neighborhood of Little Shake Rag. I found that neighborhood staked off; and after spending three weeks or a month, and not getting permission to dig where I wished, I pulled up stakes and moved off. My next mining was in the neighborhood of the old Buck *lead,* near Galena; but meeting with the same luck as formerly, I moved into the vicinity of the Finney patch, which was discovered in the fall of 1828 by men of the name of Clark, who sold to Finney four-fifths, and to one Williams the other fifth. Finney afterwards swindled the men out of some two hundred and fifty dollars he was to have paid them in July, 1830. I struck a vein of mineral that yielded ninety-seven thousand pounds, and paid one-third for ground rent. This was the custom when you dug on a lot where mineral had been raised and sold. Part of that mineral I sold at seven dollars; the next spring I sold the last fifty thousand at twelve dollars per

thousand. The next fall we struck a vein that turned off six hundred thousand of mineral that brought eighteen dollars per thousand; and in the spring of 1839, I struck another vein, south of the second, that turned out four hundred and five thousand. The range altogether produced over two millions of mineral. The old Finney patch turned off two millions more, and good diggings there still.

In May, 1832, I bought a horse and rigging, and rode as a volunteer, serving in Dodge's squadron, during the Black Hawk war. During that campaign I saw more of human nature, than I had before in several years. We had many difficulties to encounter, of which a majority of the present population can form but a faint conception. But to return to my occupation: I have done what no other man has done in these mines—I have worked on one mineral lot for seventeen years, and worked in the ground all that time; blasting occasionally, winter and summer, and never used an air pipe. I have been well paid for my labor; having toiled late and early—no eight hours have answered me for a day's work. After the sales of the reserved land, I moved to my present residence to watch my timber, and dig mineral in the winter; and I think I have made a valuable discovery. Unless some unforeseen occurrence should take place, I expect to end my days in Wisconsin.

I am, like friend Brigham,* enjoying the blessing of celibacy, and expect to continue to do so; I have never asked the State or general Government for any office, and never asked the people but once for such a favor, and then my health was delicate. Just at the turn of life, I was afflicted with that awful disease called the confluent Small Pox. I was known to be an industrious, persevering man, and therefore had but few friends. Every man that offered, no difference whether he was a dead-fall keeper, block-head, pick-pocket, or a robber of the penitentiary out of three years service, had friends. The

* Col. Ebenezer Brigham was born in Shrewsbury, Massachuetts, April 28, 1789; came to Wisconsin in June, 1827, and became the first permanent white settler in what is now Dane County. He was a member of the Territorial Council from 1836 to 1841, and a member of the Assembly in 1848. He died in Madison, Sept. 14, 1861. L. C. D.

election returns of 1844 will show the result. Since that time, I have had solicitations from those that would like me to consider them my friends to come before the people; but my answer has invariably been, that I have known men to gain a competence by minding their own business.

I have seen some ups and downs in this country within the last twenty-seven years; but I have never yet known what it was to want a friend in need. Some of the turns of life have been for the better, and some I think have resulted differently. I never was known to desert a friend in poverty or affliction, nor crave any favors of my enemies. With the blessings of Providence, I hope to sustain the character of an industrious, persevering candidate for heaven, and I hope to be able to dig my own potatoes, and hoe my own cabbage, as I always have done, and ask no favors beyond common civility.

Palo Alto, Grant Co., Aug. 31, 1855.

REPORT AND COLLECTIONS

OF THE

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF WISCONSIN.

VOL. V. FOR THE YEAR 1869. PART III.

Early History of Education in Wisconsin

[Presented before the State Historical Society by Hon. W. C. Whitford, President of Milton College, in the Assembly Hall, Madison, Thursday evening, February 20, 1868.]

Three distinct movements are noticed in the history of the settlement of our State, and, with each of these, independent and peculiar systems of education were introduced. The first movement is connected with the labors of the French missionaries among the Indian tribes; the second, with the discovery and the first working of the Lead Mines, and the third, with what is termed the "Western fever," which prevailed extensively in the Eastern States, just after the Black Hawk war.

French Missionaries and Traders

The French had acquired a foothold in Canada, and were establishing missionary stations on the St. Lawrence, along the Lakes, and down the Mississippi, while the English and the Dutch were forming their colonies on the Atlantic coast. The French Jesuits united the love of adventure and the desire to extend their national domain, with their devotion to the cross,

as they traversed broad regions, and settled among the savages of the country.

Before the Pilgrim fathers had opened a college in New England, the Jesuits had founded one at Quebec, and endowed it with an ample fortune. While Massachusetts was laying the basis of the Harvard University, and before she had adopted any system of public schools, Father Nicolet visited Green Bay in this State, observed closely the character of the inhabitants, and bore back to Canada and France an account of his treaty with four or five thousand Indians, assembled on the Fox River. He was followed by heroic and self-denying disciples of Loyola, such as Mesnard, Allouez and Marquette, who explored, two hundred years ago, the southern and the western shores of Lakes Superior and Michigan, discovered our rivers and called them by their euphonious Indian names. Next came adventurers and traders, with no religious zeal, but in quest of fame and riches; and they by scores and by hundreds traveled over the State and the sections adjacent.

At La Pointe, on Lake Superior, the cross was erected by Mesnard, in 1660; but a permanent missionary station was never formed, though Allouez labored there afterwards four years among the Chippewas. It became subsequently a French trading post. At Green Bay, Allouez opened, in 1669, his chapel and mission house to the natives for instruction. This became the most important station west of Lake Michigan—being the center of all operations in this State and farther South. Joliet, an envoy of France, and Marquette, the missionary, stopped at this place, in 1673, while on their voyage of discovering the Upper Mississippi. La Salle was here, in 1681, to traffic for some materials to aid him in descending the Mississippi River, when he connected its northern discovery with its southern by De Soto, and planted the arms of France at its mouth, and named the whole valley of the Mississippi Louisiana. Here trading expeditions were sent out in bark canoes in every direction; and here vessels were loaded, over a century ago, with valuable furs for the foreign market. Here an influence was exerted over the tribes of the State,

which were led to engage in the French and Indian war upon the English Colonies; and here resided, at the time, De Langlade, the active leader of the Indian forces which harrassed the British settlements and forts on the frontier, and participated in the battle at Braddock's defeat. Prairie Du Chien, the third French post, was selected as a place for trade, as early as 1730, by Cardinell, a hunter and trapper; and it is stated that it became early, also, a missionary station.

From 1763 to 1816, the British Government held virtual possession of our State. On the surrender of the French Provinces, English troops were garrisoned at Green Bay; but they soon left. Afterwards a post was re-established there; and British soldiers were stationed, for a short time, at Prairie Du Chien. Notwithstanding the French sovereignty had been withdrawn from the Northwest, and the power of Great Britain ruled in its stead, the French traders and settlers resided and operated as usual in the State. They added to their old trading posts, those at Sheboygan, Manitowoc, Milwaukee, Fond Du Lac, Oshkosh, Portage, some new settlements near Green Bay, and a few smaller ones in other portions of the State.

No French Mission Schools

No evidence can be found that the Jesuits ever opened a mission school in Wisconsin before the American troops took posssession of Fort Howard, at Green Bay, in 1816; neither did the French traders and settlers seek to enjoy within our limits the advantages of any organized school. Although the mission on Fox River occupies so important a position in the first annals of the country, and it was in constant connection with the most powerful tribes, and possessed a chapel and dwelling house, it was far behind Kaskaskia, the earliest European settlement in Illinois, and the center of the French efforts at colonization in that region; and, also, behind Mackinaw, at the entrance to Lake Michigan. In both places, what were termed colleges, were maintained a few years for the instruction of Indian converts. It is believed that religious teaching was furnished at our stations to the extent of cate-

chising the proselytes, having them learn to sing canticles, and enjoy the imposing ceremonies of the Catholic Church.

Few First Settlers Lducated

Some of the French settlers were men of fair culture; and up to the year 1827, a few of the most intelligent and wealthy families sent their children to Quebec, Montreal, Detroit and St. Louis, to acquire an English and French education. It is related that the pure Parisian French was spoken by the best informed. Augustin De Langlade, and his son Charles, to whom reference has already been made, formed, in 1745, the first permanent settlement in the State at Green Bay. The father was educated in France, and the son by the missionaries at Mackinaw. A member of Charles De Langlade's family, and one from the Grignon family were sent to the Seminary at Montreal. James Porlier became a resident at Green Bay, after he had been trained for the priesthood—a position he never filled. Judge Reaume, an eccentric person, of the same place, learned to read and write in Canada, before he emigrated. A Mr. Caddott early founded a settlement at La Pointe, and educated his sons at Montreal. At Prairie Du Chien there resided between 1780 and 1820, Nicholas Boilvin and Joseph Rolette, who became justices of the Court, and had been educated, the former for business, and the latter for the Catholic church; and there resided also, Michael Brisbois, Francis Bouthillier, and Jean Baptiste Farribault, all of whom had probably received some education. What schools they attended, has not been ascertained; but it is believed that they were educated somewhere in Canada.

First Schools in Families

In a few cases it seems that private instruction was given in the families of the French settlers. The first instance we have learned, and in fact the first school of any kind held in the State in all probability, was connected with the family of Pierre Grignon, who married a daughter of Charles De

Langlade, and lived at Green Bay. This was in 1791; and the children of Mr. Grignon, both sons and daughters, were taught the simple elements. Their teacher was James Porlier, whose name has already been mentioned, and who must be regarded, as far as we can gain any information, as the first school-master in the State. He did not give his entire attention to this business, for he was engaged in what was considered a more important and dignified occupation, that of clerking in his employer's store. The son of an enterprising business man, Porlier had received a good education in the Seminary at Montreal, which was designed to prepare young men for the Catholic priesthood, and emigrated to Green Bay, the same year he taught. He was of medium size, light complexion, a little bald, very mild, and invariably pleasant to all. He became a most useful man, was highly esteemed, and filled during the forty-eight years he resided in the State, the offices of Captain of the Militia, County Commissioner, Chief Justice of Brown county, and Judge of Probate.

In 1824, Joseph Rolette, a merchant at Prairie Du Chien, engaged a man by the name of Curtis,* a cashiered captain in the army, to take charge of a whisky distillery, which he thought of erecting; but the work on the building being delayed, and Mr. Curtis being therefore idle, Mr. Rolette kept him in the meantime employed as a teacher in his family,—a kind of business which, it is said, he was very well qualified to perform. In all probability other schools were formed earlier in some families at this place. A young lady, Miss Crawford, who was raised at Prairie Du Chien, obtained at home a good common education, and learned to speak English and French fluently. She assisted Mrs. J. H. Lockwood, in 1825, in teaching at her place the first Sunday-school in the State.

The descendants of some of the most intelligent French traders are now among our most respectable citizens; but a large majority of those living here before the advent of the

*Daniel Curtis entered the army, from Michigan Territory, as an ensign, in January, 1812, and promoted to Second Lieutenant in December following, and to a First Lieutenant in April, 1814, Adjutant of his regiment the same year, Captain in 1820, and dismissed from the Service in January, 1823. He must have served creditably during the war of 1812–'15, to have merited his successive promotions. L. C. D.

American population, were ignorant, opposed to the customs of civilization, indolent, readily associated with the Indians, and looked with positive suspicion and hatred upon the energetic and educated pioneers from the Eastern States, and all the institutions they introduced. We might give incidents, showing how they persistently annoyed the earliest school teachers, and the founders of the first schools in the State.

Schools Among Indians

We have already spoken of the early efforts of the French missionaries to maintain schools at Mackinaw and Kaskaskia for the instruction of the natives. Never have any class of laborers shown more humane, unselfish, and unflagging zeal to elevate and christianize the Indian race. The fur traders and their *attaches* partook, in some measure, of the same interest. On the contrary, the British Government, which held a sort of military sway in the State for over fifty years, made no exertion to civilize the Indians, but bent its energies to keep them in ignorance and barbarism and to thwart the influence of the missionaries, so that its fur trade companies might carry on a more lucrative traffic. The effect of the toil and the treatment by the Jesuits, of their language and their manners, is seen among these children of the forest after the lapse of two hundred years. French words with the pure accent are often heard in the lowliest wigwam; the courtly style of the refined missionary and of the polished trader has been rudely imitated in many a chieftain's council; and an unalterable attachment for their benefactors is felt in nearly every tribe which formerly dwelt within our borders. Never have any people had better opportunities for improving and saving them, if their utter destruction did not seem to be decreed.

The schools in Illinois, at the Straits of Mackinaw, and on the St. Lawrence, established between 1637 and 1721, were admirably adapted to the traits of the Indian converts. Their minds were captivated by the ceremonies of their religious festivals and almost daily mass. Supported largely by contri-

butions from abroad, there was scarcely any need, on their part, of toiling for their subsistence. In Canada they dwelt in a village of bark cabins; and in Illinois, in houses whose walls were a rude frame work, with the spaces between the posts and the studs filled with clay, both far better than their skin-covered huts. The boys were taught to read, write, chant, and work slightly at some trade; and the girls, in addition to reading and writing, learned to sew, knit and embroider. But these schools, on which so many hopes rested, gave no signs of success. Like them, the missionary efforts failed in the civilization of the barbarous tribes. Among the native Indians of our State, some of whose young people attended in all probability one or two of these schools, there is not found to-day in any dialect the single trace of a grammar, vocabulary, catechism or prayer book.

After our own Government had assumed the control of this section of the West, exertions were renewed by various religious bodies to educate and christianize the Indian population. In the employ of the Episcopal Missionary Society of this country, Rev. Eleazer Williams, who became afterwards somewhat famous as the pretended Dauphin of France, conceived the idea, in 1820, of colonizing at Green Bay the Six Nations of New York. In 1823, he started, in connection with the mission among the Indians, a school of fifty white and half-breed children, on the west side of Fox River, opposite Shanty Town. It was for several years under the charge of Hon. A. G. Ellis, now of Stevens' Point. In 1827, the Missionary Society determined to erect extensive buildings for a boarding school, in which they might educate "children of full or mixed Indian blood." Rev. Richard F. Cadle was selected to conduct the enterprise. He was a man of energy, culture, and christian worth; and he labored devotedly as a missionary and teacher at Green Bay and in its vicinity for five years, and became afterwards chaplain at Fort Howard, at that place, and at Fort Crawford, at Prairie Du Chien. The buildings which were erected for the school, were situated on a high plateau, overlooking the beautiful Fox River, and cost $9,000.

The principal edifice was 30 by 90 feet, and two stories high. Two wings were attached, one 20 by 30 feet; the other 20 by 80 feet. At first the school seemed decidedly successful. It was attended, in 1831, by 129 children, from ten different tribes. They were received between the ages of 4 and 14, and were taught habits of industry, a good English education, and the elements of the Christian Religion. Some of the time seven teachers were employed. Though large amounts of money were expended in sustaining the school, it gradually diminished in size, and in 1839, it closed its operations with only 36 pupils. Col. Whittlesey, who visited it in 1832, says, "the mission was very ably conducted; and in the examination of the school, though it exhibited the highest proofs of the perseverance and the benevolence of its conductors, there was left no room to doubt the entire failure of a school so dear to American philanthropists."

An incident is connected with the history of the school, which shows the native aversion of the Indian to culture and civilized life. In the time of the Black Hawk war, a party of the citizens of Green Bay and the Monomonee tribe, while out on a trip in search of the hostile Sauks and Foxes, in the center of the State, captured a small Indian girl; and taking her to Green Bay, they placed her in the mission school, where she remained about a year. She would not learn, and ate but little; and becoming feeble and emaciated, they had to remove her from the school, and send her back to her people, to save her life.

Near Green Bay, there was also opened a Catholic mission school in 1830, by Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli, an Italian priest. He was zealous, well educated, and talented, and had the care of the school for four years. The mission was aided by the Government, and out of the annuities of the Monomonee Indians.

In a treaty with the Winnebagoes in 1832, our Government agreed to maintain, for twenty-seven years, a school at or near Prairie Du Chien, for the education and the support of such Winnebago children as should be sent voluntarily to it, and to

be conducted by two or more teachers, at an annual cost not to exceed three thousand dollars. The school was started on the Yellow River, in Iowa, and kept there for nearly two years. It was afterwards moved to the Turkey River, in the same State, where suitable buildings were erected, and Rev. David Lowry, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, took charge of the school. It was not very successful, though Mr. Lowry, an enterprising and accomplished man, remained among the Winnebagoes as their agent until 1848. Evidence from every source, shows that the schools in this State, for the education of Indian children, or adults converted to the Christian faith, have disappointed the expectations of all laborers therein, the patient as well as the most enthusiastic. Says Shea, a Catholic historian, "the nineteenth century fails, as the seventeenth failed, in raising up priests among the Iroquois, or the Algonquin," in the Catholic schools.

Military Posts and their Schools

Green Bay and Prairie Du Chien were made military posts in 1816, and were each occupied by American troops. In the same year Fort Crawford was built at Prairie Du Chien, and in the year following, Fort Howard, at Green Bay. Fort Winnebago, near where Portage city now stands, was erected and supplied with a garrison in 1828. Several forts, block houses, and stockades were constructed subsequently to 1827, in the Mineral Region, for the protection of the lead miners, and during the Black Hawk war, in 1832. These were temporarily occupied by American soldiers, or the militia of the Territory.

"Settlers from the States," as they were then called, began to locate at Green Bay, soon after the Fort was erected there. "In 1820, the banks of the Fox River assumed a cheerful and cultivated appearance. Many new families were added to the old French settlements, and farms were commenced, villages located, and towns laid out and projected to an extent that gave promise of a future prosperity, which at this day has been verified." Green Bay had, in 1824, besides the garrison of United States troops, a population of whites and mixed bloods

to the number of six hundred. In 1816, at Prairie Du Chien, the second white settlement in importance, La Pointe being the third, there were only twenty-five or thirty houses, and these were occupied by French, Canadians and half-breeds. It is believed that no American resided there at the time. It contained, in 1830, two or three families from the Eastern States, among a population of some four hundred. Not till 1835 did the Americans, in any number, settle in that place. Some residents were found in the vicinity of Fort Winnebago, when the great tide of emigration from the East and the South had commenced, though for upwards of thirty years Canadian-French traders, and occasionally an American, had transacted business in carrying goods over the portage of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers.

At these principal forts were conducted what were called "post schools." They were under the direction of the commanders of the garrisons, and furnished instruction for the children of the officers, soldiers, and prominent citizens, living in the vicinity of the forts. Usually the chaplains had charge of the schools, though other persons were sometimes engaged. In 1817, a Sergeant by the name of Reeseden, a person of character and a good education, taught in the Fort, at Prairie Du Chien; and afterwards, for many years, other non-commissioned officers performed the same duty, being usually detailed for that work, and receiving fifteen cents per day above their regular army wages of $5.00 a month. The children of commissioned officers were usually sent abroad to be educated; those of the other officers and the common soldiers were instructed at the Fort. About the year 1824, when there were at Green Bay only six or eight American families among the citizens, and the same number belonging to the officers, a common English school was opened in connection with Fort Howard, and was taught by a discharged soldier, in a school house erected just outside the walls of the garrison. The school is mentioned as being in operation in 1832, and was taught from time to time, as long as the Fort was occupied by the United States troops. Rev. Mr. Cadle conducted the school

when he was chaplain of the Fort, after 1832. In 1836, he moved to Prairie Du Chien, and filled the same position at Fort Crawford for five years. Major John Green, commanding officer at Fort Winnebago, engaged, in 1835, Miss Eliza Haight, as governess in his family; and he allowed the children of other officers at the post to attend the private school; there were in all about a dozen pupils. In the spring of 1840, Rev. S. P. Keyes became both chaplain and school master of the Post, and taught about twenty children, some of them over twelve years of age. At this place there were no other prominent schools, until Portage City was incorporated in 1846.

Augustin Grignon, a resident of the State for over seventy years, says, "they had no early schools at Green Bay —none till after the coming of the American troops," in 1816. The inhabitants were too fond of gayety and amusements, and too much allied to the natives in spirit and habits, to originate so important an enterprise as a school. Col. Ebenezer Childs, who lived at Green Bay for twenty-five years, states that the first school-house in the place was built soon after the arrival of the first steam-boat at Green Bay. So the erection of the first school-house in the State, was in some way the outgrowth of the genius and energy which have revolutionized the modes of land and water communications in this century, and formed in a large degree the brains and the muscle of Western enterprise.

Nearly at the same time that the Episcopal mission was started, other schools for the accommodation of the citizens of Green Bay and vicinity, were opened. Hon. Henry S. Baird, a resident there since 1824, says, that in the year of his arrival a school was kept in a log school-house, about two miles from the city, by Daniel Curtis, who has already been spoken of as teaching at Prairie du Chien. He continued there for two years, and others taught in the same house for years after he left. About the year 1828, a log school house was built at Shanty Town, by subscription; and a young lady, Miss Caroline Russell, from the East, was engaged as teacher by

the American families, five in number, living in the neighborhood. Subsequently Miss Frances Sears taught in the same place. Both were well qualified to give instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar and geography, the only branches introduced. An ability to teach the last two studies was considered a high attainment; for almost up to that time, the only qualifications required of a common school teacher were to read, write and "cypher to the rule of three." The scholars were generally young, of both sexes, and mostly children of American parentage. The schools were supported by subscription, paid by the parents of the pupils. About the year 1833, a school was opened in the north ward of Green Bay, and was kept by Mr. William White, in a frame school-house, erected for that purpose. In addition to the common rudiments, Latin and a few of the higher English branches were taught. In 1832, a school was established at Depere, six miles up the Fox River, and the seat of the ancient French mission. Miss Sears is again spoken of as teaching at Green Bay, in 1836, in a frame school-house, 24 by 30 feet, and as having thirty-five pupils. A portion of the house, in which she taught is still standing, and is used as a dwelling.

At Prairie Du Chien, similar schools were opened. Sergeant Reeseden, who taught for a short time the post school at that place, had charge of a private school outside of the Fort for eight or nine months, in 1817; and a gentleman from Canada, by the name of Giason, taught after him in both the English and the French languages. Mr. Curtis, whom we have already mentioned, conducted a select school of 20 to 30 scholars, and succeeded in teaching the higher branches. In 1830 or 31, Judge Mills, of Grant county, conducted a private school. In 1832, a student of divinity and of the Cumberland Presbyterian sect, taught there for six months. In 1836, an infant school of 20 scholars was held by a Miss Kirby, from New York; and a select school of thirty scholars by some one else. These schools seem to have been taught in private dwellings. Between 1840 and 1850, a private school

was taught for several years by a discharged soldier of Napoleon's army, by the name of Henry Boyer. He is represented as teaching French successfully, and as conducting his school in an admirable manner.

Early Schools of Lead Region

We have already alluded to the discovery and the occupancy of the Lead District, as the second important movement in the settlement of the State. Some slight attempts to work portions of the Mines were made as early as 1822, but the hostility of the Indians living in that region prevented any further operations. They were exceedingly jealous of the Americans, whom they would not allow to examine their country. By 1827, an excitement in regard to the Mines, like the more recent gold fever, prevailed in certain portions of the States, East and South. Hundreds rushed to the district, which, in a short time, was computed to hold five thousand inhabitants. The miners came principally from the Central, Western and Southern States, invited and protected by the Government. Checked for a season by the alarm which grew out of what is called the "Winnebago War," and by the actual hostilities of the Black Hawk contest, five years after, the emigrants spread rapidly over the whole section; and when Wisconsin was made a Territory by itself, in 1836, the Lead Region had a very large majority of the population. Prominent villages were located and built up near valuable openings in the Mines, as Mineral Point, Platteville, Shullsburg, Dodgeville, Cassville, Gratiot's Grove, and others. Several of the most useful citizens of the State arrived with the miners. I might mention Gov. Dodge, whose messages subsequently showed that he took the liveliest interest in the establishment of public schools; Hon. John H. Rountree, recently a Senator from Grant County, and who aided materially in opening the first schools in the south-western part of the State, including Platteville Academy, now a State Normal School; Gen. Charles Bracken, who first introduced in the Territorial Legislature a bill to create a common school

fund; and Col. Daniel M. Parkinson, who was chairman of the Assembly committee which made the earliest inquiries into the expediency of establishing a common school system in the State.

At Mineral Point, in July, 1830, was built the first school house in the Mineral District of which we can gain any account. It was constructed of logs, and when not occupied by the school, it furnished also accommodations in its single room for a justices' court, and for religious meetings. In August of the year in which it was erected, a select school was opened in it by Mr. Henry Boyer, who taught afterwards, as we have already shown, at Prairie Du Chien. He remained there three terms, and charged the small children two dollars and a half for their tuition, and the larger ones three and a half. The house soon passed into the hands of the Presbyterian church, and another was put up in 1834, and a school was kept in it for a year, by the Rev. Mr. Campbell and his daughter, the first lady teacher of the place. In 1836 a school of fifty scholars was taught in the Methodist log meeting-house, probably by a Mr. Parker and his daughter.

The second school in the Mineral District was started at Platteville in the spring of 1834. A school house had been erected the year previous, west of where the village now stands. It was 18 by 20 or 22 feet, one story, and made of hewn logs, well put together. The school was supported by subscription, had twelve or fourteen pupils, and was taught by Samuel Huntington, an experienced school master. He seems to have been at the time an adventurer, and directed his attention and that of his scholars in hunting for veins of lead in the vicinity. The school was afterwards moved into the village, and was taught, in 1836, by Dr. A. T. Lacey, who had forty pupils.

Though prominent men in this district engaged subsequently with much earnestness in developing the common school interests of the State, yet the cause of education made feeble progress in the beginning among the miners. Their occupation did not tend toward building up schools; they migrated

from place to place, as old diggings failed, or as new ones were thought to be more profitable, and they held no title to the soil for several years. Besides, the population were largely from sections of our country where public schools had not been established, and generally they knew very little of their worth. Still they gradually came to feel the need of an education for their children; and by 1836 a few other private schools, supported as those we have mentioned, were probably established.

Settlers from Eastern States

The Black Hawk war was the source of inestimable advantage to the State, in directing public attention in the East to large portions of our Territory, unoccupied and but slightly explored. The glowing accounts of the rich country, published in the newspapers, and carried back by soldiers in the army to their friends, induced the speedy emigration to our borders of thousands and tens of thousands of intelligent, hardy and enterprising people from New England and the Middle States. Settlements were made along the Lake shore from 1834 up to 1837; and for the next four years, in the fertile Rock River Valley, around Winnebago Lake, and in the country between these and the shore of Lake Michigan. The financial revulsion of 1836, ruining hundreds of families, compelled them to seek new homes and build up new fortunes on our prairies and by the side of our waters. Subsequently, the tide of the incoming population flowed down the Wisconsin Valley and into the adjacent sections north, and lastly up the Mississippi River, and along the many streams which empty into it on the East; so that by 1850, the counties in the North-western part of the State were receiving their share of the settlers.

First Schools of Eastern Settlers

Wherever the families of the Jews anciently resided in the same neighborhood, they built a synagogue; and wherever even a less number of the Eastern emigrants settled together in the State, they started at once a school. They were carry-

ing out the inspirations of their former homes, and were laying with the eye of prophecy, the sure foundations of what Willliam Penn called a "glorious country," when he urged upon the British ministry, a century and a half ago, the advantages of extending the boundaries of their possessions westward into the Mississippi Valley.

In 1836, there were eight small private schools in the State, and two hundred and seventy-five pupils attending them, according to the statement of Rev. S. A. Dwinnell, of Reedsburg, an early pioneer. The population was estimated to be about 9,000, exclusive of the Indians. Besides the schools already mentioned, there were those at Kenosha, Milwaukee, and Sheboygan. The one at Kenosha was opened in December the year previous, by Rev. Jason Lothrop, a Baptist minister, and well educated, with about thirty scholars, in a log schoolhouse. The first frame house erected soon afterwards in the city was occupied by a school. The first school in Milwaukee was taught in the winter of 1835–'36, by David Worthington, now a Methodist minister, in a private room on East Water street, one block south of Wisconsin street. In the fall following, the first public school was organized by law in the bounds of the State, and the only one under the school laws of the Michigan Territory as such, was conducted by a gentleman by the name of West, in a framed school house, now used as a store, and standing in the Second Ward of the city, and known as No. 371, Third street. At Sheboygan, in the winter following, Mr. F. M. Rublee taught the first school in the county, in a private room, with only a few scholars. These schools except the one organized in Milwaukee, were supported by subscription.

We might proceed in the enumeration of instances, in which private and public schools were started in every village, and on nearly every two miles square of the settled territory, until you were weary in examining the particulars. We have noticed those presented above, because they were put into operation the first of any in the State; and because they show by what means, and at the suggestion of what ideas, these

fountains of our intelligence and culture originated. By further investigation you would find that some one or two individuals in every community, noted for their intelligence and public spirit, first made arrangements for gathering the children into a school, which was held in a private dwelling, or a rude log school house; that they selected for a teacher some person with a fair common school education, who had had some experience in pedagogy; and that they were guided in the choice of studies and text books to be introduced by what they had learned in connection with schools in the East, and by the needs of the scholars. Before any system of public schools was established, the teacher's salary was paid by subscription, which rated usually from two to three dollars a term per pupil. The schools were generally taught three months in the year; the scholars were active and intelligent, and had a special fondness for arithmetic. The wages paid the teachers were low, and scarcely was one ever induced to remain long at his useful, but unhonored toil.

System of Public Schools

Wisconsin was attached to Michigan Territory from 1818 to 1836; and from 1836 to 1848, it was a Territory for a short time in connection with Iowa, and afterwards by itself. Soon after the erection of its own Government, the school code of Michigan was adopted almost entire. Defective as it was, and modified in some of its provisions almost every year, it continued in force until the State was organized in 1848. Since it required nearly two years after the adoption of our Constitution, for our present system of public instruction to go into operation throughout the State, let us notice the beginning and the growth of this system in our legislative action from 1836 to 1850, when the first report of the State Superintendent was issued.

The protection of the lands donated to Wisconsin by the United States Government for school purposes, and the creation of a Common School Fund first called the attention of our

public men to the cause of education. The first resolution on school matters ever introduced into our Legislative Assembly, was at the session at Belmont, in 1836, and referred to the report of a bill to "prohibit persons from trespassing on the schools lands in this Territory by cutting and destroying timber." A memorial to Congress was adopted, requesting them to authorize the sale of the school section in each township, and appropriate the money arising toward creating a fund for the support of common schools.

At the second session, November 7, 1837, a bill was passed to "regulate the sale of school lands, and to provide for organizing, regulating and perfecting common schools." Like the statutes of Michigan, it enforced the formation of schools in every town. A law had been enacted in Michigan, in 1827, ten years before, requiring every town having over fifty families, to support by tax a common school; having one hundred families, two schools; having one hundred and fifty families, three schools; and so on. If this duty was neglected, the town was compelled to pay a fine in proportion to the number of the families living in it, and this fine was distributed among the poor districts of the county to aid in maintaining schools. But in Wisconsin, it was provided that as soon as twenty electors should reside in a surveyed township, in which was the school section, they should elect three Commissioners of common schools, who should hold their office three years, apply the proceeds of the leases of school lands to pay the wages of teachers in the township, lay off districts, and call school meetings. Each district should elect three Directors to hold their office one year; and they should locate school houses, hire teachers for at least three months in the year, and levy taxes for the support of schools. This tax was *pro rata* on the attendance of the pupils; and the children of persons unable to pay the tax, were kept in the school by a tax on all the inhabitants of the district. Five Inspectors, the third set of officers, were elected annually to examine schools and inspect teachers.

In 1839, this school law was revised. Every town with not less than ten families was required to become a school district, and provide a competent teacher; and with more than ten families, it was to be divided into two or more districts. The Inspectors should take charge of the school houses, lease and protect the school lands, and make returns of the number of scholars to the County Commissioners. Trustees in each district might be elected, and could perform for the district, the duties assigned to the Inspectors. A teacher neglecting to procure a certificate, could be fined fifty dollars—one half to go to the informer and the other half to the district in which he taught. The rate bill system of taxation was repealed, and a tax for building school houses, or to support schools, not to exceed one-fourth of one per cent, was raised by the County Commissioners on the whole county.

In 1840, a memorial to Congress was adopted, representing that the people were anxious to establish a common school system with suitable resources for its support.

At nearly every session of the Territorial Legislature, a large number of local acts were passed, authorizing districts to raise money by tax to build school houses. This became very annoying.

Important amendments were made in the school law, in 1840 and '41, restoring the office of Town Commissioners, which had been dropped in the act of 1839, and assigning to them the duties of the Inspectors; laying down more complete directions for forming school districts; making five officers in each district, Clerk, Collector, and three Trustees; restricting to male residents over twenty-one years of age the privilege of voting at district meetings, and requiring such voters to be free-holders, or house holders; changing the fine of teachers for neglecting to procure certificates from fifty dollars to forfeiture of a sum not exceeding their wages; authorizing certain amounts of money to be raised by tax in the district for building school houses; and defining specifically the duties of each school officer.

At the session of 1846, a bill to provide for the appoint-

ment of a Superintendent of Common Schools passed one branch of the Legislature, and was rejected in the other. The need of this officer had been felt in various places in the State, and petitions in favor of his appointment had been received at previous sessions. With all these changes the law was still defective in respect to the proper organization of the schools, and the providing of money for their support. The rate bill tax, or private subscription, had to be resorted to in many districts, to keep the schools in operation.

It became evident by 1846, that a strenuous effort would be made to organize a State Government. Until this was effected, the fund accruing from the sale of the school lands could not be received from the General Government, nor the income of this fund be applied toward maintaining schools. The benefit of obtaining and using this immense fund, supplied one of the main arguments for forming a State Constitution. Gov. Dodge urged this subject upon the attention of the people in his message of 1847, stating that they could then control the sale of the sixteenth section in each township, and enjoy its avails, together with the donation of 500,000 acres of land by Congress, and five per cent on the net proceeds arising from the sale of the public lands in the State. At once the expediency of establishing the free system of public instruction throughout the State, was discussed in many places, and by liberally minded men.

At Kenosha, where excellent schools had been sustained, the matter was first considered; and the first free school ever established in the State, was organized here in 1845. The leader of this movement was Col. M. Frank, of that city, to whom the State, also, is more indebted than to any other citizen, for her excellent free school system. Educated in the central portion of New York State, and moving to Kenosha in 1837, he has labored devotedly to promote popular education. In February, 1845, as a member of the Territorial Legislature, he introduced a bill authorizing the legal voters within the corporate limits of his town to vote taxes on all the assessed property, sufficient to support schools. The bill became a

law; and by one of its provisions, it was required to be submitted to the people before taking effect. The opposition to this law was very strong, and there was evidently, at first, a majority against it. The idea of taxing large property holders, who had no children to be educated, was denounced as arbitrary and unjust. Frequent public meetings were held for discussion and lectures, with the view of enlightening the public mind on the great duty to educate at the public expense. After several unsuccessful trials to procure the adoption of the act, it was at length accomplished by a small majority in the fall of 1845. This transaction had its due influence on other portions of the State.

In the winter before the first Constitutional Convention met, a Common School Convention was held at Madison, on three successive evenings, with the design of preparing the public mind for the establishment of a system of free schools, similar to that of Massachusetts, at the earliest practicable period. It was largely attended by the members of the Legislature then in session, and Col. Frank was elected chairman. The principal features to be adopted in the school laws of the State, were considered; and the deficiencies and the evils of the old law were pointed out. They recommended the Legislature to appoint a general agent to travel through the State, lecture on education, collect statistics, examine the condition of schools, and organize Teachers' Associations. A select committee, consisting of Rev. Lewis H. Loss,* Levi Hubbell, M. Frank, Caleb Croswell, C. M. Baker and H. M. Billings, were appointed to lay the subject, discussed by the Convention, before the Legislature. They state in their report, that "the committee regard it among the highest and most important of the duties of Legislatures to provide, as far as may be, by suitable legislation, for the education of the whole people."

*Rev. L. H. Loss, a Congregational clergyman, was formerly settled at York Mills, N. Y., and at Elyria, Ohio. He came to Wisconsin, and was for some considerable time Principal of Beloit Seminary; and, in August, 1846, accepted a pastoral call to Rockford, Ill., and subsequently to Chicago. His early educational labors in Wisconsin deserve grateful remembrance.

Caleb Croswell, an associate of Mr. Loss and others, in their early efforts to fix public attention upon the necessity of establishing a wise and liberal free school system for Wisconsin, was a brother of Edwin Croswell, a noted editor of Albany, N. Y., and was a member of the Board of Public Works of Wisconsin in the improvement of Fox River; represented Sauk County in the Legislature, in 1850; and was subsequently Consul at St. Petersburg. L. C. D.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1846, a resolution was passed early in the session for a "provision to be engrafted into the Constitution, making it imperative on the Legislature to provide the necessary means, by taxation or otherwise, for placing a common education within the reach of all children of the State." An article was incorporated into the Constitution, in most respects similar to the one included in our present Constitution, adopted in 1848, creating free schools. Considerable discussion arose in regard to establishing the office of State Superintendent, some favoring the old system of New York, in which the Secretary of State performed the duties of this office. No other provision awakened much interest or opposition in the body. The time of the Convention was taken up in the consideration of other exciting questions, such as banks, negro suffrage, elective judiciary, the death penalty, and the rights of married women in respect to property.

At an evening session of this Convention, Hon. Henry Barnard, now in charge of the United States Bureau of Education, gave an address upon the advantages of supporting our public schools by a tax on the property of the State, and upon the necessity of the office of a State Superintendent of the schools.

In the second Constitutional Convention, 1848, nearly the same general topics were under discussion; and some features in the article on education, included in the Constitution afterwards adopted, received greater attention. We have failed to discover proofs of any opposition to the section which provides that "district schools shall be free, and without charge for tuition to all children between the ages of four and twenty years;" or to a section which requires a sum to be raised by tax annually for the support of common schools to the amount at least, of one-half the income of the School Fund. Some changes were made, admitting the youth over sixteen and under twenty years, dropping the provision for the maintenance of County Academies and County Normal Schools, and making the basis for the distribution of the school income the number of children resident in the several towns and cities, instead of

the actual attendance of these children at school. The expression "the public schools should be equally free to children of all religious persuasions," was omitted, for the reason that there might be children not belonging to any religious persuasion, who ought to be educated. The prohibition that "no book of religious doctrine or belief shall be permitted in any public school," was abandoned, as it excluded the Bible. Township libraries were afterwards changed to district libraries. The old feature of placing the care of the schools in the hands of Town Inspectors or Commissioners was converted into the election of Town Superintendents, and the five district officers became three, the Trustees being merged into one Director.

Immediately after the adoption of the Second Constitution, submitted to the people, so great was the demand for radical changes in the school law that the State Legislature, in 1848, enacted laws which carried out, in a certain form, the provisions of the article in the Constitution on education. At the same session of the Legislature, three Commissioners, Hon. M. Frank, Hon. Charles S. Jordan, and Hon. Charles M. Baker, were appointed to collate and revise the statutes, which are familiarly known as those of 1849. Their labors were divided; and among other portions assigned to Col. Frank, was the law relating to schools. This work was carefully done; but several features relating to public schools were in direct conflict with those adopted the previous session of the Legislature. The report of the Commissioners was accepted, and when the present school law went into operation, May 1, 1849, there were in vogue in the State three sets of school laws—as that of 1839 had not been laid aside in all portions, and time had not been given to supplant that of 1848. The year of 1849 was one of great confusion, as many provisions in all these laws were opposed to each other.

One of the most remarkable events in the history of our State, was the adoption of the free school system by the people, and the readiness with which, in most sections, it was put into operation. The principles involved in this system had been violently and persistently opposed in other States. Col.

Frank says that "prior to the acceptance of the State Constitution, whenever in the south-eastern part of the State, the measure was introduced of supporting the schools by taxation on the assessed property of the districts it encountered the most determined opposition." But when voted upon, scarcely a prominent voice was raised against it. It is believed that the question which overshadows all others in the Constitutional Conventions, so engaged the thoughts of the people that the free school provision was almost lost sight of in the heated discussion. The reason for the ready acquiesence is more obvious. The people had become somewhat accustomed to paying taxes in the counties, to maintain schools; the income of the magnificent School Fund could lessen very materially the burdens of taxation, and the noble utterances of Gov's. Dodge, Doty, Tallmadge, and Dewey, in their annual messages, in favor of the broadest education of the people, had prepared them to some extent to accept the measure.

The opinion has prevailed quite generally that our school system was framed after that of the State of New York. This is a mistake. Our statute laws were copied, even in their principal headings, their arrangements, their wordings to a great extent, and of course their substance, from those of Michigan. A few minor provisions were taken from the New York statutes; such as those creating the office of the Town Superintendent, now abolished, and the district library, which first originated in that State. The other features differed widely from those of the New York system in very many respects.

The next year after the other State officers were elected, Hon. Eleazer Root, of Waukesha, was chosen State Superintendent by the people. The manner of electing this officer had been determined by the Legislature of that year. He was nominated by the State Central Committee of both the Whig and Democratic parties, and elected without opposition. This first action was in deference, in some degree, to the sentiment which prevailed then quite extensively, that the election of the State Superintendent should not be connected with

the strifes of political parties. In their circular, the Committees state that Mr. Root is "favorably known as a firm friend and devoted advocate of the cause of education." From his first Report, issued in 1850, we learn that there were estimated to be 80,445 children, between four and twenty years of age, in the State, of which 46,136 were attending school; that the average wages of male teachers per month were $15.22, and of female teachers $6.92; that there were 704 school-houses—359 being constructed of logs; and that there were ninety-six unincorparted private schools.

State University

In Gov. Dodge's message to the First Territorial Legislature, he recommended the propriety of asking from Congress a donation for the establishment of an institution for the education of the youth of the State, and to be governed by the Legislature. This was the first action looking toward the foundation of our State University. Several charters were issued by the Territory incorporating what was hoped would be such an institution. But no provisions were made for the final establishment of the University until the State was organized, for the reason that the donations of land by Congress for it could not come into the possession of the State until it was admitted into the Union. This Institution was finally located at Madison; and by 1850, the Regents had been appointed, and they had made two reports; Prof. John H. Lathrop, President of the University of Missouri, had been elected Chancellor; and Prof. John W. Sterling, still connected with the University, had opened the Preparatory Department, Feb. 5th, 1849, with twenty young men as students, in a room in the present High School Building, then furnished by the city of Madison.

Union or Graded Schools

By 1850, there had been made in the State only one effort at organizing union or graded schools; and this was at Kenosha. Superintendent Root mentioned in his report such a

school as in operation at Geneva; but it had not the features of such a school. Preparations for establishing similar schools were then going on in Milwaukee, Janesville, Beloit, Green Bay and Sheboygan. During that year, at Manitowoc, an excellent public school, not a graded one, was conducted for six months, by Edward Salomon, who had recently arrived in this country, and has since been Governor. He had charge, a portion of the year previous, of a private school at Mequon.

The graded ward schools of Kenosha were organized chiefly by the exertions of Hon. J. G. McMynn, the recent State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The free school buildings had been erected between 1846 and 1848. In the winter of the latter year, Col. McMynn taught a private school in that city; and in June following he took charge of the public school in the North Ward; that of the South Ward was taught by Prof. Z. C. Graves, an accomplished teacher from Ohio, and who had labored efficiently in the first Teachers' Institutes of that State. Both had no experience in grading schools, and could get access to but little information on the subject. There resided at the time in Kenosha, Dr. D. W. Carley, now of Boscobel, who had conducted a graded school at Palmyra, N. Y., and who furnished some valuable instructions. Col. McMynn says, "neither Prof. Graves nor myself had ever visited a graded school; but we succeeded after making some mistakes in discovering a plan which others had known long before, and which now generally prevails." This school became in many respects the model after which many of the other graded schools in the State were formed.

Blind Asylum

The first charitable State school was incorporated in 1850, under the name of the Wisconsin Institute for the Education of the Blind, and was located at Janesville. The others were organized in subsequent years.

Academies and Colleges

Thirty-six academies and colleges had been incorporated by

1850; but only nine of them were, at that time, surviving. Only five of these are now in operation.

Platteville Academy was chartered the earliest of the institutions now in existence. Previously, in 1837, the Beloit Seminary had obtained an act of incorporation; but a school was not organized under it till the fall of 1843. It was continued up to 1850, when the male department was merged into the Preparatory Department of the Beloit College, and the Seminary became the Beloit Female Seminary, under the charge of Mrs. S. T. Merrill; but this has ceased to exist. The Southport Academy, at Kenosha, was chartered a few days after the Platteville, in 1839. This was the out-growth of a select school which had been taught the previous year by Rev. M. P. Kinney, D. D., now residing at Rockford, Ill; and when it was opened, he took charge of the school in it, and continued teaching for nearly two years. Mr. Kinney must be regarded as the first instructor in an incorporated Academy in the State. Gov. L. P. Harvey was the next principal. He had been connected as tutor two years with the Woodward College, Cincinnati, Ohio, and came to Kenosha as a stranger, seeking employment, in 1841. He had the supervision of the Academy until 1844, and gathered together a respectable number of students, though not enough to make his employment very remunerative. Most of his scholars studied the common English branches; a few the elements of Latin. After he left, the institution went down.

While the Platteville Academy was first chartered in 1839, it did not commence working until 1842, and then under a new act of incorporation, which was obtained the same year.

The first building was erected immediately, and was occupied by both the Congregational Church and the Academy. The meetings of religious societies were held in nearly all the first edifices erected in the State for public, private and incorporated schools. The first principal at Platteville was Rev. A. M. Dixon, a graduate of Illinois College, and recently a pastor at Trempealeau. Afterwards Rev. George F. Magoun, D. D., now President of Iowa College, taught here. In the fall of

1846, Hon. J. L. Pickard, a graduate of Bowdoin College, Maine, and for several years the State Superintendent of our State, was engaged as principal. Mr. Pickard states, "at the time of my going to Platteville, the public schools throughout the Lead Region were in a low condition; houses were poor; teachers poorly qualified as a general rule; and their wages very low. Female teachers received $1.00 to $1.50 per week, and male teachers $10.00 to $15.00 per month. Between 1846 and 1850, considerable interest was awakened; and conventions and institutes were held at Galena, Dubuque, Hazel Green and Platteville. A teachers' class was organized in the Academy; and with better qualifications came better wages, and much more interest on the part of the people. The public schools at Platteville were in a better condition than in any other part of the Lead Region." Hon. H. Robbins, now one of the Normal School Regents, labored efficiently both as a teacher and a district officer, in improving the schools of Platteville.

The Prairieville Academy, at Waukesha, was chartered in 1841, converted into the Carroll College in 1846, but restored in 1849. Both these institutions owe their origin largely to the efforts of Gov. A. W. Randall and E. D. Clinton. Silas Chapman, Esq., of Milwaukee, for many years the Secretary of the Normal Board of Regents, entered the Academy as the first principal in the summer of 1841. The first building was stone; but it not being fully completed, the first term was kept in the Congregational Church. Mr. Chapman remained only one year, as the compensation was not sufficient; and then he moved to Milwaukee, where he took charge of the "High School," an Academy, for a year. But the Academy at Waukesha was not long in operation. The charter for the College was obtained by Hon. E. Root, and the Freshman class was formed in 1846, under the direction of Prof. Sterling, of the State University, who continued in the College one year, taking the class through their studies, and receiving for his labors the salary of $80. This is one of the many examples we might furnish in proof of the purely missionary

zeal of the early teachers in the State. The Institution was for a number of years afterwards under the Presidency of Rev. John A. Savage, D. D., since deceased.

The Catholic College at Sinsinawa Mound was incorporated in 1848, and was under the management, for many years, of Father Mazzuchelli, who formerly superintended the Catholic Mission School among the Indians at Green Bay. This Institution, together with the Female Academy at Benton, twelve miles from the Mound, were established by Father Mazzuchelli, from the means which were furnished him by a wealthy sister, in Milan, Italy. This school was converted, some years afterwards, into the Saint Clara Female Academy. Beloit College is the result of the action of the Convention which the Presbyterian and the Congregational churches of this State and Northern Illinois held in 1845. In the fall of 1847, the first class was organized, and placed temporarily under the instruction of Prof. S. T. Merrill, then principal of the Beloit Seminary. Two of its present professors, Rev. Joseph Emerson and J. J. Bushnell, were appointed the following year; and in 1849, Rev. A. L. Chapin, D. D., was elected President, which office he still holds. This Institution was in full operation by 1850.

Lawrence University was founded in 1848, under a liberal donation by Hon. Amos. A. Lawrence, of Boston, Mass. It was placed under the patronage and control of the Methodist denomination. The Institution was located at Appleton, before a single house was erected in the place; and it began with thirty-five students. The charter being for an Institute, in 1850 the school was incorporated as a College.

Milton College was opened as a select school with academic facilities in 1844, as the result of the enterprise of Hon. Joseph Goodrich, a pioneer settler at Milton. Rev. S. S. Bicknell, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and now living at Fort Atkinson, was the first most prominent teacher. In 1848, the Institution was incorporated as an Academy; and in the following year, Prof. Jonathan Allen, now President of Alfred University, N. Y., had charge of the school.

The Institution worked effectually in qualifying district school teachers.*

Conclusion

It was my design, when I began the examination of this subject, to furnish in close review the whole early education history of the State; but to arrange properly, and present the materials which have accumulated on my hands, would, to my own surprise, occupy too much of your time, on which I fear I have already trespassed. I have, therefore, confined myself to the main outlines of the formation period in our State history. Other particulars of this period deserve notice, such as the difference between the policy of France and Great Britain on the one hand, and that of our own Government on the other, in reference to encouraging education among the settlers of this Western country, by the liberal donations of lands in their charters and grants. The influence of our School Fund upon the inhabitants of the Territory, might be more fully discussed. The efficient labors of other noble and self-sacrificing teachers, whose power in moulding our character and our institutions, descends to us like the waters of a noiseless stream, could with profit be mentioned. But I forbear.

I have traced up to the organization of our State, the origin and progress of our schools among the French traders and pioneers; and at the American military posts established at their principal stations, among the hardy and stalwart miners in the Lead Region and among the industrious and intelligent settlers from the East—the bulk of our population. These three classes of people have each contributed, more or less, by forming prominent schools, or by introducing systems of pub-

*The Hon. W. C. Whitford, the writer of this paper, has been many years at the head of the Institution at Milton, both in its Academic and Collegiate character, and has rendered the public good service as an efficient and popular educator. He was born in West Edmeston, Otsego county, N. Y., May 5th, 1828, and fitted himself for College at Brookfield Academy and De Ruyter Institute, New York, and then taught one term at Milton Academy in the winter of 1850–'51, and two years as Principal of Shiloh Academy, N. J. Entering the senior class at Union College he graduated in 1853, and then spent three years at the Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Returning to Milton, in this State, in the spring of 1856, and after serving a pastorate of two years, he was placed at the head of the well-known literary Institution there in 1858, where he has labored with great success for ten years. His services in the Legislature have been particularly directed to the great interests of popular education.

This recognition is justly due to Mr. Whitford, who has labored so zealously to preserve the primitive educational

lic instruction which have been tested by other States and found useful, towards shaping and vitalizing the great cause of education among us. Thus, from many sources, we derived the materials which our people, in forming a State, collected and combined into a harmonious and effective whole. In this they conformed to the rude but beautiful idea, which the early Indian tribes conceived of the work accomplished by our principal river, from which the State is named; for as they dwelt on the thousand brooks and rivulets which in the Northern half of the State converge toward our central valley, they called the river flowing through it, and receiving its supplies from these small streams, *Wisconsin,* which, in the language of Chippewas, means the "gathering of waters."

History of School Supervision in Wisconsin

[Address of Rev. W. C. Whitford, President of Milton College, before the State Teachers' Convention at Milwaukee, July, 1868.][1]

At the request of your Executive Committee that I should present a paper on some theme connected with the progress of the schools in our State, I have ventured to write on the one under consideration, as furnishing facts of general interest; and I shall be more than pleased, if my treatment of it shall meet with your approbation. I do not desire to trace from the beginning the history of the care and control of our schools, for the sake of exciting the curiosity, or indulging our reverence for former ideas and institutions. Our inquiry is in regard to the origin and the effects of our school laws and usages, that we may better understand our present system of school supervision. A traveler in crossing a river, not well known by himself, naturally asks, where are its sources, what is its length, and what are the general features of its whole course?

The search, indeed, would be interesting if we should pass beyond the genesis of the schools of our State, and find the germs of our own educational organization and management in

[1] This paper appeared in the Milwaukee *News*, August 12, 1868, with this editorial commendation: "All concerned in the educational affairs of Wisconsin will be deeply interested in the Address of Rev. Mr. Whitford, of Milton College, delivered before the late State Convention of Teachers, and published in our columns to-day. The Address is a concise historical statement of the progress of the educational movement in our State from the earliest settlement of Wisconsin Territory until now, together with a brief exposition of the prevailing system of public education as established by the laws of the State."

After a brief *resume* of the ante-Territorial school facilities—or, rather want of them—discussed more fully in the preceding paper, Mr. Whitford enters into a succinct history of the introduction of the free school system into Wisconsin, and of the principal changes that have taken place in the administration of the school laws of the Territory and State; and he has accomplished his purpose with an evident care, research, candor and good judgment, that merits the acknowledgment of the friends of educational progress in Wisconsin. L. C. D.

the earliest history of some of the New England Colonies. The labor would not be fruitless, if we should mark distinctly the gradual growth, during the two hundred years, of what is really the American system of schools, and notice in what communities, and under what variety of circumstances, it has attained its present form and strength. But my purpose does not lead me in that direction.

As might be expected, our first schools were opened in private families, and the task of hiring teachers, ascertaining their qualifications, and supervising their schools, was performed by the heads of these families. Where society is rude and partly civilized, or where the people do not live compactly together as in our pioneer settlements, we should look to the most intelligent homes for the origin of our best institutions. Children were taught by regular instructors in some families of the French settlers. Pierre Grignon started a school in his own house at Green Bay, in 1791, engaging James Porlier as teacher. Other families in this place adopted, without doubt, the same course. Similar cases occurred in the early history of Prairie Du Chien. In the annals of this French settlement, a Daniel Curtis is mentioned as teaching in the family of Joseph Rolette. In many of the oldest communities made up of the American population from the Eastern States, you can now find persons who received at such schools their first instruction in the common and higher branches of education.

The next schools were established at the military posts in the State, which were three in number: Fort Howard, at Green Bay, Fort Crawford, at Prairie Du Chien, and Fort Winnebago, near Portage City. The commanders of these posts had the supervision of the schools. Usually they engaged the chaplains appointed by the Government, to instruct the children who belonged to the officers and the soldiers, and sometimes to prominent citizens living in the vicinity of the forts. Rev. Richard F. Cadle had the charge of the post schools at Green Bay and Prairie Du Chien between 1832 and 1840, while acting as chaplain. Other individuals were occasionally employed. A

Sergeant by the name of Reeseden taught in Fort Crawford as early as 1817, and received for his labors fifteen cents per day above his regular army wages of $5.00 a month. Reports of these schools were probably furnished the General Government by the commanding officers. We learn that the oversight of these schools was strict, and the instruction most thorough.

Private schools for children and young people were next formed. These began by several families in a place uniting together to maintain them by subscription or tuition fees. Generally some person was selected to secure a teacher and a room in a private house, and have some responsibility for the management of the school. Sometimes a dwelling was erected for the purpose, and some kind of organization was effected for hiring and supporting the teacher. Very often both the dwelling and the organization were the results of the efforts of local religious societeis. Private schools were opened at Prairie Du Chien as early as 1817, at Green Bay, in 1824, at Mineral Point, in 1830, at Platteville, in 1834, at Kenosha, in 1835, and at Milwaukee and Sheboygan in the winter of 1835–6. When Wisconsin was organized into a Territory in 1836, there were at least eight such schools in operation, and two hundred and seventy-five pupils attending them. Since that time, in numerous instances in those places where the school law had not taken effect, these schools were opened and maintained. They became the forerunners of our public schools, introducing teachers, creating an interest in education among the people, and laying the basis for the methods of school oversight afterward adopted.

Another class of schools was early organized in Wisconsin, viz: The mission schools among the Indian tribes. The charge of these in a single instance was in the hands of the Government; the others were under the control of the religious societies which established and supported them. The first mission school began in 1823, at Green Bay, by the special efforts of Rev. Eleazer Williams, who pretended afterwards to be the Dauphin of France. It was under the direction of the

Episcopal Missionary Society of this country. Hon A. G. Ellis, now of Stevens' Point, taught in the school for a number of years. Rev. Richard F. Cadle, acted as Superintendent from 1827 to 1832. At one time there were in the school 129 children of full and mixed Indian blood, representing ten different tribes. They were received between the ages of four and fourteen years, and were taught habits of industry, the elements of a good English education, and a knowledge of the Christian religion. Six teachers were sometimes employed. In 1828 commodious buildings were erected at the cost of $9,000. In the branch missions, among the Oneidas, at Duck Creek, and the Monomonees at Neenah, but little or nothing was effected. This school was in operation for sixteen years, and influenced, in many respects, all the other educational movements in the vicinity of Green Bay.

Before noticing other schools, more should be said in regard to the labors and character of Mr. Cadle. It seems he had the fullest confidence of the Society which endeavored to build up at Green Bay a large and successful mission; and he is mentioned by those in the State who knew him, in terms of the highest esteem. Modest and well educated, he was energetic, self-denying and devoted. Opposed and persecuted in his missionary work, he toiled the more earnestly, and was beloved by his school. After laboring among the Indians in another field, acting for several years as chaplain and schoolmaster at two of our military posts, he returned East, and died sometime since in the State of New York.

Near Green Bay, a Catholic mission was formed in 1830. It was aided somewhat by the Government and the Monomonee tribe, among whom the school was maintained. It was continued four years under the charge of Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli, who was a Jesuit and an Italian priest, zealous and talented, and toiled with unremitting ardor, though with no great success in his position. Besides his gigantic missionary efforts afterward in the state of Iowa, in the vicinity of Galena, Illinois, and in the southwestern part of our State, he founded the Female College at Sinsinawa Mound, and the Academy at

Benton; and by his oversight and instruction, they became flourishing institutions. He died four years since in the midst of his labors, honored and revered by many friends.

For a number of years the Government sustained a school among the Winnebagoes, in accordance with a treaty made with them in 1832, which required the school to be kept at or near Prairie Du Chien. It was afterwards located on the west side of the Mississippi river, in Iowa, and placed under the supervision of Rev. David Lowry, an accomplished and enterprising man.

These educational efforts aided in attracting to our State some of our most useful citizens, and influenced in many ways all our earliest public and business enterprises.

When Wisconsin was organized into a Territory, by itself in 1836, the laws of the Michigan Territory, with which it had been connected for eighteen years, were, by an organic act of Congress, declared in full force in the Territory. The school laws continued as such until 1839, with some slight modifications made by the Legislature of 1837. To no other circumstance is our public school system so much indebted, as to this, for its peculiar provisions, and especially for its methods of school supervision in all departments in respect to the district, the town, and the State. The prominent features of the Michigan school law were retained among all the changes in our Territorial history, and were subsequently engrafted into our State Constitution.

By the terms of this law, each district elected three school officers—a Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Collector, and as a board were called Directors. They selected the sites for school houses, hired teachers, levied and collected the taxes for the erection of the houses, and the support of the schools. Each town had two sets of school officers, Commissioners and Inspectors. The former, three in number, held their office for three years, divided the township into districts, called the first school meetings, had charge of the school section, leasing it when it could be done, and applying the rents for the support of common schools. The Inspectors, five in number, were

elected annually, to examine and license the teachers, and visit and inspect the schools. At the head of the State Department of Instruction, a State Superintendent was appointed by the Governor. The last provision was not enforced during our Territorial existence.

The first school district in the State was organized under this Michigan school law, in Milwaukee, in the fall of 1836. This was about the same time that the Territory of Wisconsin held its first Legislative session. The first school of this district, and, therefore, the first public school in the State, was kept by a Mr. West in the fall of 1836, in a framed school house, still standing in the 2d ward of the city, and now known as No. 371 Third street. Will it not be a privilege for the teachers of this Association to make a pilgrimage to this humble temple, the first erected in the State for the accommodation of our noble common schools?

In 1839, this Territorial school law was revised, and the office of Town Commissioners was abolished and their duties were transferred to the Inspectors, who had bestowed upon them the additional power to listen to complaints against teachers and discharge incompetent ones, to keep the school houses in repair, and to make returns of the number of scholars in the town to the County Commissioners. It was the duty of the last named officers to levy a school tax on the whole county, and to appoint Inspectors in the towns which refused or neglected to choose them. The name of district officers was changed to that of Trustees, who could perform for the district the duties assigned to the Inspectors in examining and licensing teachers, repairing the school houses, and reporting the number of scholars.

Within the two years following, the office of Commissioners was revived, and that of Inspectors dropped; all their duties being enjoined upon the former. More complete directions for forming and managing school districts were adopted. The Commissioners were required to listen to appeals from any person aggrieved at the action of a district, and pass a decision thereon, which should be final. They made reports each year

to the Secretary of the Territory, giving in detail the number of school districts in each town, the number of scholars and teachers, the length of time school had been maintained in each district, and the amount of money raised by tax, and paid out for school purposes. A neglect of this duty was accompanied with heavy penalties.

Provision was made for five district officers—a Clerk, a Collector, and three Trustees, who were elected annually. It was the duty of the Clerk to make yearly a list of the heads of the families in the district, and the number of children in each family between the ages of four and sixteen, and to file a copy of said list in the office of the Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners, and deliver another to the School Commissioners of the town. These duties were afterward transferred to the Trustees, who performed all the official labors of the district, except keeping the records, and collecting the taxes. They engaged the teachers, had the custody of the school property, made out the tax lists and rate bills, and met the expenses of the schools.

The County Commissioners, besides receiving the list of families and children from each district, apportioned, annually, all moneys in the County Treasury which had been appropriated to the common schools.

This code of school laws remained in force, with some slight amendments until the State Constitution was adopted in 1848. Up to 1841 so many changes were made in the minutia of the system, that great confusion was caused in the management of the school affairs in the town and in the district, and the people were justly dissatisfied. So strong was this feeling, that no important modification was permitted to be introduced until the organic law of the State was itself remodeled, seven years subsequently, though it was well known that radical deficiences existed in the system.

Previous to the adoption of the State Constitution, the supervisory management of the public schools was discussed in various portions of the State. Defects were pointed out, and remedies were demanded. Five school district officers, subject

to be changed each year, made the care of the school cumbersome and uncertain. No real uniformity or permanency in any plan which the district might adopt, could be assured. The utility of electing a Town Superintendent in the place of Town Commissioners, was considered. It was held that one person, with all the responsibility upon him, would be more efficient than three, and give greater unity to the work. As early as 1841 a petition from Racine county was received by the Legislature asking for the creation of the office of State Superintendent. In 1846 a bill passed one branch of the Legislature, providing for the appointment of this officer, but was lost in the other. Educational conventions were held at Madison, Mineral Point and Milwaukee; and the need of an official head in the Department of Education was strongly insisted upon. Committees in the Legislature submitted reports upon the subject. In both Constitutional Conventions two parties appeared; one favoring the establishment of the office, and the other the conferring of the duties of the position upon the Secretary of State. Hon. Henry Barnard addressed the members of the first Convention in regard to the advantages of the office of a State Superintendent, and presented the outlines of a system of schools supervised by such an officer, which, it is believed, was adopted by the Convention, and was subsequently embodied in the State Constitution. It was found that but little harmony existed in the operation of the school laws. Different systems of instruction and government prevailed in different counties. There was no general and efficient method for collecting school statistics. There was no ultimate authority to determine all matters of difficulty or dispute, and to enforce the school laws. There were no means by which any information in regard to the condition and the wants of the schools, and the opinions and efforts of educators, could be published and disseminated throughout the State. It was argued that some prominent officer should travel through all the organized counties, visiting schools, encouraging and counseling teachers, organizing educational associations, and correcting, as far as

possible, existing defects in the system and management of schools.

The present school law went into operation May 1st, 1849. In the Constitution, it was provided that "the supervision of public instruction shall be vested in a State Superintendent, and such other officers as the Legislature shall direct." The Superintendent should be elected by the people, and should not receive over $1,200 salary. The Legislature adopted the provisions, which required that he shall have the general oversight of the common schools, and shall visit throughout the State as far as practicable, inspect schools, address the people, communicate with teachers and school officers, and secure a uniformity and an improvement in the instruction and discipline of the schools. He shall recommend the introduction of the most approved text books, advise in the selection of works for school district libraries, and prescribe the regulations for the management of these libraries. He shall attend to the publication of the school laws, accompanied with proper explanations, and distribute copies of these in all portions of the State. He shall decide upon all appeals made to him from school meetings and Town Superintendents. He shall apportion all school moneys distributed each year by the State among the towns and cities, and submit to the Legislature an annual report, containing an abstract of all the reports received from the Clerks of the County Board of Supervisors, giving accounts of the condition of the common schools, and the estimates of expenditures of the school money, and presenting plans for the better organization of the schools, and such other matters as he may deem expedient to communicate.

From the New York system of common schools, was borrowed the idea of establishing the office of Town Superintendent. It was the duty of this officer to divide his town into a convenient number of school districts and regulate and alter thereafter the boundaries of such districts, to receive and apportion among the districts all town school moneys, to transmit to the County Board of Supervisors an annual report of all

matters connected with the districts, to examine and license teachers in his town, and annul their certificates when thought desired by himself, and to visit the schools and examine into the progress of the pupils in learning, and into the good order of the schools as to the government thereof, and the course of studies to be pursued therein. He received $1.00 per day for every day actually and necessarily spent in his work.

The school district officers were elected each year, and were called by the old title Directors. The former Collector was named Treasurer, the three Trustees were merged into a Director, and the Clerk became again the most responsible officer. He kept the district records, acted usually as librarian, furnished school registers, made annual reports of the condition of the district to the Town Superintendent, gave notice of the meetings, and engaged qualified teachers with the consent of either of the other officers. This work he performed gratuitously.

To any one who has taken the pains to examine the school laws of the several States of the Union, it will at first seem somewhat surprising that the same general principles and methods in regard to school management run through them all. The reason for this uniformity lies in the fact that the experiments tried in one State are usually observed by all the others, and any improvements in vogue in one are, after a while, adopted in most cases by the rest. So when Wisconsin became a State, she fashioned after the prevailing system her mode of school supervision, which had been tried in some respects and improved during the twelve years of her Territorial career, and it is not strange that she accepted some defects with the many excellencies of her public school policy. Since the organization of the State, only a few changes have taken place in the supervisory departments of the State and the school district; but more and radical ones in the town. In 1854, the State Superintendent was authorized to appoint an Assistant Superintendent, who performed such duties as the principal prescribed, which have been usually those belonging to the office work, and received $800 salary. His compensation was

afterwards raised to $1,000, and in 1865 to $1,500. In the beginning, the Legislature by special acts in each year, allowed the traveling expenses of the State Superintendent; but since 1853 $600, and since 1866 $1,000, have been annually appropriated by law for this object. For ten years previous to 1866, $600 were paid out, according to a general statute, each year, for clerk hire in his office, and since that time $1,000 have been paid. For the first ten years the State Superintendent received only $1,000 salary, but since then $1,200, the full amount allowed by the Constitution. Most of the time since the State University was established, he has been *ex-officio* a member of its Board of Regents; and since the Normal School law was passed, an active Regent on the Board created thereby. He has given efficient aid, also, to other valuable educational enterprises, such as the State Teachers' Association, the publication of educational periodicals and Teachers' Institutes held by Town and County Superintendents, by societies of teachers, and by an agent of the Normal Regents.

In the school districts, the officers are now elected each for three years in accordance with a law enacted in 1858. In addition to the care and custody of the school property, the District Boards have been required to supervise the schools under their charge, inspect the condition and progress of the pupils, consult with the teachers in reference to instruction and discipline.

The office of Town Superintendent ceased to exist January 1, 1862; and the duties in examining and licensing teachers, visiting and inspecting schools, were transferred to the County Superintendents, whose office was established at the same time; the duties in the formation and alteration of school districts, to Town Supervisors; and the duties in making annual reports of items in regard to the districts, such as length of time school had been taught, amount of public moneys received, and all moneys expended, the district tax and the number of children taught in the district, to the Town Clerk. For seven years, at least, previous to the abolition of this office, serious objections were urged against its efficiency. Rev. A. C. Barry, State

Superintendent, in his annual report of 1855, states that in many towns it is next to impossible to find a person really qualified for the office, and, in most cases, the duties of the Town Superintendent are not faithfully performed, because of the lack of interest, or from an inadequate compensation. He discussed the effect which the creation of the office of County Superintendent would have upon the teachers and the patrons of the schools. In his opinion, this office should not be substituted for that of the Town Superintendent, but be correlative to it. Hon. J. L. Pickard argues in his first annual report, as State Superintendent, in 1860, that the system of Town Superintendency had not the confidence, nor the support of the people, nor sufficient merit to secure that confidence and support. Under it, the inspection of teachers and schools was declared to be nearly worthless. To the influence of Mr. Pickard, are our schools mainly indebted for the substitution of the County for the Town Superintendents, as that office was created under his administration. The reasons for the change were set forth by the principal educational men in the State, as providing better supervision of the schools by securing the full time and the undivided energies of a man competent for the business; as raising the standard of teachers by more thorough and public examinations; as arousing among the people a greater interest in schools by establishing County Associations and Teachers' Institutes, and as introducing uniformity and harmony in the educational efforts of the State. The experience of nearly seven years has shown that this office has also tended to improve the school houses and the school furniture; to assist in bringing about a better classification of both studies and scholars in our schools; to increase the salaries and the influence of teachers; and to establish the most approved methods of teaching and discipline.

There has been in operation for many years in the State a system of school government which has been adopted by most of our cities and many of our large villages, and which unfortunately was not for several years connected with the general supervision of schools, and which has not to this day, in all

respects, placed itself like the district school under the control of the State authority. Attention was called to this fact by Superintendent Barry in 1856, and reports from the Boards of Education of these cities and villages are now required to be made yearly to the Superintendents of the counties in which they are situated. The first attempt at the formation of this independent system was made at Kenosha as early as 1845. Among other features it was provided that three Superintendents should be elected "to examine into the condition of the school at least once in every three months; to determine the qualifications of the teachers employed; to direct the arrangement and classification of the scholars in the several departments of study; to prescribe text books, and to have a general supervision over the government and discipline of the school." Up to this time no such powers had been conferred upon any other school officer in the Territory, but since 1849 they have been granted in many instances to the Superintendents of city schools. They have been found necessary to the proper grading and classification of these schools. In most places the work of examining and assigning to their classes the scholars has been transferred from the Superintendents to the Principals of the schools, on the ground that the latter were better prepared to execute it. Shortly after the system of graded schools at Kenosha was established, one person was designated as the Superintendent of the place, and Mr. John B. Jilson filled this office for a long time. Racine, Milwaukee, Beloit, Janesville, Madison, Sheboygan and Waukesha soon followed the example of Kenosha.

Since the organization of the Department of Public Instruction, eight citizens have been elected to the office of State Superintendent. The first was Hon. Eleazer Root, of Waukesha, who was nominated by the State Central Committee of both the Whig and Democratic parties, and was chosen without opposition. His first term was one year in length. He was re-elected, his second term being two years long. During his administration, besides issuing a publication of the school laws, with notes and instructions, and accompanied with suit-

able forms for conducting proceedings under them by the different school officers, and besides carrying into effect the provisions of these school laws and systematizing their operations, he gave much attention to the formation of graded schools in different parts of the State. He had been at the head of flourishing Female Seminaries in Virginia and Missouri, had taught for over a year at Waukesha, and was a member of the second Constitutional Convention, and drew up the article on education which was adopted by that Convention as a portion of the State Constitution. As a Superintendent, he labored with great zeal, and performed much to give impulse and direction to the educational interests of the State.

He was succeeded in 1852 by Hon. Azel P. Ladd, of Shullsburg, who, during the two years he occupied the office, directed his attention largely to the improvement of the instruction imparted in our public schools. He made an ineffectual attempt to modify entirely our school laws. His reports were well written and able.

Hon. H. A. Wright, of Prairie Du Chien, was the third State Superintendent. He died before the term of his office expired, in the thirtieth year of his age. He was a young man of most agreeable manners and fine abilities. A lawyer by profession, he had held the position of County Judge, had edited a paper at the place of his residence, and had been a member of both branches of the Legislature. In the only report he presented, he deemed it a bad policy to introduce any important changes in the school law, and gave quite full directions for the improved construction of school houses.

Rev. A. C. Barry, of Racine, was appointed to fill out the term to which Judge Wright had been elected. At its close, he was chosen State Superintendent for the two subsequent years. He originated the plan of publishing the reports of other school officers in the State in connection with his own annual report, a plan which has been followed, particularly since the election of County Superintendents. He labored with ardor to impress upon the people the value of an education, and to elevate the general condition of our schools. He

still resides in the State, has been a member of the Assembly, was a popular chaplain in the army during the Rebellion, and is an influential clergyman in the Universalist denomination.

Hon Lyman C. Draper, of Madison, was Superintendent in the years 1858–59. He has been for many years the efficient Secretary of the State Historical Society. He procured, during his term, the passage of an excellent law for establishing Town School Libraries. He wrote largely upon this subject in his reports, and awakened much interest in it in different parts of the State. After a fund of $88,784.78 had accumulated for the benefit of these libraries, the law was very unwisely repealed in 1861, and the money transferred to the school and the general funds. It is due to this enterprise, that this money should be refunded by the State, and this law revived.*

Prof. J. L. Pickard, of Platteville, succeeded Mr. Draper. He was three times elected to the office, and resigned during the first year of his third term. He had taught in other States, had acted as the popular principal of the Platteville Academy for fourteen years, and had taken a deep interest in the educational affairs of the State. His administration was vigorous and successful. Besides securing the establishment of the office of County Superintendents, as has already been noticed, he made special efforts to enlarge school districts by the consolidation of smaller ones, and to inspire the teachers with a greater interest in their work.

Col. J. G. McMynn was the next Superintendent by appointment, and subsequently by election. Chiefly by his exertions, the first graded schools in the State were organized at Kenosha and Racine, and became widely known; and the

*There was probably no law of its importance ever more fully discussed, or passed with greater unanimity, by any Legislative body, than the Township Library Law of 1859—creating a Library Fund by setting apart for that purpose one-tenth of the School Fund income, and imposing one-tenth of a mill tax on the taxable property of the State. But the great war tornado of 1861 burst upon us, and the Legislature, without due reflection, we fear, repealed the Library Law, when no single petition had ever come up from the people asking for such action; and that portion of the accrued Library Fund which had come from the School Fund, was restored to that source, and the remainder was placed in the General Fund, to aid, as was proclaimed at the time, in equipping our first regiments for the war. Now that the war is over, and most of the State war expenses have been refunded by the General Government, it is due to the noble cause of popular education, that the Township Library Law be restored, or a new one enacted, carrying into effect the beneficent purposes contemplated by the friends of education throughout the State.

L. C. D.

State Teachers' Association was formed fifteen years ago. He has labored with energy and a sound judgment in other educational movements in the State. He was an officer in one of the Wisconsin regiments in the late war. His Superintendency of schools is distinguished for the passage of the present Normal School law, a measure which has been demanded from our earliest Territorial history, and for the location of five Normal Schools in the State.

The present incumbent, Hon. A. J. Craig, of Madison, entered upon the duties of his office at the beginning of the year. He formerly taught in one of the schools of Milwaukee, edited the Educational Journal for several years, has been a member of the Assembly, and was Assistant State Superintendent, under Prof. Pickard and Col. McMynn.

The limits of my article will not allow me to mention in detail the history of the supervision of our State University, our benevolent State institutions, our Normal School efforts, and the incorporated Academies and Colleges of the State, which have never been fully connected with our public system of schools.

We should be glad to notice how certain questions, which are now agitating the minds of teachers in the State, have been discussed by district school officers, Superintendents of cities, towns, counties, and the State.

The evils of the truancy and irregular attendance of the pupils of our public schools, and the subject of the selection of text-books for the schools by the State, or by the several towns, were considered very early in our State history; but no measures in regard to them were adopted. The precise work to be accomplished by our Normal School instruction, has many times been described. For ten years the merits of the township system of school government, embracing a central high school in each town, have been urged upon the attention of the people.

At the present time much hostility is manifested against the system of County Superintendency. For the past two winters, direct attempts have been made in the Legislature to

annul the law creating the system, and this was prevented at the last session only by the most vigorous exertions. The valid objection to the system lies in the fact that it has deprived the schools of a local town supervision—an authority nearer to the districts and the people. In order to save the county system, which is doing an incalculable good, it is apparent that concessions will have to be made in favor of a town supervising officer, who can oftener visit and inspect schools, and come into closer relations with the teachers and the scholars while engaged in their work.

Life and Services of J. D. Doty

By Gen. Albert G. Ellis

In compliance with the request of the State Historical Society, made on the 2d January, 1866, that I should prepare for its archives "a paper on the Life and Public Services of the late Hon. James Duane Doty, and their relation to the History of Wisconsin," I respectfully submit the following:

I shall hardly be expected to give a detailed history of all his acts and doings; as, while he was Judge of the U. S. District Court, for Michigan, west of the Lakes; as a member of the Legislative Council of Michigan from the upper district; as Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Wisconsin; as Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs; as Commissioner for treating with the Indian Tribes on the Upper Mississippi; as a member of the Convention for forming a Constitution and State Government; as a member of Congress from the 3d District of this State; and finally as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and then Governor of Utah, where he died; to do all which would be writing a volume —a history of Wisconsin—instead of "a paper." Having on the 30th June, 1865, soon after the death of Gov. Doty, written and published in the *Pinery* newspaper of this place, a somewhat extended article, I can now do but little more than repeat, with some amplification, what I then said; in doing which, at the distance I am away from records, libraries, files of State newspapers, &c., I shall have to draw almost entirely on fading recollections of events long since past, and cannot therefore, hope to be as accurate as might be wished.

The distinguished subject of our narrative was a native of Salem, Washington County, New York, where he was born

in 1799. In the year 1818, he settled at Detroit, Michigan, where the writer first became acquainted with him in the Spring of 1822, nearly forty-five years ago. A young lawyer of good repute, he was the next year, 1819, admitted to the Supreme Court of that Territory; and was the same year promoted rapidly to places of public trust—being appointed Secretary of the Legislative Council, and Clerk of the Court.*

Although young—only twenty-three—when I first became acquainted with him, and quite juvenile in appearance, he was decidedly popular with the people, and had already attracted the attention of Gov. Cass, who took much interest in all young men of character and talent. He had a fine address, was of a sociable and genial disposition—thereby winning the good will, respect and friendship of his acquaintances.

Gov. Cass, in 1820, made his famous tour of the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi to its sources, traveling a distance of four thousand miles with his party, in five bark canoes. Mr. Doty was selected by the Governor to command one of the birch flotilla; C. C. Trowbridge and John H. Kinzie each having charge of another. The trip from Detroit to Mackinaw and the Sault St. Marie consumed nearly 90 days, and was one of great difficulty and peril. It was on this oc-

* Charles C. Trowbridge, Esq., of Detroit, in a letter to the Secretary of the Society, furnishes these reminiscences of Gov. Doty: "I knew him intimately when he lived in Detroit. I found him here when I came, in September, 1819, and roomed with him, made the tour of the Lakes with him in Gen. Cass's expedition in 1820, and enjoyed his uninterrupted friendship while he lived. He preceded me to Detroit a few months. He became the law partner of George MacDougall, a native of Michigan, of Scotch and French descent. MacDougall was then an elderly man, a little inclined to *le timbre fele*, which made him, at times, cross and troublesome. His mental malady so mastered him the winter of John Quincy Adams' election as President, that he caused a French cariole to be made, with double bottom, in which to carry some frozen white fish, from Detroit, through Ohio and over the Alleghanies, as a *bonne bouche* for the President, and was all ready to set out on his journey, when his reason returned.

"MacDougall predicted from the first that Doty would become a man of mark. The co-partnership continued for several years, I think, probably, till Doty was made Judge of the Northern District. Doty had charge of the pleadings and docket, and MacDougall assisted in court, where his excellent knowledge of the French language was a counterbalance to his lack of legal attainment and good *horse sense*. While Governor Doty lived in Detroit, he was distinguished for close application to his profession and for frugality. I have been told that he manifested a widely speculative turn, unregulated by proper judgment, in Wisconsin. He may have possessed the germ of that tendency when here, but in that day there was nothing to speculate with or upon. The hum-drum of Territorial life was as near inanition as possible. Even as late as 1834, I declined becoming a party to the purchase of one-fourth of the Kinzie addition to Chicago, the North Side, at five thousand dollars. Ten years prior to that I was in Chicago, and would not have given that sum for both sides of the river as far as the eye could extend.

"I would gladly furnish you something upon Governor Doty's history, which might be of service in your annals, but our long separation has rendered it out of my power."

casion that Gov. Cass, supported by his assistants and canoemen, in the presence of the assembled dignitaries of the fierce Chippewas, and in defiance of their menaces, pulled down the British flag, which those Indians had displayed on the American side of the Straits on his arrival, and hoisted the *Stars and Stripes* in its place. Mr. Doty was present, and aided, with his own hands, in displaying the American flag. He often spoke of it as a most exciting scene. The party left Detroit early in May, traversed the Lakes, and reached the sources of the Mississippi, held conferences with various Indian tribes, and returned the last of November. Mr. Doty, besides having charge of one of the canoes, acted as secretary of the expedition.

In the winter of 1821, Mr. Doty was at Washington, where Mr. Henry Wheaton procured his admission as attorney in the Supreme Court of the United States at the age of twenty-two years.

In the winter of 1822–3, Congress passed an "act to provide for the appointment of an additional Judge, for the Michigan Territory," and to establish courts in the counties of Michillimackinac, Brown and Crawford; the two latter counties embracing all that is now Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Dacotah. From the numerous applicants for the place, President Monroe selected James Duane Doty, of Detroit, for the new Judge. No more suitable appointment could have been made. With the exception of the two small settlements of Green Bay and Prairie Du Chien, the whole vast area west of Lake Michigan was an unbroken wilderness, and Judge Doty soon proved himself just the man to traverse, explore and expose its wild recesses to civilization.

Descending the Lake from Green Bay to New York, in May, 1823, the writer found him in Detroit, already on the way to his new circuit accompanied by his wife, whom he had just married—the eldest daughter of Gen. Collins, of New Hartford, Oneida Co., N. Y. The lady has since proven herself eminently qualified for the wife of one destined to the eventful career which has since marked the foot-steps of her husband.

Gen. Collns, her father, was a prominent officer in the War of 1812, commanding the New York State militia at Sacket's Harbor.

Judge Doty lost no time in entering on his duties as Judge —law-giver to a country sufficient in extent for an empire. He repaired forthwith to Prairie Du Chien; organized the Judiciary of Crawford county, and opened court. It was no easy task to inaugurate justice in these wilds; to create sheriffs, clerks and jurors, out of half breed Indian traders, *voyageurs,* and *couriers du bois,* but the tact, talent and perseverance of the young Judge prevailed: It was done, and stood fast.

Judge Doty had thought to make Prairie Du Chien his resting place—his home—but the leading Indian trader, and one of great influence in the country, especially, not regarding the establishment of courts within the precincts of his trade with favor, but with evident dislike, early intimations of a want of good neighborhood appeared between the leading traders and the Judge of the U. S. District Court; to avoid which, as well as to find a more healthy location for his family, he determined on a permanent residence at Green Bay, to which place he soon removed, and made it his home for twenty years.

The Judge proceeded to organize courts in Michillimackinac and Brown counties, where he found the inhabitants generally disposed to render every assistance in bringing a wild country subject to law and good order. The terms were held with perfect regularity throughout the whole district; he continued to discharge his onerous duties for nine years and until superceded by Judge Irwin, in 1832; when he turned over his judicature to his successor, and retired to private life—if, indeed, his time and talents, devoted as they were thenceforward to the development of the resources of this new country, could, in any sense, be termed "private life."

Relieved from the cares and responsibilities of the Judgeship and courts, he immediately commenced, on his own resources, a personal examination, by repeated tours, of the country that now constitutes Wisconsin and Northern Illinois. It was then

inhabited and possessed by the Aborigines. His sagacious mind saw the importance of conciliating these natives; he visited every village of note; made himself acquainted with, and gained the good will of the chiefs; and contributed, in no small degree, to the good understanding which followed between the Government and these savage tribes. In the course of these explorations he traveled over the whole of the southern part of our State many times—often quite alone—stopping in the deep forest wherever night overtook him, tying his Indian pony to a sapling, and with his saddle for a pillow, laying down under his blanket with as little concern as if in his own house.

In 1830, Congress made an appropriation for surveying and locating a military road from Green Bay to Chicago, and to Prairie Du Chien. Judge Doty and Lieut. Center, of the U. S. army, were appointed Commissioners, and surveyed and located these roads during 1831 and 1832. Reposing from these labors and travels, Judge Doty projected a map of this Upper Country, from which in the main, one was soon afterwards—but before the surveys—constructed for the use of the War Department, and which to this day is still used there.

Judge Doty's talents for usefulness were now conceded and appreciated by all; the people of the district of Michigan west of the Lake elected him to the Legislative Council, in 1834, in which he served with marked ability for two years. It was while he was a member, that the Legislative Council of that Territory began to agitate the question of a State Government, which he was first to introduce, and which finally prevailed.

Returning from the Legislative Council, he became an active operator in the public land sales, which were opened at Green Bay in 1835–6. He was applied to from all quarters by capitalists, to take agencies for the purchase of choice locations in the Green Bay land district. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were placed at his disposal for investment—such confidence had they in his integrity and knowledge of the country, and its best points for future towns and cities. The result showed the confidence not misplaced; many of the most pop-

ulous towns and villages of the State to-day, stand on sites selected at that time by him.

The rapid settlement of the country beyond the Great Lakes, called for a new Territorial Government—a separation from Michigan. Congress passed the act creating the Territorial Government of Wisconsin, in 1836. Hon. Henry Dodge received the appointment of Governor, and assembled the first Legislature at Belmont. One of the most important matters brought before that body, and to be settled by it, was the location of the seat of government. Judge Doty, though remaining in private life, had not been idle, and especially was not uninterested in this matter of a capital for Wisconsin. There was great excitement over the matter in the Legislature; while others were planning, Judge Doty was *acting*. He appeared at Belmont as a lobby member; and almost before the Solons knew of it, by his superior tact, had brought about a vote fixing the seat of government at Madison, the beautiful place where it now is. There was a good deal of sparring and fault-finding with Doty and his management at the time; but all agree, now, that it was then, as it is seen to be since, just the right place for the capital.

Wisconsin, as an organized Territory, had now a Delegate in Congress. Judge Doty succeeded Hon. George W. Jones in 1838, and served till 1841, when he was appointed Governor of Wisconsin by President Tyler, serving nearly three years, and was succeeded by Gov. Tallmadge. While Governor and Superintendent of Indian affairs, the Indians in Minnesota—Dacotahs or Sioux, and Chippewas—began to be uneasy and troublesome. The War Department instituted a commission for conference with them. Gov. Doty, on account of his known acquaintance with Indian character, was selected as Commissioner. He soon assembled the sachems, and had a council. They listened with profound attention, difficulties were allayed, and he made two highly important treaties with the North-Western Indian tribes. The Senate, however, not accepting them, no opportunity was had of testing their value, or otherwise, to the country.

He was a member of the first Constitutional Convention, in 1846; and although the draft of the Constitution offered by that Convention, was rejected by the people, the general opinion is that it was a far better one than that finally adopted two years afterwards. He was elected to Congress from the Third District, under the State organization of 1848, and re-elected in 1851, and procured by his industry and influence, important legislation for the State and his constituency; serving both terms with great honor to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of the people of the district.

In 1853 he retired once more to "private life;" to be recalled by President Lincoln in 1861—first as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and subsequently as Governor of Utah; holding this last place at the time of his death, June 13th, 1865. For the manner in which he discharged those important trusts, reference is here had to the testimony of Hon. Charles Durkee, his successor, and who is also from our State, and was for many years intimately acquainted with him, both as a public man and a private friend. In his first message to the Legislative Assembly of Utah, Gov. Durkee thus alludes to his predecessor:

"Since your last session, one who was accustomed to advise with you in matters of legislation, has, by a mysterious Providence, been removed from his chosen field of labor.

"On the 13th of June last Governor James Duane Doty, departed this life. Inasmuch as he was the Executive of this Territory at the time of his death, it is proper and becoming that I should upon this occasion express my sympathy with his family and the people in view of this solemn event.

"From a long and intimate acquaintance with the deceased, it gives me pleasure to bear testimony to his superior abilities as a statesman, and to his many virtues as a citizen.

"Governor Doty had for a long period enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens. They had given him prominent positions both in the State and National councils, where his services proved creditable to himself, advantageous to his constituents, and useful to his country. He was greatly

attached to frontier life. He was a pioneer in the settlements of Michigan and Wisconsin, and his predilection was exemplified in a request that his remains should repose in Utah, his recently adopted home."

Gov. Doty was what we term in the West, a self-made man. Without the advantages of a collegiate education, yet by a constant study of men and things he well supplied its place. His vigorous mind was eminently practical, and his reading very extensive, especially in all that related to the Government of our country, and the history of the North-West. Personally he had the advantage of a fine commanding figure; open, intelligent and pleasing countenance, and a most winning address; you were his friend at first sight.

Not a politician in the common acceptance of the term, he yet had many and some very sharp political contests. In these he was always true to his friends, and placable and courteous to his enemies. As a public man he was equally approachable and dignified; neither sycophantic to power, nor repulsive to the humble and dependent. He had, in a most eminent degree, the good will of the masses.

Coming to this Upper Country in 1822–3, he was, without a figure of speech, "one of the old settlers." But one American citizen now living is known, who came to Wisconsin as early as he did.*

Gov. Doty's last residence in the State, was at Menasha, on Doty's Island—one of the many villages that have sprung up under his influence. He had two sons and one daughter. The eldest son, Maj. Charles Doty, late a Commissary in the U. S. Army, mustered out in April last, now resides at Menasha. The second son, James, accompanied Gov. Stevens, on his exploring expedition for a route for railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, and died in Washington Territory some years since.

Mrs. Sarah C. Doty, the Governor's wife, accompanied him to Utah in 1864; was with him at his death; has since returned

*Gen. A. G. Ellis, the writer of this narrative, who first came to Wisconsin in 1821, in company with **Eleazer Williams, and for some** time acted as school teacher for the mission school of New York Indians, near Green Bay.

L. C. D.

to Wisconsin, and now resides in Oshkosh, with her widowed daughter, Mrs. Fitzgerald.

The surviving members of Gov. Doty's family will mourn his death; yet such men never really die, but live in their deeds—their memories cherished and enshrined by posterity to the latest ages.

Stevens Point, Jan. 1867.

Reminiscences of Hole-in-the-Day

By Julius T. Clark

In the summer of 1843, weary of a life of almost idleness and chafing in spirits for something to break up the dull monotony of life as it was then forced to be spent in this now comparatively goodly city, I accepted from Governor Doty a subordinate position under Government, among the Chippewa Indians. My station was to be at Sandy Lake, an old trading post of the North-Western, and more recently the American, Fur Company.

I left Madison the first day of August, two days by stage taking me to Milwaukee, and two more by steamboat to Mackinac, where I was forced to remain a week or more, waiting for an opportunity to proceed to Sault St. Marie. The garrison at Mackinac was then under the command of Captain, afterwards Lieut. Col. Martin Scott, who subsequently fell, as I learned, at the battle of Molino Del Rey, in our war with Mexico.

At that time Capt. Scott possessed great celebrity as an accurate marksman, and many a wonderful tale was told of his skill in this particular. After spending several days on this Island, where nature has lavished so much that is beautiful and picturesque, I embarked in a small fishing boat or skiff, barely large enough to hold myself and baggage, and my *compagnon de voyage,* who carried a weekly or monthly mail, as might suit the convenience of those concerned, from Mackinac to Sault St. Marie. A rapid run tinged with somewhat of danger to our little bark, over the dark waters of Lake Huron, brought us into St. Mary's River, on whose bank we encamped for the night. The next day, with no little toil and expendi-

ture of manual labor, against the strong current of the river, we reached the Falls or Rapids, celebrated since the day when they were first visited by Raymbault and Jogues, on their tour of spiritual conquest.

Here, again, I was compelled to wait a week or two for the departure of a vessel to La Pointe. There were at that time but two vessels upon Lake Superior; one, a hermaphrodite brig, Capt. Stannard, belonged to the American Fur Company, and the other a smaller vessel belonging to a Cleveland company. These vessels were then at Sault St. Marie for the double purpose of taking in such supplies as the Companies needed for fall and winter use and trade, and also to take to La Pointe Government stores for the annual payment to the Chippewas, which was to take place in the month of September. Accompanying them, also, were a number of persons from Detroit and other places upon the Lakes, with a goodly supply of scarlet cloth, beads and cheap jewelry, and such other articles as would be most likely to draw from the Indians the money which the Government officers were about to disburse among them. I embarked on one of these vessels, and after a pleasant sail through the king of all Lakes, in due time arrived at La Pointe.

La Pointe was then occupied as the chief post or factory of the American Fur Company, from whence all the inferior agencies received their stated supplies. Dr. B. W. Borup was then at the head of this department of the Company's operations. He was a Dane, from Copenhagen, and a highly cultivated and intelligent gentleman, in whose family I found, on his invitation, a most pleasant home, during my stay upon the Island.

In former times the Company had found it necessary to make all the defences, and keep up the discipline of a military post. But at the period of my visit, this had been considerably relaxed. La Pointe was also occupied as a missionary station. There were two missionary establishments—Catholic and Protestant; the former, then under the charge of Father Baraga, had existed for a long series of years, having preceded even

the footsteps of the early traders; the latter had been established more recently, but under the energetic labors of Mr. Hall, had accomplished considerable in the way of civilization and christianity for the poor savage. Among other things done by Mr. Hall, he reduced the Chippewa (or more properly, O-jeeb-wa) language to a system; and translated the New Testament and a variety of other books into their language. One of these Testaments, I had the pleasure of presenting to this Society after my return.

I have also a part of the grammar, as made by Mr. Hall, in manuscript—and I may say here what will illustrate the remarks which I shall make when speaking of him who is really the object of what I had designed to say—that the O-jeeb-wa language abounds in vowels and liquids, and is by far the most musical and richest language of which I have any knowledge. The almost endless inflections of the verb in its different forms, enables the Chippewa to express every shade of thought in one word, which would either be altogether impossible in our language, or only to be arrived at, by an awkward and uncertain circumlocution. As an evidence of this, I will state, that one of the missionaries told me that there were about one hundred and fifty forms of the regular verb in the indicative mood, present tense, first person, singular number. This might have been somewhat exaggerated; but that there is a wonderful facility in adapting the verb to the thought, I can bear witness from even the slight knowledge which I obtained of the language.

Soon after my arrival, the Indians began to assemble for payment, and in a few days several hundreds of the chiefs and braves of the nation were gathered on the Island; and finer specimens of men in their physical structure and general appearance could not be found among any people. In this respect the Chippewas are far superior to any other of the savage tribes which I have met. I cannot now enter into anything like a detail of what I learned of their general history, but the Chippewa is one of the most numerous and extended of the Indian tribes, occupying a large portion of the North

and North-West. That part of the nation among whom I resided and I presume the same is the case with the remainder, is divided into numerous bands, each under a subordinate chief, but the whole under one generally acknowledged head—and that head chief, at the time of my visit, was the celebrated Hole-in-the Day. This was the common name by which he was known among our people. His real name was Pug-o-na-ghe-zhisk, which, being literally translated, means, *a puncture through the sky, through which the light streams down.* He did not occupy this position by hereditary right, but by the common voice of the nation, aided by his own restless ambition and love of distinction. For, like most of the ruder nations, the Indians while nominally recognizing the hereditary nature of the chieftainship, are by no means confined to it, and a man of aspiring and really superior character, has it almost always in his power to reach the goal of his ambition, irrespective of the accidents of birth.

Brusha, the really head chief of the nation, as I was informed, although a person of more than ordinary intelligence, was not possessed of those daring and bold traits of character, which are so captivating to the Indian mind; and while he was respected and deferred to, as a legitimate hereditary chief, the nation looked to and followed HOLE-IN-THE-DAY (for I shall continue to call him by that name, by which he is known to our people,) as their leader, and it was his counsel and his plans which were in the end adopted. In his person, he was rather under, than over the average height of the warriors assembled with him. In his dress he was very plain. We all know how fond the Indians are of finery and tinsel, and this is the characteristic of both sexes and all classes. I have seen at least fifty ear-rings in one ear of some more than ordinary pretentious squaw, not to mention the ornaments on her arms and legs. Fops are by no means confined to Broadway or State street; I have seen their legitimate brothers in the wilds of the North West. The freedom of Hole-in-the-Day from this universal passion of his people, showed of itself a superiority and earnestness of character. There was in his appear-

ance and manner, when unexcited, a sobriety and thoughtfulness, which almost amounted to sadness. Something of the character of that exhibited in Sully's portrait of Black Hawk, in the possession of the Society—with the difference, that it seemed the more remarkable in Hole-in-the-Day, as he was much more youthful, having scarcely arrived at the prime of life. He was also taciturn in his temperament, seldom conversing in public except upon matters of general interest to his people, and then in an earnest and dignified way.

The first time my attention was particularly called to him, was at a council of the subordinate chiefs and braves, held during the payment, when some question of reciprocal obligation between the Indians and the General Government, out of which a misunderstanding had risen, was under consideration. The Indians were seated in a large circle, and at one side within this circle, stood Hole-in-the-Day. When he began to speak, he was very deliberate, and his voice was calm, and his manners mild and gentle as a woman's; but as he continued speaking, his animation and energy increased, until he finally poured forth a torrent of eloquence, such as I had never heard before. As his chest heaved and his eye glowed with the fervor of his thoughts, his right arm bare and extended, and his mantle, like the Roman toga, hanging over the other shoulder and around his body, he looked the personification of ELOQUENCE itself. His control over his uncultivated brethren of the forest was complete, and it was to me a matter of very great interest to watch the effect produced upon them by the varying nature of his remarks: At one time, while engaged, perhaps in the simple narrative of facts and incidents connected with his subject, they would quietly sit and listen with an occasional murmur of approval of the truth of what he was saying; but when it suited his purpose to appeal to their passions, he would rouse himself up to all the fire and impetuosity of his nature, and while his eye flashed and his features changed with the changing emotions which glowed within his own breast, these passions and emotions ran like an electric shock through his auditors, until unable longer to restrain themselves, they

would literally leap from their seats, and in a frenzy of excitement, fill the air with their savage yells. I had read in that charming book of WIRT's, THE LIFE OF PATRICK HENRY, his description of the effect of HENRY's eloquence in the celebrated trial of the parsons, and, it seemed to me, an incident and a power which had passed away with the heroes of that time—not to be renewed, or permitted to be observed by us, their degenerate descendants; but here in the wilds of the North West, among these native sons of the forest, I was permitted to see the full working of this wonderful power of mind over mind.

HOLE IN THE DAY was the only man in the nation who was feared by the traders and Government officers. I do not mean that they feared personal injury, or were in danger of coming into personal conflict with him; but they feared his influence with his people. Although he was not inimical to our Government, yet he was very jealous of the honor and the rights of his own nation; instances of the violation of both of which he had been forced occasionally to witness. He had seen portions of their territory passing away by treaty to the United States, and the price, in many instances, perhaps, not altogether an unfair one, enticed from them by the cunning and artifice of the hordes of petty traders who thronged the annual payments, leaving the poor savage nothing adequate in return either for his land or his money; and actuated, no doubt, by a sincere regard for the welfare of his people, he had both in private and in public councils, thrown all the weight of his influence and authority against this policy, or rather, want of policy, on their part. The traders made use of every effort that promised any returns to overcome this opposition, and win him to their interests, but without any real success. But the stores of goods and the boxes of coin, with which the Indians were tempted, proved too powerful even for the eloquence of their favorite leader to wholly withstand. Still his influence was sufficient to keep the traders in a state of constant anxiety. They courted his favor, but he met them with coldness and reserve; they offered him presents, but, as a general thing, he

declined to receive them. There was one avenue, however, through which they found access to him, and that was the Indian's innate and unconquerable love of ardent spirits.

Perhaps it would be impossible to find a more illustrative example of the power of this passion for intoxication, than was exhibited in the life of this celebrated chief. With the firmness of any of the ancient heroes to withstand all the approaches of corruption, and temptations to treachery, and with all the consciousness that he was the idol of his people, and of his ability to maintain that position, if true to himself; and with too much sagacity not to see where a course of dissipation would be sure to leave him in the end, he still allowed himself to be taken an easy and willing prey in this snare, designedly spread for his overthrow.

At the time I knew him, the law of the United States prohibiting the sale or gift of intoxicating liquor to the Indians, was enforced by the officers of the Government with as much fidelity as practicable, so that it was very difficult to elude their vigilance; and instances of its violation were comparatively few, and of course it was very rarely that the Indians had an opportunity of gratifying a taste, which is as natural to an Indian as his breath. But the discovery and working of the Copper Mines, and other avenues of speculation about that time, soon drew numerous white settlers into different parts of that region, and with civilization came its necessary concomitants in the country, drunkenness and debauchery; and the Chippewa of that country of to-day, is, I suppose, quite a different person from the Chippewa of early times, before these vices had degraded him to a level with his white brethren. With numbers of others, Hole-in-the-Day also fell. Partaking of the demoralization of his tribe, he partially lost his influence over them, and followed the white population who ministered to his appetite for drink, until at last, several years since, while riding in a state of intoxication from St. Paul to St. Anthony, he was thrown from the vehicle, and killed by the fall. Such was the inglorious end of the life of one of the

most distinguished chiefs of his time, and whose early career gave such promise of success.

What he would have been under other circumstances, and away from the contaminating influences and examples of the white settlers, can, of course, only be a matter of conjecture. He fell so soon after his rise, that we are left somewhat in doubt as to the genuine nature of the power by which he rose. There was very little in the circumstances and history of his nation while he remained as its acknowledged head, to call forth large energies and develop great traits, had he possessed these quantities in ever so eminent a degree. The relations existing between the Indians and our own Government, were, in the main, conducted with so much fairness, and such regard shown to their wishes and welfare, that they had no just ground for hostility to us; and I found, in fact, that there existed, almost universally among them, kind and loyal feelings towards us as a nation, and there was a very general readiness to acknowledge the word of their Great Father as law.

The hereditary feuds existing between the Chippewas and Sioux, were at this time held in check by the power of our Government, and a repetition of the bloody wars which had been the yearly history of these two nations for centuries, rendered difficult or impossible; and thus these avenues, almost the only ones open to a savage chief, were effectualy closed to the aspiring ambition of Hole-in-the-Day, whatever may have been his desire or his ability to pursue them.

It is not impossible, that the chafing and unrest of his energies, confined and hampered, as they were, for want of an adequate theatre for their exercise, may have contributed to that course of life, which led so rapidly to his fall.

Had the theatre been open to him, I have no doubt he would have been successful in realizing the utmost limits of his ambition. Nature had stamped her mark upon him. The Indians, his brethren, who, whatever else they may lack, do not lack a quick apprehension of character, showed their appreciation of him in the name they gave him.

We are so prone to associate greatness with schools and books, and the arts and sciences of civilized life, that it is extremely difficult to realize that a man may be great without any of these things entering into the elements of his greatness; and I presume it is as true of others, as of myself, that we have no just understanding of the Indian character until after a personal and somewhat intimate acquaintance with them. Reading and description do not give it unto us, for the reason that we have formed in our mind one standard of greatness for civilized, and another for savage life; and we involuntarily and almost necessarily employ the latter when contemplating any of the race to which we have applied it. Personal acquaintance alone will thoroughly rectify this mistake. Nature is true to herself. The greatness of genius is inherent, and not the result of nationality or of any factitious circumstances of birth or education. Quickness of perception, firmness of purpose, comprehensiveness of mind, incorruptible fidelity, nobleness of disposition—these, and other like qualities, make the truly great man, whether civilized or savage; and the career of Hole-in-the-day, short and unfavorable as it was, developed these traits of character, and for these let us respect his memory, and draw a veil, if possible, over that part of his life in which the power of the tempter was too strong even for these virtues to resist, and wherein he fell, as many of our own good and great have fallen.

February 11th, 1862.

Sketch of Hole-in-the-Day

By Rev. Alfred Brunson, A. M., D. D.

My first acquaintance with this celebrated Chippewa chief was in July, 1838, when I was a missionary to his tribe, on the Upper Mississippi. I next met him at La Pointe, in the fall of 1843, when I was Indian agent at that place. As he was a distinguished man, both on the river and on the lake, I naturally made all the inquiries and observations I could in reference to him. My interpreters, both in the mission and in the agency, were natives of the Chippewa country, and knew him from their youths. Lyman Warren, then (in 1843) a trader for twenty-five years among these Indians, had known this chief from a youth, and, being a man of some intelligence, and of a historic turn of mind, seemed to be well posted in this matter. I also availed myself of conversations with, and inquiries made of other traders and aged intelligent Indians. From the information thus received, and from personal observations, I am enabled to give the following facts and characteristics of this chief:

He must have been born about the year 1800, as he was about twenty years of age in 1820, when he made his first mark in his career, before the whites. He was born, as near as I could learn, not far interior from La Pointe, at a place now in the State of Wisconsin. Possessing an enterprising spirit, and a dare-devil in temperament, he was early upon the war-path, the chase, and in every enterprise calculated to give distinction in the estimation of untutored men. Having, while quite young, slain one of his nation's hereditary foes, he had consequently, according to Indian usage, a feather in his hair, and a seat in the council among the braves, where he

was soon distinguished for his eloquence, wisdom, and force of argument.

His daring exploits on the war-path, the chase and in personal encounters, as well as his boldness and force in council, naturally drew around him the young men of his tribe, who admired such feats and traits of character, and who acknowledged him as a leader. Like other demagogues, in their aspiration for distinction and notoriety, he moulded the minds of his admirers and adherents as he desired, and his superior talent and tact at this, and his success in it, could hardly fail to create in him an ambition for position and distinction among his own people, even if it had not been born in him.

He was not a hereditary chief, though his mother was the daughter of a chief; but by common consent of his admirers and followers, he led them in the war-path, in the chase, and in the council, much after the style of the whites in such cases.

His first introduction to the whites, as a man of mark, and a reliable friend of the Government, was on this wise: After the war with Britain of 1812–15, when the British employed the Indians extensively on our North Western frontier, they continued to give them presents annually, to secure their friendship and services in case of another war. One point at which those presents were distributed was on our soil, at St. Mary's, the outlet of Lake Superior, where all the Indians on both sides of the Lake and as far west as the headwaters of the Mississippi and Red Lake, gathered to receive them.

In 1820, Lewis Cass, Governor of Michigan Territory, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs in all the North West, was ordered to break up this present-giving custom on our soil, and if possible, secure the good will of the Indians to our Government and people, and detach them from the British, for without it, in case of another war, they would be troublesome customers on that frontier. He ascended the Lakes and intervening rivers with some twenty-five officers, and soldiers, together with interpreters, voyagers and domestics, in all, perhaps, fifty or sixty men, in a fleet of bark canoes, with a full supply of provisions, and goods for presents. On reaching

that place, the Governor found a large body of Chippewa Indians encamped, and the British flag waving in the wind, all awaiting the arrival of the British agent and his goods.

To cope with this formidable body of savages whose attachments to their British benefactors, were enthusiastic, with this handful of men, was a fearful, if not a hopeless, task. But fortune favors the brave. Cass with his own hands, hauled down the British flag, trampled upon it, and hoisted the *Stars and Stripes* in the presence, and in defiance of the Indians who stood, guns in hand, and called for those of them who were friendly to the United States to come forward, and support and defend it.

This was an occasion suited to the genius, temperament, and feelings of Hole-in-the-Day. With characteristic impetuosity and bravery, he rushed up to the Governor and his escort, and called aloud for his friends and the friends of the United States to join him in defending the flag and the Governor. Instantly a hundred or more stood by his side, ready to obey his commands, when our hero thundered defiance at those who favored the foreign flag, and challenged combat with any who dared to molest "our Great Father," or the flag. His character was so well known on both sides of the Lake, that no one dared to raise a hand against him, or the Governor. But for this daring exploit it was thought by the whites who were present, that Cass and all his men would have been killed on the spot.* The result was, the British agents were not allowed to land nor distribute their goods on our soil, but were compelled to go on the other shore, whither the Indians from that

*There must be some mistake in connecting Hole-in-the-day with this affair. When Gen. Cass pulled down the British flag, there was great commotion among the Indians, but none came to his aid. The statements of Cass, Schoolcraft and Trowbridge, all eye-witnesses, corroborate this fact. But during the ensuing night, when great efforts were made among the Chippewas to prevent an out-break, young Hole-in-the-day may have distinguished himself in opposing the British party, and preserving peace. Or, it is not at all improbable, that the young Indian hero called Buck by Mr. Trowbridge, in his account of the affair, appended to this series of papers on Hole-in-the-day, father and son, may have been the veritable young Hole-in-the-Day himself; for it is not uncommon for Indians to change their names—especially supplanting their youthful one with another more characteristic of their adult actions, or more consonant with their tastes or aspirations. Dr. Brunson adds in verbal explanation of this discrepancy, that he can only say that he had the narrative of Hole-in-the-day's connection with the event in question, from Lyman Warren, and his son Wm. W. Warren—the latter the native historian of the Chippewas, whose narrative is given in the 2d vol. of Schoolcraft's large work on the *History of the Indian Tribes*; and it would, therefore, seem as though there must have been some foundation for it. L. C. D.

side followed, and some few from our side, and received their presents. But Hole-in-the-day, and all he could control, being most, if not all, the chiefs and braves from our side of the Lake, remained with the Governor, who made a liberal distribution of goods among them.

The Governor then ascertained who were chiefs on our soil, and gave them each a United States flag and a silver medal as insignias of their office, of which they were very proud, and which they were sure to display with pride and pomp on every appearance of white men among them. But discovering that Hole-in-the-day was not a regular or hereditary chief, and feeling that his daring, bravery, and evident influence over the tribe, demanded recognition and reward, he elevated him to that rank and dignity, and gave him a flag and a medal in presence of them all, and directed that all, of any band, who felt disposed to do so, could join the new chief, thus forming a new band in the nation. Twenty-three years later, when I was their Agent, this was one of the strongest bands in the tribe; and though he was not acknowledged the *head* chief, yet he exerted a greater influence among his people, and with the whites, than any other chief among them.

This great chief, with his new band, to avoid collision with the territory claimed by older chiefs, migrated to Gull Lake on the Mississippi, and occupied part of the territory between the Chippewas and Sioux, thus extending the Chippewa lines farther south, and becoming the frontier band of the nation in that direction—a position well suited to the war-like propensities of him and his followers. The Sioux regarded this as a further encroachment upon their territory, and frequent battles ensued between them as the consequence.

The name of Hole-in-the-day became a terror to the Sioux, on account of his daring feats against them; and also a dread even among the Chippewas—so much so that no one dared to oppose measures upon which he was determined. In a dispute between him and the recognized head chief, he drew his knife across the face of that chief—a high insult in Indian

estimation—and challenged him to mortal combat, but the chief declined.

In 1825, Gov. Cass was ordered by the Government to assemble the Sioux, Chippewas, Winnebagoes, Monomonees and the Sauks and Foxes at Prairie Du Chien, to fix and settle upon the boundary lines between these respective tribes. There was but little trouble in doing this, except between the Sioux and Chippewas. This dispute was fierce, and threatened an open rupture between them. The Sioux claimed the country to Lake Superior, and down it as far as Keweewenon Point, at least; while the Chippewas claimed it as far south from that Lake as to the St. Peter's, or Minnesota, and Chippewa rivers. The Governor asked the Sioux upon what ground they claimed the country in dispute. They answered, "by possession and occupation from our fore-fathers;" as the whites would say, "from time immemorial." This was literally true, as far as our knowledge of the matter goes, for some two hundred years ago, the Sioux pursued and attacked their foes as far East as Sault St. Marie.

But turning to the Chippewas, he asked the same question. Hole-in-the-day, who, by common consent, was their chief speaker, at once rose in his usual impetuous manner, and gracefully waving his right arm, said: "My father! We claim it upon the same ground that you claim this country from the British King—by conquest. We drove them from the country by force of arms, and have since occupied it; and they cannot, and dare not, try to dispossess us of our habitations." "Then," said Cass, "you have a right to it." But to harmonize all differences, as far as possible, a line was run between them, but the Chippewas secured "the lion's share."

War continued between these two powerful tribes, despite the effort of Government troops to prevent it. In 1837, Gov. Dodge, of Wisconsin, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs on the frontier, convened the two tribes at Fort Snelling, with a view to settling all disputes between them, and making a permanent peace. They agreed to the terms proposed, signed the treaty, and the young men of the two tribes had a friendly

game of ball on the plain outside of the Fort, and in sight of the great gathering of whites and Indians then present. They mutually agreed that each tribe might hunt on the neutral ground between them, and separated in apparent peace and friendship.

But in April, 1838, about nine months after this treaty was made, Hole-in-the-day, accompanied by his son, then about nine years old, and seven of his braves, were on a hunt upon the neutral territory, where they found a lodge of Sioux, consisting of eleven persons. He met them with professed friendship, and being invited, took lodging with them. But, savage-like, he thirsted for blood, despite the treaty he had signed the summer previous. He laid his plans for the massacre of all in the lodge. It was arranged for each to lie down by a Sioux, and at signal from him each was to draw his knife, and thrust it into the heart of the Sioux who lay next to him. The place assigned the little son was by a girl about two years his senior. His father, in directing the affair, said to the son, "if you are afraid, I'll whip you;" but the son affirmed his courage and determination to do as directed.

After feasting and smoking together, they lay down for a night's repose, but at the signal given the nine knives were drawn, and nine Sioux, including the little girl, were slain in an instant. One woman made her escape, and one woman was taken prisoner, with whom the Chippewas immediately retreated to their own country, taking with them, of course, the nine scalps.* The woman who escaped soon reached a lodge of her own tribe, and giving notice of what had occurred, the news spread like wild-fire, and the Sioux, far and near, were soon in arms, ready for revenge. But they

*In Neill's *History of Minnesota*, pp. 454–56, we find it stated, that in the fall of 1837, "Hole-in-the-Day, a distinguished Ojibway Chief, father of the young man who now bears that name, had smoked the calumet with the Dahkotahs, and promised to meet them the next Spring, and make them presents for the privilege of hunting on their lands;" but instead of fulfilling that stipulation—made, most likely, to entrap the Sioux into a fancied security—a party of eleven Chippewas came to the advance of three lodges of Sioux, in the region of Lac Qui Parle, in Minnesota, composed of men, women and children, who killed a couple of dogs, and feasted their Chippewa visitors in distinguished barbarian style, and finally all laid down to sleep. When all was silent, the guests arose, and killed and scalped nearly the whole camp, old and young, eleven in number; and among those who escaped, were a wounded Sioux mother and her wounded boy. L. C. D.

hesitated from fear of that terrible chief and his indomitable band; and, moreover, the military at the Fort interfered to prevent a further effusion of blood.

Some time in June of this year, Miles Vineyard, Sub-Agent to the Chippewas on the Upper Mississippi, arrived at Fort Snelling, and taking with him Quinn, his interpreter, and several voyagers, and gentlemen who accompanied him "for sight seeing," ascended the river in canoes to a point a short distance above Little Falls, and summoned Hole-in-the-day and his band to a council, and demanded the prisoner.

In July, 1838, not knowing of this movement, I ascended the river to the same point, with a view to establish a mission and school somewhere among these Indians. I found them in council on an Island. As is their custom, when a stranger arrives, all business was suspended till the new comers were introduced, and the news inquired for, the burden of which was, whether the Sioux were coming to attack them. Vineyard had told them, as a reason why they should surrender the prisoner, that seven hundred Sioux were actually on the war path, and he desired me to confirm his report. This I could not do; but said that I had heard of great excitement among the Sioux, and that they were preparing for war, but I had not seen any of them. This over, they resumed business.

I had heard so much of Hole-in-the-Day that I was anxious to see him. The council was in a thicket on an Island. The underbrush had been cut out and piled in the center, and perhaps fifty braves seated on the ground in the circle. The Agent and his *attaches* were seated in like manner under a tree, on one side of the circle, by the side of whom I, with my attendants, were assigned the place of honor, and looking in vain for one of distinguished appearance, I inquired of my interpreter which was the great chief, and he pointed to the dirtiest, most scowling and savage looking man in the crowd, who was lying on the pile of brush in the center, as if, as I found to be the fact, he was alone on his side of the question to be settled. All others had agreed before my arrival, to release the prisoner; he alone stood out.

As they resumed business, a dead silence occurred of some minutes, all waiting for his final answer. At length he rose up with impetuosity, as if shot out of a gun. His blanket, innocent of water since he owned it, was drawn over his left shoulder and round his body; his right arm swinging in the air, his eyes flashing like lightning, his brow scowled as if a thunder gust had settled on it, with his long hair literally snapping in the air from the quick motion of his head. I thought of Hercules, with every hair a serpent, and every serpent hissing. He came forward, as is their custom, and shook hands with the Agent and all the whites present, and then stepping back a short distance, orator like, to give himself room for motion, and swinging his right arm, said addressing the Agent:

"My Father! I don't keep this prisoner out of any ill-will to you; nor out of ill-will to my Great Father at Washington; nor out of ill-will to these men, (gracefully waving his hand back and round the circle;) but I hate the Sioux. They have killed my relatives, and I'll have revenge. You call me chief, and so I am, by nature as well as office, and I challenge any of these men, (again waving his hand towards them,) to dispute my title to it. If I am chief, then my word is law, otherwise you might as well put this medal, (showing the one he received from Gov. Cass,) upon an old woman." He then threw himself upon a pile of brush, and all was again silent for some minutes, no one daring to dispute him. The worst forebodings seemed to occupy each mind. Seven hundred men expected to pounce suddenly on about fifty; the displeasure of the Agent, and consequently of the Government and troops in the garrison, but a few day's march from them, and possibly the troops would accompany the Sioux, for all felt that this outrage of their chief was a breach of faith and solemn pledges to the Government, as well as to the Sioux. Finally he rose again, but a little milder in manner, and said:

"My Father! for *your* sake; and for the sake of these men, (waving his hand round the circle,) I'll give up the prisoner, and go myself and deliver her at the Fort."

This was but little better than a refusal; for all knew that

if he showed himself at the Fort, which was within the territory of the Sioux, he would be shot down on sight, and all hands set in to advise him not to go, but let the Agent take the prisoner home to Fort Snelling. To this he finally consented, and the Agent took the prisoner and delivered her to her friends.

Finding the Indians in too much excitement to talk of a mission, further than to express a desire to have one when the war was over, and designating a point at which to have it located, I returned to the mission below the Fort, and from thence up the St. Croix.

It was not many days, however, before this daring chief determined to visit the Fort. Four or five of his dare-devil braves getting wind of it, determined to accompany him, and if he died to die with him. So stealing away in the night, that the whole band should not go, they descended the river, and stopped at Quinn's, their interpreter, near Baker's Trading House, about a mile from the Fort. It was soon known among the Sioux that he was there, and two men lurked in the bush to get a shot at him. The chief, and his few braves, were in the house, and were advised to keep close. But a half-breed from Red River, who was also there, stepped out of the door; the Sioux, who were on the watch, thought he was their great enemy, and fired upon him wounding him in the leg. Hearing the report of the guns, and the groans of the wounded man, the men in the house rushed out, gun in hand, and seeing the two Sioux running, fired upon them, both falling, one dead, the other mortally wounded.

An officer who happened to be on the brow of the hill upon which the Fort stands, hearing the guns, and seeing the two Indians fall, ran to the Fort, gave the alarm, and soon returned with a force sufficient to guard the bloody chief and his men to the Fort, where they were kept close for several days.

In the meantime, runners were going in every direction to inform the Sioux, and hundreds of them were soon under arms, and demanded their enemy to be dealt with according to

their laws of war. This, Major Plympton,* then in command, refused. At this, the Sioux became exasperated to the highest pitch, declaring their determination to destroy the Fort, and kill or drive out of the country every white man, officer, soldier, trader and missionary; but were prevented from the attempt, chiefly by Little Crow, the father of the late chief of that name, who, in 1862, made war upon the Minnesota people.

It must be admitted, that it was a great trial to the patience of the Sioux to have their enemy thus protected and fed within their own territory, and especially under such circumstances of treachery and breach of treaty stipulations. Their plan was to attach pieces of spunk to arrows, ignite them, and shoot their arrows over the walls of the Fort in such a way as to have the points stick in the roofs of the buildings, and bring the ignited spunk in contact with the dry wood, and trust to the wind to kindle the fire. But they were prevented from getting within arrow reach of the walls.

After things had quieted down a little, and the scouts that were sent out by the Sioux to intercept the chief and his men in their return to their own country, had returned, Major Plympton sent them away between two days, putting them on the east bank of the river, with provisions to last them home, and strict orders not to venture there again till peace was restored.

Meantime war parties were out on both sides, and several severe battles were fought, and many men, women and children were killed. The Chippewas suffering the most, all growing out of the treacherous act of this daring chief, which, so far as I could learn, was his only act of perfidy of the kind.

My next meeting with Hole-in-the-Day, was in the fall of 1843, at La Pointe, on Lake Superior, where I was Indian

*Joseph Plympton, a native of Massachusetts, entered the army as a Second Lieutenant, in January, 1821, served during the war of 1812-'15, reaching a First Lieutenant; was promoted to Captain in 1821, and Major in 1840; served with distinction during the Florida war, commanding in an attack on the Seminoles, near Dunn's Lake, January 25, 1842; was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in September, 1846, and served at the head of his regiment during the Mexican war, under Gen. Scott, distinguishing himself at the battles of Cerro Gordo and Contreras, for which he was brevetted Colonel. L. C. D.

Agent, and made them their first payment after they sold out the Copper Region. There were 5,037 of all the bands, parties to the treaty, and participants in the payment; and, though Hole-in-the-Day was not recognized as head chief of the tribe, yet it was evident, that his influence exceeded that of any other chief among them. He displayed the skill of a general, and the wisdom of a statesman. One or two incidents will show his characteristic traits on these matters.

In the winter preceding this payment, I was informed of a conspiracy, gotten up by the Canadian half-breeds, who, being chagrined because they were not included in the treaty and payments, to capture the vessel—the only one on that Lake at that time—on her way up with the money and goods for the payment, and run her into a harbor on the north side of the Lake, divide the money and goods, and disperse to parts unknown, leaving the vessel and crew to return at their leisure; all to be done before Government troops on either shore could be rallied to their relief. The plan was to board the vessel by canoe in a calm, and to have different parties at different points, so that if no calm occurred at one point, it might at another.

As a matter of precaution, at my request, a guard of twenty-five men was sent from the Fort at St. Mary's. The conspirators, who had their spies out, seeing this, were deterred from making the attack, but they came to the payment, several hundred strong, and encamped near the pay ground.

Hole-in-the-Day had heard of this conspiracy, and seeing the conspirators on the ground, was on the alert watching their movements; and about midnight of the second day of the gathering, saw them assembling at a tent, and stealing up near enough to hear them, learned their plans. The goods had been landed and stored in a Fur Company's ware-house, quite out of their reach. But the money was in the stern of the vessel for safe keeping, till needed for distribution. The soldiers were quartered on board. The vessel was moored to the wharf. The only way to which, from the land, was through a ware-house in which a lamp was hung by night, and a senti-

nel placed both day and night. Their plan of attack was by canoes; to overcome the guard, seize the vessel, hoist sail, and avail themselves of the land breeze which always blows in the night in calm or moderate weather, and put for Canada with the money.

On being informed of this, I roused up the officers who doubled the guard, and found that Hole-in-the-Day, before he informed me of the affair, had over a hundred of his men under arms, and had surrounded the ware-house containing the goods, and was guarding the way to the vessel; and finding themselves thus headed off, the conspirators desisted from their piratical purpose.

The next morning they were summoned to meet the charge; they of course denied it. But Hole-in-the-Day confronted them; told what they said, and who said it; and others also affirmed the truth of his story. Finding they were detected and convicted, they confessed, and begged for mercy, assigned as the reason for their conduct, their exclusion from the payment, and hoped their friends would remember them with presents when they received their payment. Under these circumstances, and their promises to behave themselves, they were allowed to remain on the Island. They had no earthly right to share in the payment. They lived in Canada, and had no claim whatever upon the lands sold.

Another incident showed his thoughtfulness and statesmanship. I proposed to the Chippewa a few simple laws for the government of their affairs. One was, not to pay for the depredations committed by individuals out of the common funds of the tribe; but to make the wrong-doer pay the damage out of his own money or goods. This would make him feel the effects of his own evil doings, much more than if the damage was paid out of the common fund, and all bore it equally.

Hole-in-the-Day came to me privately to inquire about the bearings of such a law, showing a strong legislative tact and ability; and when informed to his satisfaction, he espoused the cause and the law was unanimously adopted. Two claims for damages of this nature were thus paid; the effect of which

was to make each one more cautious, when tempted to do wrong, knowing that if he did so, his own individual funds would be made to pay for it, and not the funds of innocent parties.

I also urged upon them the importance and propriety of cultivating the soil, each for himself, and allowing individual rights, where improvements were made; and as the Government had provided them with a farmer to instruct them in agriculture, to avail themselves of his instruction; and by doing as the whites do in such matters, they could live as the whites do. Of these matters he also inquired, and declared his intention to follow my advice. To do this, he first selected a site at Gull Lake, but afterwards, as I was informed, moved to another place, where he made quite a farm, built houses, barns, &c., which is probably the one occupied by his son, the late Hole-in-the-Day, who was recently shot and killed by some of his own tribe.

Nature did much for this elder chief, as also for the younger one. Had old Hole-in-the-Day been favored with an education, he would have been distinguished among the great men of the world. Like his own people, and too many of the white race, he loved "the fire water," fell into habits of intemperance, and was thrown from a cart or wagon when intoxicated, and killed, in 1847.

The little Chippewa boy who killed the Sioux girl, in April, 1838, was thus entitled, according to their custom to wear a large eagle's quill or feather fastened to his hair, as a recognition that he had taken an enemy's scalp; and thus he became a brave and sat in council with the braves of the band; and no one strutted, or seemed to feel his consequence, more than he did. If I am not mistaken, this was Hole-in-the-Day's oldest son; and, if not the oldest, as least his favorite, whom he intended to succeed him in the chieftaincy of his band. Hole-in-the-Day promised, in 1838, to let me have him the next year to educate; but not returning, I did not secure him as a pupil. If I am not mistaken, this was the late chief of that name, who succeeded his father, and fell by the assassins' hand.

Note on Hole-in-the-Day

Gen. Cass relates an interesting incident of which the hero was a Sioux Chief whose name, unfortunately, is not preserved. "The Chippewas and Sioux," says Gen. Cass. "are hereditary enemies, and Charlevoix says they were at war when the French first reached the Mississippi. I endeavored, when among them, to learn the cause which first excited them to war, and the time when it commenced. But they can give no rational account. An intelligent Chippewa Chief informed me that the disputed boundary between them was a subject of little importance, and that the question respecting it could be easily adjusted. He appeared to think that they fought because their fathers fought before them. This war has been waged with various success, and, in its prosecution, instances of courage and self-devotion have occurred, within a few years, which would not have disgraced the pages of Grecian or Roman history. Some years since, mutually weary of hostilities, the Chiefs of both nations met, and agreed upon a truce. But the Sioux, disregarding the solemn compact which they had formed, and actuated by some sudden impulse, attacked the Chippewas, and murdered a number of them. Ba-be-si-kun-dab-i, the Chippewa Chief, who descended the Mississippi with us [in 1820], was present upon this occasion, and his life was saved by the intrepidity and self-devotion of a Sioux Chief. This man entreated, and remonstrated, and threatened. He urged his countrymen, by every motive, to abstain from any violation of their faith, and when he found his remonstrances useless, he attached himself to this Chippewa Chief, and avowed his determination of saving, or perishing with him. Awed by his intrepidity, the Sioux finally agreed that he should ransom the Chippewa, and he accordingly applied to this object all the property he owned. He then accompanied the Chippewa on his journey, until he considered him safe from any parties of the Sioux who might be disposed to follow him."

This noted Chippewa Chief, whom Schoolcraft calls Ke-che-Ba-be-se-gun-dib-a, or *Big Curly Head*, was at the head of the lower and more hardy bands of the Chippewas, and three times had led his warriors successfully against the Sioux, and each time returned with bloody knives and reeking scalps. He and Flat Mouth led the Chippewas in the noted fight at Long Prairie. Big Curly Head has been aptly spoken of, as the vanguard or bulwark of his tribe.

In an interesting paper on the traditional history of the Chippewas, by Wm. W. Warren, an educated descendant of that nation, given in the 2d vol. of Schoolcraft's *History of the Indian Tribes*, some notice is given of Bug-on-a-ke-shig, the elder Hole-in-the-day and his elder brother Song-uk-um-eg, or *Strong Ground*. Bug-on-a-ke-shig, says Warren, literally means hole-in-the-sky; and the war-song of this chief was addressed to this guardian spirit, *seen through a hole in the sky*. These two brothers, Strong Ground and Hole-in-the-day, were in their youth, pipe bearers of Curly Head, and waited on him till the day of his death, which was on the road returning from the treaty at Prairie Du Chien, in 1825, which both Big Curly Head and Hole-in-the-day signed; and just before the old Chief expired, he counselled these two young men on their future course of life, and left in their charge his Mississippi bands, and this circumstance laid the foundation of the Chieftainship of these two afterwards noted brothers.

In the words of one of the principal Chippewas: "Big Curly Head was a father to our fathers, who looked on him as a parent: His lightest wish was quickly obeyed: His lodge was ever hung with meat: The traders vied with each other who should treat him best: His hand was open, and when he had plenty, our fathers wanted not." He was noted not only for his charity and goodness of heart, but also for the strength of it for bravery and heroic adventure.

Such was the character of Big-Curly-Head, who early led forth young Strong Ground and Hole-in-the-Day on the war-path, and instructed them in all the precepts and wisdom of his people. These young chiefs distinguished themselves in the warfare of their tribe with the Sioux, and by their deeds of valor

obtained an extensive influence over their fellows of the Mississippi. By their repeated and telling blows, aided by others, they forced the Sioux to fall back from the woods on to their Western prairies, and eventually altogether to evacuate that portion of their former country lying north of Sac River, and south and east of Leaf River, to the Mississippi.

In the language of Warren, their educated countryman, they earned, during their short career, a name that will long be remembered among their people. Strong Ground was as fine a specimen of an Indian as ever proudly trod the soil of America. He was one of those honor-loving chiefs, not only by name, but by nature also. He was noted for his unflinching bravery, generosity, and solidity or firmness; the last of which is a rare quality in the Indian, among whom not more than one out of ten is possessed of any firmness of character. As an instance of his daring, on one occasion, he fought singly, by the side of a mounted comrade, with seven Sioux, and repulsed them with loss. His first fight was, when a mere boy, at Long Prairie battle. Again, he was present at an attack on a Sioux camp at Poplar Grove, on Long Prairie, where the Chippewas killed many of their foes. At another time, he led a night attack on a Sioux camp on Crow River. At Round Prairie, also, he with an Ottawa, cut off from a large Sioux camp, three boys while they were sliding on the ice, in plain view of their friends. He was one of the Chippewas who dispatched the four Sioux prisoners surrendered by Col. Snelling in the autumn of 1826. He was present on many other occasions that tried the man's heart. He died but a few years anterior to the publication of Mr. Warren's sketch—which appeared in 1852—at about the age of forty-eight.

Hole-in-the-Day, his younger brother, continues Warren, was equally brave at the moment of trial, but some of his contemporary warriors say of him, that his extreme bravery did not last. "At the moment of excitement, he could have thrown himself into the fire." These are the words of one of his noted braves who often fought at his side. He had not the firmness of his brother Strong Ground, but was more cunning, and soon came to understand the policy of the whites perfectly. He was ambitious, and, through his cunning, stepped above his more straight-forward brother, and became head-chief. He was a proud and domineering spirit, and loved to be implicitly obeyed. He had a quick and impatient temper. A spirit like this is little calculated to be loved and obeyed by the free wild sons of the forest, who love liberty too well to become the slaves of any man. Hole-in-the-Day was more feared than loved by his bands, and had it not been for the strong support of his more influential brother, he could never have been really chief over his people.

On one occasion, he turned out and dispersed a whole camp of his fellows with a wooden paddle. The Indians were drinking liquor, and fighting among themselves, after he had twice ordered them to drink in quiet. He struck with his paddle promiscuously, and on this single occasion mortally offended some of his best warriors. Notwithstanding his harsh and haughty temper, there was in the breast of this man much of the milk of human kindness; and he had that way about him that induced the few who really loved him, to be willing even to die for him.

During his life-time, he distinguished himself in eight different fights, where blood was freely shed. At St. Peters, he was almost mortally wounded—a bullet passing through his right breast, and coming out near the spine. On this occasion, his daughter was killed; and from this time can be dated the blood-thirstiness with which he ever after pursued his enemies. He had married a daughter of Bi-aus-wah, a chief so distinguished among the Chippewas, that he may be said to have laid the foundation of a dynasty of chieftaindom, which has descended to his children, and the benefits of which they are reaping after him.

His bravery was fully proved by his crossing the Mississippi, and with but two brave comrades, firing on the large Sioux village of Ka-po-sia, below the mouth of the St. Peters. They narrowly escaped the general chase that was made for them by many Sioux warriors, crossing the Mississippi under a shower of bullets. There is nothing in modern warfare to surpass this daring exploit.

L. C. D.

Death of Hole-in-the-Day

[From the St. Paul Press, June 30, 1868.]

We received yesterday a telegram from St. Cloud announcing the fact that Hole-in-the-Day, the famous head chief of the Mississippi Chippewas, as he assumed to be, and the bravest warrior, had been assassinated by three of the Pillager Band of Chippewas. We have since received the following particulars of the manner of his death:

On Saturday last, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, three Chippewas, of the Leech Lake or Pillager Indians, called at his house, and asked where he was. His woman replied that he had gone to Crow Wing. The Indians appropriated three of his guns and went to Gull River, a short distance above Crow Wing. They saw him and another Indian coming, riding in a buggy, and hid in the bushes on a knoll by the road-side.

As the buggy passed them and went down the slope, they fired at the back of the foe they feared to face, all their charges taking effect in their victim. The other Indian sprang out of the buggy and fled, when these Indians dragged Hole-in-the-Day to the ground, and, to make sure work, stabbed him in several places. They then took the horse and buggy, and made their escape.

The dead body of the chief was first discovered by Mr. Charles A. Ruffee, who is now at the Chippewa Agency.

We are not apprised of the motives which induced this assassination of Hole-in-the-Day; but it may perhaps be attributed to an old jealousy of Hole-in-the-Day, which the Pillagers have especially entertained toward him on account of his assumption of being the head chief of the Mississippi bands of Chippewas—pretension which they by no menas tolerated, for the reason that they regarded the honors of that mythical royalty as belonging more legitimately to their own chief.

Hole-in-the-Day was regarded by them as a *parvenu*—a kind of usurper—but his pretensions have always been supported with so much boldness, and he has won such pre-eminence as a warrior, that they have not heretofore dared openly to contest his position. No doubt this old jealousy has been fanned by recent circumstances. Hole-in-the-Day has been accustomed to play a conspicuous part in all treaty negotiations with the Mississippi Chippewas, and from long practice had become a cunning and unscrupulous intriguer, skilled in all the mysteries of Indian diplomacy. He was the leading spirit in the recent treaties for new reservations made with that tribe, and probably some discontent of the Pillagers, on this account, may have instigated the assault—though, for that matter, Hole-in-the-Day has had private quarrels enough on his hands any day for many years to have killed a hundred other men. Hole-in-the-Day was in some respects one of the most extraordinary characters in Indian history.

There was something almost romantic in his reckless daring on the war path. He was the Chippewa Cid, or Cœur de Lion, from the gleam of whose battle-axe whole armies of Saracen Sioux fled as before an irresistible fate. His exploits would fill a book. His father, of the same name, was a great warrior, who has conquered the chief-ship of his tribe by his bravery in combat, and his wisdom in council. The old chief, Hole-in the Day, was killed in 1847, while crossing Flat river in a Red river cart.

The first appearance of the younger Hole-in-the-Day in public council was at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, July, 1847. At that time the Upper Country of the Mississippi, extending to Lake Superior, was owned by the Chippewas of Lake Superior and the Chippewas of the Mississippi. The Chippewas of Lake Superior were represented in force. The Chippewas of the Mississippi, headed by Hole-in-the Day, owing to the great distance they had to travel, had but a small delegation in attendance. Hole-in-the-Day was late in reaching the council ground.

Prior to his coming, several talks were held with the In-

dians, in which they admitted that they had allowed Hole-in-the-Day's father to take the lead in their councils, but said that were he then alive they would make him take a back seat; that his son was a mere boy, and were he there he would have nothing to say; consequently it was useless to wait for him. The commissioners, who were our fellow citizens, Hon. Henry M. Rice, and Issac A. Verplanck, of Buffalo, however, thought differently, and waited. After the arrival of Hole-in-the-Day, the council was formally opened. The Commissioners stated their business, and requested a reply from the Indians. Hole-in-the-Day was led up to the stand by two of his braves and made a speech to which all the Indians present gave hearty and audible assent. The change in the face of things at the appearance of Hole-in-the-Day showed his bravery and commanding influence, but was also somewhat amusing. Here were powerful chiefs of all the Chippewa tribes, some of them seventy or eighty years old, who, before his coming, spoke sneeringly of him as a boy who could have no voice in the council, saying there was no use in waiting for him, but when he appeared, they became his most submissive and obedient subjects; and this in a treaty in which a million acres of land were ceded.

The terms of the treaty were concluded between the Commissioners and young Hole-in-the-Day alone. The latter, after this was done, withdrew and sent word to the chiefs of the Mississippi and Lake Superior bands to go and sign it. After it had been duly signed by the Commissioners, the chief head men and warriors, and witnessed by the interpreters and other persons present, Hole-in-the-Day, who had not been present at those little formalities, called upon the Commissioners, with two of his attendant chiefs, and had appended to the treaty the following words:

"Fathers: The country our Great Father sent you to purchase belongs to me. It was once my father's. He took it from the Sioux. He, by his bravery, made himself the head chief of the Chippewa nation. I am a greater man than

my father was, for I am as brave as he was, and on my mother's side I am hereditary head chief of the nation. The land you want belongs to me. If I say sell, our Great Father will have it. If I say not sell, he will do without it. These Indians that you see behind me have nothing to say about it.

"I approve of this treaty and consent to the same. Fond du Lac, August 3d, 1847.

"Po-go-ne-shik, or
"Hole-in-the Day, his X mark."

He inherited the traits of his father, who was noble, generous and brave—but treacherous as well. His father once entertained several chiefs, and the same night while they were sleeping in his lodge, murdered them. Young Hole-in-the-Day was jealous of a young half-breed, a man of education. On a certain occasion this half-breed called upon Hole-in-the-Day and remarked about a fine pistol the latter possessed. The chief replied, "Would you like to see it?" and handed it toward the half-breed, when it went off and killed him. It is believed that the shooting was not purely accidental.

Hole-in-the-Day made a treaty in 1854 in which the Indian country was divided between the Chippewas of Lake Superior and the Chippewas of the Mississippi. Since then his influence has been principally among the Chippewas of the Mississippi. He has made many other treaties, and his influence in Indian affairs was prominent.

He made his influence in negotiations tell to his own personal advantage, and he managed, it is said, to extort very considerable sums as the price of his favor. He spent with profusion, for he was as great a prodigal as he was a warrior. Disdaining the humble bark wigwams of his tribe, he lived in a good house near Crow Wing, and kept horses, and surrounded himself, while his means lasted, with luxuries. He kept posted in the affairs of the Nation by taking the St. Paul *Press,* of which he was a regular subscriber, and other papers, which he had read to him by an interpreter on every day of their arrival. He had the proverbial Indian coolness.

On the occasion of his first ride on the cars—the train going at the rate of forty miles an hour—he was asked what he thought of rail-roads. He replied that they were about as he expected, but that they did not go as fast as he supposed.

Hole-in-the-Day was about forty years of age. He was, like all his tribe who can afford the expensive luxury, a polygamist; and in the course of his life has had several Indian wives, successively, and at the same time. His last wife, for whose sake he abandoned his seraglio, is a white woman whom he encountered and married a year or two ago on one of his frequent trips to Washington. One of his daughters was educated at the Catholic school in this city. He was in the city a few weeks ago, and left with a friend a statement of the manner in which the Indians had been treated by the Government agents—a sure sign that Hole-in-the-Day's treasury needed replenishing. We might fill columns with narratives of the exploits in which Hole-in-the-Day figured as the hero, but we postpone this to another time.

Murder of Hole-in-the-Day

[From the St. Cloud Journal, July 9, 1868.]

Mr. A. D. Prescott, who has been connected with the administration of affairs at Chippewa Agency for several years past, arrived in town yesterday evening from the Agency. He was there at the time Hole-in-the-Day was killed, and says that all the reports of the affair published thus far are more or less incorrect. From Mr. Prescott we obtain the following, which is in every particular authentic:

On the forenoon of June 27th, Hole-in-the-Day came to the Agency from his home some two miles above. He was in a handsome, light one-horse buggy, and with him was another Chippewa, named Ojibbewa. They remained a short time, and then went down to Crow Wing, stopping at the latter place until half-past one o'clock.

Shortly after Hole-in-the-Day had left the Agency for Crow Wing, a party of nine Pillager Indians, from Leech Lake, came, and after inquiring of Mr. Prescott the whereabouts of Major Bassett, the Agent, they repaired to a wigwam, and asked a squaw where Hole-in-the Day was. In a short time they, too, started for Crow Wing, and reaching a dense thicket about two-thirds of a mile below the Agency, they secreted themselves. Here they awaited the return of the chief. Just after he had passed, or was passing their ambush, they stepped forth to the rear and at the sides of the buggy, and within eight feet of it. One of the party fired both barrels of a shot-gun, the charges taking effect in Hole-in-the Day's head and neck. He never spoke, but, with a groan, fell from the buggy dead. Another of the party stepped up and discharged a load of shot through the prostrate form from side to side, in the region of the heart; while another stabbed it in the left breast. The body was then dragged to the side of the road, and after being robbed of hat, blanket, and a gold watch worth $250, left there. The party then took the horse and buggy, with Ojibbeway, who had been made a temporary prisoner at the out-set, (and from whose lips Mr. Prescott obtained these facts,) and started for Hole-in-the-Day's house by a back way, so as not to expose themselves to the Agency. This was their first appearance at the chief's house. They told his wives that they had killed him, and that they intended taking what they wanted. Accordingly they supplied themselves with guns, saddles, shawls, blankets, &c. No violence was offered to any one except Hole-in-the-Day's white wife. One of the party stepped up to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder and said she must go with him. But Ojibbewa interfered, and said if they touched a white person they would call the wrath of all the whites upon them. This proved effectual, and, after taking another horse, the party decamped for Leech Lake, where their band is located.

There were no chiefs with the party, which was composed of worthless members of the Pillager Band. Various reasons are assigned for the murder, and it is impossible to tell which

is correct. Who will succeed as chief is not yet known—most probably his son. Our readers will be kept fully posted in any further developments that may occur. Matters in the Indian country are quiet, and no trouble is apprehended.

Hole-in-the-Day was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Crow Wing, with the *Stars and Stripes* floating over his grave.

Additional Note on Hole-in-the-Day

We learn from Neill's *History of Minnesota*, that on the afternoon of May 15th, 1850, a number of naked and painted Sioux braves were seen hurrying through the streets of St. Paul, ornamented with all the attire of war, and panting for the scalps of their enemies. A few hours before, the youthful and war-like head chief of the Chippewas, Hole-in-the-Day, having secreted his canoe in the retired gorge which leads to the cave, in the upper suburbs, with two or three associates, had crossed the river, and, almost in sight of the citizens of the town, had attacked a small party of Sioux, and murdered and scalped one man. To appease the Sioux, Gov. Ramsay granted a parole to several of the Sioux then confined at Fort Snelling for participating in a previous massacre of whites.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writing from St. Paul, early in 1851, thus speaks of this daring exploit of the young Chippewa chief: "Young Hole-in-the-Day is about twenty-four or twenty-five years old, well formed, with a thoughtful and even melancholy expression of countenance. He is said to be exceedingly ambitious, and utterly regardless of danger. Last spring, merely to show his daring, he crossed the river a short distance above St. Paul, with but a single attendant, killed and scalped a Sioux almost within sight of one of their villages; then recrossing, he made but very little haste to rejoin his tribe, although pursued by a large body of Sioux, whom he suffered to pass him, and while they were employed in searching for him, he took occasion to amuse himself by engaging in the war-dance!"

Governor Ramsay soon after convened a council of the Chippewas and Sioux at Fort Snelling, and made an earnest effort to bring about a peace between those belligerent tribes—which was easily effected, so far as fair promises were concerned, as had been done many times before, and only to be broken on the first convenient opportunity. During the conference the Sioux, on one occasion, left the council *en masse*—having taken umbrage at the presence of ladies there, saying "they thought they were to meet Chippewas, not women." Hole-in-the-Day adroitly turned the matter to his own advantage, saying, very politely, *"that he was happy to see so many sweet women there, and that they were all welcome, with their angelic smiles, to a seat on his side of the house."* The ladies, however, chose to withdraw, the young Chippewa chief shaking each one cordially by the hand. The Sioux now returned, and the conference was resumed.

We next hear of Hole-in-the-Day during the winter of 1850–'51, when he made a visit to St. Paul, to represent the suffering condition of his people. He addressed the Legislature in relation to the wants of the Chippewas, and also made a speech at the Presbyterian Church, which attracted a great crowd. He, in true Indian style, narrated the sufferings of his people, and begged, in the inimitable manner of his race; and a committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions and contributions for their relief. Despite these humane efforts, hunger is said, during the winter, to have driven some of these poor people to cannibalism.

The Prairie Du Chien *Courier*, of March 25th, 1858, furnishes us the following paragraph: "Hole-in-the-Day, the celebrated Chippewa chief, the savage

who has seven wives, and the hero of the whiskey duel which created the most intense excitement throughout the North-West, has been honoring our city with his presence for several days past. He is a splendid specimen of manhood, well proportioned, and walks with a grace that would become a Roman Emperor in the palmy days of Rome. He was dressed in the latest style, and appeared to 'feel his oats' pretty well. The other day he purchased no less than thirty-two pairs of women's shoes. During his late sojourn at Washington, he imbibed a contempt for moccasins, and is determined that his squaws shall resemble white women in some respects. The chief is said to be a perfect savage, having slain several men; but be that as it may, he is the most

'Gentle mannered cut-throat
That ever scuttled ship!'

and if ever he did take a scalp, we are sure he did it with such a grace, that his victim must have thanked him for his polite manner of executing that savage accomplishment. He went up the river on Monday."

In the autumn of 1865, it was said of him in the newspapers, that he was at that time one of the solid men of Minnesota, so far as money goes; that he had a splendid farm of one mile square, with a comfortable dwelling, situated about two miles above the Chippewa Agency, a large stock of horses and cattle, and an income of $3,000 a year, free from income tax; that he was loyal to the Union, and regretted that the Government did not accept his offer to raise a battalion of Chippewas, and lead them forth upon the war-path to aid in fighting the battles of the Union; and that he had just been visiting St. Paul, sitting to an artist for a life-size portrait.

About this period, his large framed dwelling house was burned to the ground, and the Government gave him some $6,000 as a compensation for his loss. Hole-in-the-Day contented himself with re-placing his lost dwelling with a comfortable log-house; and expended the money Government gave him principally in the purchase of stock, turning his attention largely to that branch of agriculture. He had a dozen head of good horses, and put in quite large crops on his farm.

It is related, that if there is any one thing that an Indian dreads more than another, it is our modern appliances for travel. This was exemplified, in the winter of 1865–'66, when Hole-in-the-Day. and his sub-chiefs were on their way to Washington. Arrived at that wonderful structure, the Suspension Bridge, over the Niagara River, just below the Falls, they were opposed to risking their precious lives upon any such contrivance, preferrng to cross the foaming, boiling surge in a canoe. But they were compelled to follow the fortunes in the car; and so they made their preparations for bidding farewell to earth and friends. They threw themselves flat upon the bottom of the cars, rolled themselves up in their blankets, and groaned hideously and incessantly until they were fairly upon *terra firma* again.

L. C. D.

Gen. Cass at St. Marie 1820

As an appropriate appendage to Gen. Ellis' sketch of Gov. Doty, and Rev. Dr. Brunson's paper on Hole-in-the-Day, we give the following incident, referred to in those narratives and which we take from the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* of Sept. 11, 1855, relating to Gov. Cass' expedition, in 1820, to Lake Superior, and the Upper Mississippi, of which Gov. Doty was one of the party:

At the *Sault,* an important incident occurred, which illustrated the true courage of Gen. Cass. He certainly exhibited the most lofty traits in this calm fearlessness in the midst of imminent danger. Such a history puts to flight all political fables about his destitution of courage. The author is the editor of the *Toledo Blade,* a political opponent. He obtained the facts on the recent excursion of the Planet, from C. C. Trowbridge, of Detroit, who was one of the batteaux party, thirty-five years ago:

Upon arriving at the Sault Ste Marie, the party entered into negotiations with the Chippewa Indians for the purchase of a piece of land upon which the garrison now stands. The lavish expenditure of British money in the annual presentation of gifts to the natives, and the niggardly policy of our Government toward them, had inspired the Indians with respect for the one nation, and contempt for the other. The war, then lately closed, had increased British influence to our injury, and the presence of a British garrison on the Canadian side of the river, was a fountain of bad counsel to the Red Men, and a place of safety in case of need. The feelings, therefore, of the Indians were not friendly towards this expedition, and the enterprise was one of great danger.

Gen. Cass invited the chiefs to his tent, in the center of

which was a pile of tobacco, a part of which was to be smoked on the occasion, and the residue presented to the Indians at the close of the council. The chiefs appeared *en costume sans culottes, sans* everything save the "breech cloth." The leader,* a tall, muscular fellow of thirty years, with the devil in his ugly face, was an exception. He wore, beside the breech cloth, a single eagle's feather, gracefully attached to the top of his head, a red coat with narrow skirts, and two gold epaulets of a British Major General. "Uncle Sam" dispensed no such favors to his red children. Gov. Cass explained the object of his mission to be the cultivation of friendship between them and their deadly Sioux enemies, and also between all the red children and their Great Father, the President. To this end our Government had planted military posts among the Sioux on the Mississippi, and wished to do the same at that point. The Governor also explained that, although by the treaty of Greenville, the territory at the Sault belonged to us—it having previously been purchased of their fathers, once by the great King of the Way-we-te-go-che, or Frenchmen, and subsequently by the Sagonash, or Englishmen—yet he was willing to pay them also for what he wished, a parcel four miles square.

The chiefs were surly and taciturn, and argument and coaxing were of no avail, and Governor Cass was compelled to tell them, that as sure as the sun should rise on the morrow, so surely would their Father the President establish the proposed military post. The Governor advised them to listen to friendly counsel, and avail themselves of the last opportunity for obtaining compensation. Here the Governor paused for a reply, and ordered his interpreter, William Riley, to light the pipe. Having smoked thereof, it was offered to the chief, who refused it, and committed the grossest political insult known to the savage code, by kicking over the pile of tobacco, and rushing out with his train of chieftains.

The Indians walked rapidly up the river about half a mile,

*Sas-sa-ba was the name of this chief: see Smith's *Life and Times of Gen. Cass*, p. 128. Having lost a brother, who fought under Tecumseh, at the Thames, he ever after cherished an implacable enmity against the Americans. He was accidently drowned, while under the influence of liquor, near Sault Ste. Marie, September 25, 1822. L. C. D.

to a rising ground where their lodges were erected, and immediately hoisted in front of their camp, a large British flag. This act was reported to Gov. Cass, who, upon the instant, commanding none to accompany him save the interpreter, walked rapidly into the camp of these excited and now deadly savage Red Men, seized the British flag, threw it upon the ground, broke the staff, and ordering the interpreter to roll up the flag and carry it to the Governor's camp, and told the Indians that if they dared to repeat the insult, he would fire upon them. The Indians stood amazed at the daring of the Governor, thus alone to enter their camp, and thus to threaten them, as the entire force of his expedition consisted of eleven soldiers, twelve Canadian *voyageurs,* nine friendly Indians, a *suite* of eight, and a small escort to that point of twenty-five soldiers, under Lieut. John Pierce.

In ten minutes from the time Governor Cass with such fearlessness carried from the camp of these warriors the flag, every woman and child, and their tent equipage, were on their way in bark canoes from the Indian camp towards the British fort across the river, and Geo. Johnston informed the Governor that an attack on the coming night was planned by the furious warriors. Of the nine friendly Indians—all save one noble fellow—surrendered their arms, and resolved to remain neutral. The *suite* buckled on their belts, and armed to the teeth, were out with their small band of soldiers, as dark a night as ever dragged its weary hours, in momentary expectation of the scalping knife and tomahawk of a numerically superior force of deadly savages, fired by hatred, and by the certainty of crushing their mortal foe at a blow. Day dawned after a sleepless night, and this band of brave men were spared a scene which would inevitably have cost many lives.

It was subsequently ascertained that a deliberate plan had been formed for the massacre of every one of Gov. Cass' party upon its entrance into the country, and that several hundred warriors were within call near the Sault at the time of the council, for that purpose. This plan was thwarted, in part, by the daring bravery of Gov. Cass, on the occasion of his peril-

ous visit to their camp, and particularly through the efforts of Mrs. Johnston, mother of Geo. Johnston, and daughter of the Great Chief of Lake Superior—who passed the whole of that fearful night with the hostile chiefs in unremitted efforts to dissuade them from their blood-thirsty resolution. From a very interesting daily journal of that remarkable canoe expedition along the hunting grounds of untameable savages, kept by Mr. Trowbridge, we copy an entry made on the morning after the expected attack. In speaking of the friendly interference of Mrs. Johnston, the diary says:

"This influence, and the courage that never knew fear on the part of our chief, have saved probably hundreds of lives, and given us peaceable entrance to a country whose territory skirts an inland sea, co-extensive with the Baltic, and which must ere long be added by cession to the millions upon millions of acres already composing Uncle Sam's farm."

We should have before mentioned, that, in the following afternoon another council was held, the *amende honorable* made, and the treaty signed.

In writing to Mr. Trowbridge recently, and asking him to refresh his memory with reference to Hole-in-the-Day having been present, and taken a prominent part in the affair at Sault St. Marie in 1820, as mentioned by Rev. Dr. Brunson, in his sketch of that chief, he kindly responded as follows, which we give entire, though in many respects covering the same ground as given in the preceding statement, yet furnishing additional details in others:

"Dr. Brunson's sketch is, in respect to Hole-in-the-Day, only one more proof that it is dangerous to trust tradition. Hole-in-the-Day no doubt told the Doctor, or his informant, that in the little affair at Sault St. Marie, in 1820, between Gov. Cass and the Chippewas, he came to the Governor's aid. But there is an *alibi*—Hole-in-the-Day was not there. I recollect the circumstances as well as if they occurred but yesterday, and my journal of the events is now before me. The account in the Toledo paper, to which you refer, I have not seen since it was published, but is was correctly stated. Without

knowing whether I repeat what is there related, I will mention that the Governor took from Detroit one canoe crew of Indians, under command of Ke-wa-kwish-kum, an Ottawa chief from Grand Rapids, Michigan. At Mackinaw, where we stopped several days, a very handsome, athletic young Indian, whom we called Buck, probably as a translation of his Indian name, was strongly recommended by Biddle and Drew, Indian traders, as likely to be serviceable, and the fellow plead so hard to go, that the Governor took him.

At the Sault St. Marie, the conference with the Chippewas took place in the Governor's wall tent, the sides of which were rolled up, so that it was a tent *a l'abri*. The Chippewas had their lodges on the American side, some distance, say a third of a mile above the Governor's camp. My impression is, that when they came to the conference, they had just come from the British side. You are aware, that the British had, during the war of 1812–'15, been profuse in the distribution of presents, and our Government had not. The consequence was, a settled hostility on the part of the Indians. The object of the Cass expedition was to carry our flag through their country, assert our rights, arrange for a military post at St. Marie, and look for the Ontonagon copper rock Gov. Cass informed this little squad of Chippewas of this design. He told them of the double purchase of their territory by the French and English; read and explained to them the treaty of Greenville in 1795, of Spring Wells in 1815, and of Fort Harrison in 1816; and informed them that their Great American Father intended to place some troops at the Sault St. Marie, and wanted a small piece of land, for which he was ready to pay a third time.

I must describe the appearance of the Chippewa chief. Beginning at the top, an eagle's feather, bear's grease, vermillion and indigo, a red British military coat, with two enormous epaulets, a large British silver medal, breech-clout, leggings and moccasins. Thus decked off, he arose and said gruffly, that they did not wish to sell their land.* The Governor in-

*Schoolcraft's *Narrative* says: "A brilliant assembly of chiefs, dressed in costly broadcloths, feathers, epaulets, medals and silver-wares of British fabric, and armed from the manufactories of Birmingham."

formed them that their fathers had twice sold it, and been paid for it, but that "to make things pleasant," he would buy it again. He had a quantity of tobacco, in the center of the tent, for distribution. He offered, through the interpreter, the usual pipe, after smoking—in his way, which was, to wait till the interpreter had fixed the pipe, and then blow the smoke out, instead of inhaling it himself. The chief rejected the pipe, and rushed out of the tent—not through the door, but under the side.* His men followed him. They went up to their camp. This was late in the forenoon. Soon after, the women of the camp were seen going towards the river with burdens on their backs; and then, it was discovered, that the British flag was hoisted in front of their lodges. As soon as the Governor saw this, he called William Riley, the interpreter, and walked hastily to the Indian camp. He refused to allow any one else to accompany him. He went unarmed. We watched with deep solicitude. We saw him pull down the flag, throw it to the ground, and point to it while he looked towards the Indians, who were then outside of the lodges. Riley told us, when they returned to camp, that the Governor rebuked the Indians, and told them if they raised the flag there again, he would fire on them. Riley, by command of the Governor, brought the staff of the flag to our camp.†

Early in the evening, George Johnston came to the Governor, at the request of his mother, to tell him that the Chippewas intended to attack the camp during the night. Immediately the camp was put in a state of defence. Sentinels were posted, muskets were rubbed up, and common guns and horsemen's pistols, with which the young gentlemen of the Governor's suite were armed, were loaded, and orders and countersigns given. We had a guard of soldiers who accompanied us thus far, under Lieut. John Pierce‡, brother of the late Pres-

*"He drew," says Schoolcraft, "his lance, and stuck it firmly in the ground before him, and assumed a look of savage wildness, and kicked away the presents which had been laid before him." This was Sas-sa-ba.

†Schoolcraft says that the governor brought "the flag to his camp. We had sixty men; they had eighty." Mr. Trowbridge adds, "I see that my journal says the same as to the flag and men."

‡John Sullivan Pierce, a native of New Hampshire, entered the army as a Third Lieutenant, in April, 1814; was promoted to a First Lieutenant in 1818, and resigned in February, 1823.

ident of that name, besides eight, who continued with us throughout the expedition, under Lieut. Mackay.* It was now discovered that our Indians faltered. They came with their chief to the Governor, and said they would give up their arms and lie down, and take their chance of death; but they would not fire upon their brothers. Young Buck stood aloof. When the chief had finished, Buck walked forward, with a defiant air, and, addressing the Governor, alluded to his having been reluctantly received at Mackinaw, and now he was going to make good the pledge of Biddle and Drew. "He wanted," he said, "a good rifle, and wanted no one to relieve him; and if those fellows dared to approach our camp, they would pay dearly for their temerity." We put out the fires and lights, and watched all night. It was very dark; but all were in fine spirits and "spoiling for a fight." Day broke, and we all found ourselves wearing our scalps.

In a short time we learned that Mrs. Johnston, who was a chief's daughter,† had spent the night with her friends and relatives at their camp, and that they heartily repented of their rashness. They were now desirous to see their Father and apologize, and would be glad to sell him a piece of land for a fort. Accordingly a conference was had, the Chippewas apologized, and the treaty of cession was made. We afterwards heard that the Chippewas on Lake Superior were greatly surprised to see us, after having been apprised by runners that we were all to be massacred at the Sault as we passed up.

Now here you see, my dear sir, that we had no aid from any one but Mrs. Johnston, and from her only as a *diplomat,* and that the real hero of the scene, *after Governor Cass, of course,* was the Indian Buck. Whether Hole-in-the-Day was there I do not know. I have no recollection of hearing any thing from him till long after that event. "So much for Buck."

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*Æneas Mackay, of New York, entered the service, in the ordnance department, in March, 1813, and rose through several grades, to a brevet Colonel for meritorious services in the Mexican war, and died at St. Louis, May 28, 1850.

†Mrs. Johnston, says Schoolcraft, was "a woman of excellent judgment and good sense," and became the wife of John Johnston, an educated Irish gentleman, who early settled as a trader at Sault St. Marie; where they raised a fine family of children, and had them well educated. Mr. Schoolcraft married one of the daughters, who was an accomplished woman, wrote an exquisite hand, and composed with ability—she was, in a marked degree, gentle, polished, retiring and refined.

L. C. D.

Index

ABEEL, Waldo, member Executive Committee, 1866, 38.
Abercrombie, Gen., repulsed, 117.
Adams, President, pardons Indians, 153, 202.
African newspapers, file of, 19.
Akins, —, tried for Indian killing, 271.
Alexander, Gen., in Black Hawk war, 259.
Allen, Prof. C. H., donor, 27, 28.
Allen, Prof. Jonathan, early teacher, 349.
Allen, Hon. Thos. S., member Executive Committee, 1867–'68, vii, viii; donor, 169, 170; remarks on Gen. Dodge, 177.
Algonquin Indians, 70, 71, 117.
Allouez, Father, early missionary, 322.
American Antiquarian Society, 27, 170.
American Fur Company, 96, 237, 379.
American Philosophical Society, donor, 27.
American maps, early, in Library, 21.
Ange, De St., father and son, 65, 107, 121, 122.
An Indian Race for Life, a myth, 158.
Annual Reports of the Executive Committee, 1, 23, 161.
Apple River Fort, settlement, 287.
Appleton, Lawrence University at, 349.
Armstrong, Mrs. Elizabeth, heroic conduct of, 287–90.
Artagnal, M. De., mentioned, 94.
Artaguette, — D', mentioned, 121.
Assumption, Fort L', 113.
Astor, John Jacob, 237.
Atkinson, Gen., 152, 153, 155, 157, 178, 194, 202, 259, 260, 287, 291, 310, 316.
Atlases. See Maps and Atlases.
Atwater, Caleb, early writer on Wisconsin, 171.
Atwood, Gen. David, member Executive Com., 1860–68, vii, viii, 32–38; donor to Cabinet, 29; eulogy on Gov. Harvey, 48.
Atwood, Hon. J. P., member Executive Committee, 1860–62, 32–34; eulogy on Dr. J. W. Hunt, 45.
Atwood & Rublee, donors, 166.
Australian newspapers in Library, 19.
Autographs in Library, 169.

BA-BE-SI-KUN-BAB-I, or Big Curly Head, a Chippewa chief, 400.
Bad Axe Battle, 261–264, 291–292, 307, 309, 316.
Badges worn by Indians, 125, 131.
Bailey, E., early Prairie Du Chien pioneer, 240.
Baily, H. H., mentioned, 276.
Baird, Hon. Henry S., a Vice President, 1862–'68, 34–38, vii, viii; cited, 331.
Baker, Hon. Charles M., mentioned, 341, 343.
Baker, Maj. Daniel, mentioned, 160.
Baker's Trading House, mentioned, 395.
Baldwin, J. D., donor, 27.
Ballard, Mrs., donor, 27.
Bangs, Merwin & Co., donors, 165.
Banking, early, at Prairie Du Chien, 272.
Baraga, Father, Catholic missionary, 379.
Barber, Samuel, donor, 29, 168.
Barnard, Hon. Henry, lectures on education in Wisconsin, 1846, 342, 369.
Barre, Gov. De La, mentioned, 67, 110, 111.
Barrette's Ferry, 257.
Barrette, —, killed, 258.
Barrows, Willard, on Black Hawk's death, 305.
Barry, Hon. A. C., State Superintendent, 262–65.
Barstow, Wm. A., Secretary of State, 41.
Bartlett, J. R., donor, 27.
Barton, Capt. C. H., donor, 29.
Barton, Mrs. S. A., donor, 29.
Bassett, Major, Indian Agent, 407.

Bates, J. R., donor, 27.
Battle of Bad Axe, 261–64, 291–92, 307, 309, 316.
Battle of Wisconsin Heights, 260.
Batture Aux Fievres, a Sioux village, 125, 131, 136.
Bay Verte, mentioned, 115.
Beaubien, Gen. John B., mentioned, 217.
Beauchamp, a brave half breed, 148, 150.
Beauharnois, M. De, 77, 86, 87, 92–95, 104, 106–108, 113.
Beaujeu. See De Beaujeu.
Beaumont, Dr. Wm., mentioned, 248, 257.
Becket, —, hung at Prairie Du Chien, 255.
Begon, M., Intendant of Canada, 85.
Belger, Christian H., donor, 168.
Bell, Andrew, translator of Garneau's *Canada*, 89.
Beloit College, noticed, 349.
Benedict, S. G., member of Executive Committee, 1860–'68, 32–38, vii, viii.
Bennet, Hon. A. I., a Vice President, 1860–'61, 32, 33.
Benton, Hon. Charles S., a Vice President, 1863–'64, 35, 36.
Benton Female Academy, 349, 356.
Bertonniere, Father De La, mentioned, 87.
Berry, Capt. Fortunatus, in Black Hawk war, 286.
Bi-aus-wah, a Chippewa chief, 401.
Bienville, —, goes against the Chickasaws, 113.
Bicknell, Rev. S. S., early teacher, 349.
Big Curly Head, a Chippewa chief, 400.
Big Mouth, a Chippewa chief, 129, 130, 139. 141, 400.
Billings, Col. Henry M., mentioned, 341.
Binding Fund needed, 170.
Black Hawk, restless in 1825, 216; War, origin of, 204; Fonda's account, 259–64; a reminiscence of, 287; battle of Peckatonica, 313, 314; battle of Wisconsin Heights, 260; battle of Bad Axe, 261–64, 291–92, 307, 309, 316; battle of Bad Axe, incident, 328; Winnebagoes, services, 306; Sioux, services, 310; capture of Black Hawk, 293–97, 308; dells, and Black Hawk's cave, 295, 298; autobiography vindicated, 300; death, and remains, 305.
Bliss, J. S., donor, 29, 169.
Bloody Run, mentioned, 265–68.
Blunt, G. W., mentioned, 276.
Boat song, early, 100.
Boilvin, Col. Nicholas, Indian Agent, 127, 128, 145, 324.
Boiseley, —, an early Wisconsin pioneer, 228–34, 250–53, 260.
Boishebert, Sieur De, mentioned, 120.
Borup, E. W., mentioned, 379.
Boston Public Library, donor, 27.
Bouthillier, Francis, early Prairie Du Chien settler, 324.
Bovee, T. H., donor, 29.
Boxer, an Indian, dies of cholera, 265.
Boyer, Henry, early teacher, 334.
Brace, H., mentioned, 276.
Bracken, Gen. Charles, cited, 188, 333.
Braddock's Defeat, 115.
Brigham, Col. Ebenezer, referred to, 235, 317, 319.
Brisbois, Antoine, early Prairie Du Chien settler, 267.
Brisbois, B. W., cited, 158, 270.
Brisbois, Lieut. Charles, mentioned, 278, 279.
Brisbois, J., early Prairie du Chien pioneer, 240.
Brisbois, Michael, mentioned, 272, 275, 324.
British liberality to Indians, 388, 389, 410, 411 414.
Britton, Rev. J. B., member executive committee, 1861, 33.
Brooks, S. M., paints portrait, 28.
Bross, C. E., donor, 27.
Brown, Beriah, early friend of the Society, 17.
Brown, Rev. Mr., of La Crosse, on Gov. Harvey, 50, 55.
Brunson, Rev. Dr. Alfred, contributed historical paper, 16; a vice-president, 1860–'61, 32, 33; cited, 205; early settler, 273, 276; sketch of Hole-in-the-Day, 387; comments on, 410, 413, 416.
Brusha, a Chippewa Chief, mentioned, 381, 390.
Buck, an Indian, heroic conduct of, 414, 416.
Bug-on-a-ke-shig, or Hole-in-the-Day, 400.
Buisson, Sieur. See De Buisson.
Bull, N. B., donor, 29.
Burnett, Hon. Thos. P., edited first vol. Sup. Court Reports, 172; character and death, 27.
Burr, Addison, donor, 168.
Bushnell, Prof. J. J., early teacher, 349.

Butler, Prof. James D., member Executive Com., 1860–'68, 32–38, vii, viii.
Butte Des Morts, mentioned, 82, 95, 102–3, 179, 225.
Buzzard, father of One-eyed-De-Kauray, 297.

Cadott, —, early La Pointe pioneer, 324.
Cadle, Rev. Richard F., early teacher, 327, 330, 353, 355.
California, photographic views, 168.
Calkins, Col. E. A., member Executive Committee, 1866–68, 38, vii.
Calliere, Chevalier, mentioned, 69, 73, 76.
Cameron, Hon. Angus, a vice President, 1866–67, 38, vii, viii.
Campbell, Rev. Mr., early teacher, 334.
Canadian documents, 64; De Louvigny's Mackinaw expedition, 65; De Louvigny's petition and defence, 67; De Louvigny's disobedience of orders, 73; De Calliere and De Champigny on De Louvigny, 76; De Louvigny's projected expedition, 77; origin of the Fox war, 78; De Louvigny's expedition against the Foxes, 1716, 78; De Louvigny's services in the Fox war, 80; Charlevoix's account of De Louvigny's expedition, 81; death of De Louvigny, 85; renewal of the Fox war, 1728, 86; Crespel's account of De Lignery's expedition, 87; official account of De Lignery's expedition, 92; La Butte Des Morts, by W. J. Snelling, 95; allied Indian expedition against the Foxes, 1729, 104; new expedition against the Foxes, 1730, 106; De Villiers defeats the Foxes, 1730, 107; Draper's Historical Notices, 108.
Car-a-mau-ne, a Winnebago chief, 181.
Cardinell, —, pioneer settler of Prairie Du Chien, 323.
Carley, Dr. D. W., mentioned, 346.
Carpenter, S. D., donor, 26; Wisconsin writer, 171.
Carpenter, S. H., aids in re-organizing the Society, 15; member of Executive Committee, 1863–68, 35–38, vii, viii; donor, 28.
Carr, Prof. E. S., member of Executive Committee, 1866–68, 38, vii, viii; eulogy on Dr. J. W. Hunt, 39; engaged on N. Y. Geological survey, 40; instructor in Castleton Medical College, 40.
Carver's Travels, cited, 123, 171, 297.
Case, F. W., donor, 27.
Cass, Hon. Lewis, furnished historical documents, 65, 91; expedition of 1820, 370, 388, 389, 400, 410–16; treaty at Prairie Du Chien, 1825, 123, 391; holds treaty at Butte Des Morts, 1827, 224, 225; Winnebago out-break, 156, 157, 200.
Cassville, its early promise, 272.
Castleman, Dr. A. L., Wisconsin writer, 171.
Catlin, George, cited, 65.
Catlin, Hon. John, liberal donation of, 170; Honorary Vice President, 1867–'68, vii, viii.
Cavagnal, Maj. De, served in Fox war, 93.
Center, Lieut., mentioned, 373.
Cha-e-tar, a Winnebago Indian, 295–97.
Chacornicle, Sieur De, mentioned, 74.
Chadbourne, President P. A., member Executive Committee, 1868, viii.
Chah-post-kaw-kaw, father of One-Eyed-De-Kau-ray, 297.
Chambers, Gov. John, mentioned, 305.
Champigny, M. De, mentioned, 74, 76.
Chandler, Hon. D. H., editor Sup. Court Reports, 172.
Chapin, Rev. Dr. A. L., early educator, 349.
Chapman, Dr. C. B., member Executive Committee, 32, 33, 38, vii.
Chapman, Silas, donor, 27; early teacher, 348; secretary of Normal Regents, 348.
Charlevoix, —, cited, 64, 81, 85, 400; explores the west, 121; history of New France, 171.
Chartres, Fort, mentioned, 119–122.
Chazel, M. De, Intendant of Canada, 85.
Chenviet, F., early Prairie Du Chien settler, 240.
Cherrier, Flavin, early Prairie Du Chien settler, 240.
Cherokee Phœnix, newspaper file in Library, 19.
Chicago, in 1818, 158–60; in 1825, 216, 218; in 1827, threatened by Indians, 225; in 1834, not promising, 370.
Chicago Historical Society, donor, 27, 28, 164.
Chickasaws, bravest nation of Louisiana, 85, 113.

Chic-hon-sic, or Little Bœuf, pardoned, 153, 202.
Childs, Col. Ebenezer, cited, 185, 351.
China newspapers, in Library, 19.
Chippewas, mentioned, 103, 104, 111, 123–41, 247, 273, 274; their language, 380; see sketches of Hole-in-the-Day, elder and younger; see Cass, at St. Marie, in 1820.
Cholera at Prairie Du Chien, 1832, 259.
Chou-ke-ka, or The Ladle, a Winnebago Chief, 297.
Christinaux Indians, mentioned, 117.
Clark, —, an early miner, 318.
Clark, Capt., in Black Hawk war, 285.
Clark, Dr., of Racine, efforts to save Gov. Harvey, 62.
Clark, George T., donor, 169.
Clark, J. A., mentioned, 278.
Clark, John H., member Executive Committee, 1864–'68, 36–38, vii, viii.
Clark, Julius T., member Executive Committee, 1861–'63, 33–35; reminiscences of Hole-in-the-Day, 378.
Clark, Capt. Nathan, noticed, 132.
Clark, Gen. William, mentioned, 123, 157, 308.
Clarke, Robert, donor, 27, 28.
Clerin, Sieur, mentioned, 70.
Clifford, R. A., paints Judge Miller's portrait, 167.
Clinton, E. D., mentioned, 348.
Coates, S. D., paints and presents portrait, 167.
Coffin, —, killed, 255.
Coin, early, donation of, 168.
Colby, W. M., donor, 168, 169.
Cole, A. J., donor, 29.
Cole, Downing, and Dudley Diggings, 318.
Collins, Gen., of New York, 371, 372.
Collins, Hon. A. L., on Gov. Harvey, 51–53.
Colman, Col. Edward, friendly offices, 23.
Columbian Fur Company, 125.
Confederate script, 168.
Connor, —, Indian Agent, 203.
Conover, Prof. O. M., aided in re-organizing the Society, 15; treasurer, 1860–'68, 32–38, vii, viii; moves adoption of Hunt resolutions, 45; edits Supreme Court Reports, 172.
Constantinople papers, in Library, 19.
Continental and Colonial currency, 168.
Contrecœur, —, mentioned, 115.
Corn, first raised in Grant county, 315.
Corne, Chevalier De La, mentioned, 114.
Cornell, Hon. Ezra, donor, 165.
Craig, Hon. A. J., State Superintendent, 367.
Crane, Dr. N. J., donor, 168, 169.
Crawford, Miss, early teacher, 325.
Crespel, Father Emanuel, cited, 64, 86, 91, 92.
Crespel, Louis, mentioned, 86.
Crooks, Ramsay, in Wisconsin, 1827, 156.
Croswell, Caleb, noticed, 341.
Curtis, Daniel, early teacher, 325, 331, 332, 353.
Curtiss, Maj. D. S., Wisconsin writer, 171.
Curts' Settlement, mentioned, 273.
Curts, W. R., mentioned, 278.

Dahkotahs. See Sioux.
Dandly, —, mentioned, 276.
D'Artaguette, —, mentioned, 121.
Davenport, Col., mentioned, 300–304.
Davidson, W., personal narrative, 317–20.
Davis, Hon. M. M., a Vice President, 1860–'61, 32, 33.
Dawson, Henry B., donor, 27; historical series, 166.
Dean, Hon. E. B., member Executive Com., 1865–'68, 37, 38, vii, viii; on committee on Dodge resolutions, 177.
Dean, John S., donor, 27.
Dean, Hon. N. W., donor, 29.
D'Artagnal, M., mentioned, 94.
De Beauharnois, Gov., 77, 86, 87, 92–95, 104, 106, 108, 113.
De Beaujeu, M., served in Fox war, 1728, 94; historical notice of, 65, 115.
De Boishebert, Sieur, mentioned, 120.
De Cavagnal, Maj., mentioned, 93.
De Charcornicle, Sieur, mentioned, 74.
De Champigny, M., mentioned, 74, 76.
De Chazel, Intendant of Canada, 85.
De Frontenac, Gov., mentioned, 65, 69, 70, 109. 112.
De Grais, Sieur, mentioned, 77.
De Grand Pre, Sieur, mentioned, 77.
D' Hosta, Sieur, noticed, 67.
De Kau-ray, Family, 155, 156, 297.
De Kau-ray, or Chou-ke-ka, or the Ladle, 155, 297.
De Kau-ray, or Scha-chip-ka-ka, or The White War Eagle, 128, 153–56, 297.

De Kau-ray, or Chah-post kaw-kaw, or the Buzzard, 297.
De Kau-ray, Waukon, or Snake Skin, 156, 297, 307.
De Kau-ray, One-Eyed, noticed, 156, 295–97.
De la Barre, Gov., mentioned, 67, 110, 111.
De la Bertonniere, Father, mentioned, 87.
De la Corne, Chevalier, mentioned, 114.
De la Gemeraye, Sieur, noticed, 67.
De la Gess, Capt., mentioned, 85.
De la Martiniere, Sieur, mentioned, 74.
De Langlades, first settlers at Green Bay, 9, 115, 118, 297, 323–25.
Delaplaine, Gen. Geo. P., member Executive Com., 1860–'68, 32–38, vii, viii.
Delaplaine & Burdick, donors, 27.
De La Perotiere. Sieur, mentioned, 76.
De La Potherie, —, early Western traveler and writer, 112.
De Lignery's expedition against the Foxes, 1728, 64, 86, 87, 92; historical notice of, 65, 113.
De Lillier, Count, in Wisconsin, 1827, 188, 190.
Dells of Wisconsin, 298.
Delong, Capt. Cornelius, in Black Hawk war, 286.
De Longueuil, M., mentioned, 113.
De Louvigny's expedition to Mackinaw, 1690, 65; petition and defence, 1700, 67; disobedience of orders, 1700, 73; De Calliere and De Champigny on, 1701, 76; projected expedition, 1703, 77; expedition against the Foxes, 1716, 64, 78, 80, 81; death, 85; historical notice of, 65, 108.
De Nonville's expedition against the Senecas, 111.
De Noyelle, Sieur, services, 107; historical notice of, 65, 120.
De Ramezay, Governor of Montreal, 85.
De St. Ange, father and son, noticed, 65, 107, 121, 122.
De St. Lusson, —, mentioned, 110.
De St. Vallier, Bishop, mentioned, 87.
De Tonty, Sieur, mentioned, 76, 77.
Detroit attacked, 1712, 78.
De Vaudreuil, Gov., 77, 79, 81, 84, 86, 109, 112, 113.
De Villiers, father and sons, 104, 107, 108, 117, 121, 122; historical notices of, 65, 118, 119.
Dewey, Gov. Nelson, mentioned, 175, 344.
Dickson, Capt. Joseph, in Black Hawk war, 261, 262, 285; personal narrative, 315.
Diet, change of, producing dysentery, 124.
Dixon, Rev. A. M., early teacher, 347.
Dixon, Capt. Frederick, in Black Hawk war, 287, 289.
Dixon, Hon. L. H., donor, 29.
Dodge, Hon. A. C., donor, 169.
Dodge, Gen. Henry, letter to Gen. Atkinson, 1827, 157; 1832, in Black Hawk war, 259. 260, 262, 263, 285, 307–309, 316, 319; 1832, Peckatonica battle referred to, 313, 314; papers burned at Fort Winnebago, 309; early friend of education, 333, 340, 344, 345; first Territorial Governor, 374; 1837, held Indian treaties, 391; Pinney's eulogy, 173.
Dodge, William, historical series, 166.
Doolittle, Hon. J. R., a Vice President, 1865–68, 37, 38, vii, viii; donor, 27.
Dorward, D. J., paints portraits, 28.
Doty, Maj. Charles, mentioned, 376.
Doty, Hon. James Duane, referred to, 146, 152, 344, 410; life and services by Gen. Ellis, 369.
Doty, Mrs. Sarah C., mentioned, 371, 372, 376.
Dousman, Gen. H. L., cited and referred to, 156, 158, 237, 240, 272, 276.
Drake, S. G., donor, 165.
Draper, Lyman C., aids in re-organizing the Society, 15; corresponding secretary, 1860–68, 32, 38, vii, viii, 366; secures books for the society, 3–5; state superintendent, 1858–59, 3–5, 366; donor, 28; reports resolutions on Dr. Hunt, 45; made remarks on Gen. Dodge, 117; historical notices by, 65, 108; plea for school libraries, 366; note on the elder Hole-in-the-Day, 400; note on the younger Hole-in-the-day, 408; notes, historical and explanatory, 64, 65, 67, 77, 78, 81–83, 85, 86, 89, 91, 92, 96, 97, 102–106, 108, 111, 115–117, 123, 125, 126, 129, 132, 133, 141, 142, 144–146, 148, 150–153, 155, 156, 158, 178, 181, 182, 185, 188, 202, 205, 216, 225, 227, 236, 238, 239, 241, 244, 245, 248, 256, 263, 265, 267, 278, 279, 287, 293, 297, 309, 311, 312, 319, 325, 341, 350, 352, 376, 389, 392, 396, 411, 415, 416.
Driggs, G. W., Wisconsin writer, 171.

Du Buisson, Sieur, services, 78, 94, 106, 107; historical notice of, 65, 118.
Dubuque, Julian, burial place, 203, 241.
Dumas, —, mentioned, 114, 115.
Dunbar, —, mentioned, 243, 244.
Dunn, Judge, mentioned, 271, 277.
Durkee, Hon. Charles, a vice president, 1862–'63, 34, 35; governor of Utah, succeeds Gov. Doty, 375.
Durrie, Daniel S., librarian, 1860–'68, 32–38, vii, viii; writer on Genealogy, and Wisconsin topography, 171; donor, 165.

Eagle's feather, an Indian badge, 125, 131.
Eagle, Grey, Indian chief, 267, 268.
Eagle-Head, a Sioux chief, 135–38.
Eagle, White War. See De Kau-ray, Scha-chip-ka-ka.
Earl, ——, a soldier, mentioned, 246.
Early Education in Wisconsin, 231, 252.
Early French documents on Wisconsin history, needed, 116.
Early Mail facilities, 226.
Early Steamboats on Upper Mississippi, 214, 240, 261, 273.
Editorial Convention of Wisconsin, donor, 170.
Edwards, Col. Abram, a reminiscence by, 158.
Education, History of, in Wisconsin, 321, 352.
Eldredge, Hon. C. A., donor, 28.
Ellis, Gen. A. G., early Anglo-American settler, 376; early teacher, 327, 355; sketch of Gov. Doty, 369.
Ellis, J. Alder, member Executive Committee, 1860–'63, 32–35.
Endowment for Society needed, 30, 170.
Emerson, Prof. Joseph, early educator, 349.
Eulogy on Dr. J. W. Hunt, 39, 45; on Gov. Harvey, 48; on Gen. Dodge, 173.
Exploration of the West, early scheme, note, 115, 116.

Fahnestock, G. W., donor, 27, 28, 165.
Falling Leaf. See Waba-sha.
Fairchild, Hon. Lucius, member Executive Com., 1864–'68, 36–38, vii, viii; friendly offices, 23; remarks on Gen. Dodge, 177; donor, 27, 28, 165, 168.
Farwell, Hon. L. J., early friend of the Society, 16; a vice President, 1860, 1866–'68, 32, 38, vii, viii.
Fellows, Rev. George, donor, 27.
Fernandez, D. W., donor, 29.
Fevre River, 315, 317.
Field, Hon. R. S., commends Wisconsin Legislature, 17.
Finney Patch, a lead digging, 318.
Fire Lands Historical Society, donor, 27.
Firmin, Col. F. H., member Executive Committee. 1860–'61, 1866–'68, 32, 33, 38, vii, viii; recording secretary, 1862–'65, 34–37; donor, 27.
Fisher, George, early Prairie Du Chien settler, 267.
Fitzgerald, Mrs., mentioned, 377.
Flat Mouth, a Chippewa Chief, 129, 130, 139, 141, 400.
Fletcher, Gen. J. E., Winnebago agent, 279, 280.
Folles Avoines. See Menomonees.
Fonda, John H., noticed, 205; reminiscences, 205–248.
Force Library, mentioned, 166.
Ford's History of Illinois criticised, 300–304.
Forndrook, J., donor, 168.
Forts: Chartres, 119–122; Crawford, See Prairie Du Chien; Hamilton, 312; Howard, 225, 353; L'Assumption, 113; St. Francis, at Green Bay, 89; Winnebago, 259, 260, 309, 330, 331, 353.
Four Legs, a Winnebago chief, 96.
Fox Indians. See Sauks and Foxes.
Francis, Dr. J. W., books from his Library, 11.
Franciscan Brothers, a religious order, 91.
Frank, Capt., in Black Hawk war, 286.
Frank, Col. M., early friend of education. 340, 341, 343, 344; on Gov. Harvey, 53–55.
Franklin, Dr., files of his paper in Library, 12, 21, 166.
French boat song, 100.
French Documents from Paris and Canada, needed, 116.
Frodsham, B., donor, 168.
Frontenac, Gov. De, mentioned, 65, 69, 70, 109, 112.
Frost, J., early settler at McGregor, 242.

Gagnier, Registre, killed by Indians, 146, 182, 199, 202.
Gagnier, Madame, bravery rewarded, 146, 153, 187, 199.
Gale, Hon. George, a vice President, 1862. 34; writer on Wisconsin history, 171; cited, 202, 297.
Gale, Lieut. Levin, mentioned, 245–254.
Galena, threatened, 1827, 203, 225; in 1828, 317; in 1832, 289.
Gallssoniere, Gov., mentioned, 114.
Gallagher, J., donor, 27.
Gardenier, Lieut. J. R. B., mentioned, 241–254.
Garland, Gen. John, mentioned, 244, 250, 278, 282, 283.
Garneau's History of Canada, cited, 89, 91, 92, 116, 119.
Gary, D., mentioned, 278.
Gayarre, Hon. Charles, referred to, 121.
Gaylord, Gen. A., donor, 27.
Gehon, Capt. Francis, in Black Hawk war, 286.
Gemeraye, Sieur De, mentioned, 67.
Gennet, William, member executive committee, 1860, 32.
Gentry, Capt. James H., in Black Hawk war, 285.
Gess, Capt. De La, mentioned, 85.
Gleason, —, an early teacher, 332.
Gilbert, Samuel, mentioned, 276.
Gillespy, J. C., his work on Green Lake County, 171.
Gooding, Capt. George, noticed, 142.
Goodrich, Hon. Joseph, founder of Milton college, 349.
Grais, Sieur De, mentioned, 77.
Grand Pre, Sieur De, mentioned, 77.
Granger, Dr. W. M., donor, 169.
Grangula, an Indian orator, 67.
Grant County Soldiers' Monument, photograph, 168.
Grant, Maj. James, mentioned, 114.
Graves, Z. C., early teacher, 346.
Grey Eagle, an Indian Chief, 267, 268.
Green, Maj. John, at Fort Winnebago, 331.
Green, Dr. Samuel A., donor, 165.
Green Bay, 89, 92, 93, 102, 110, 111, 112, 115–117, 158, 159; early mail facilities, 226; early education, 223, 225–32, 253, 254; Mr. Jones, an early clergyman, 1888, 190; in 1824, population, 329–30; in 1825, inhabitants, 224, 225; in 1827, threatened, 225.
Gregory, John, his work on Wisconsin, 171.
Grignon Family, mentioned, 324, 325, 353.
Grignon, Augustin, cited, 116, 155.
Grouchy, F. N., mentioned, 278.
Gurnee, J. D., member Executive Committee, 1860–'68, 32–38, vii, viii.

Haight, Miss Eliza, early teacher, 331.
Hale, Hon. Samuel, early friend of the society, 17.
Hall girls, capture of, 1832, 260.
Hall, Rev. Mr., missionary, 380.
Hall, Henry, donor, 169.
Hall, J. P., kills Barrette, 258.
Hall & M'Kenney's Indian work, 187.
Hamilton, Capt. I., in Black Hawk war, 286.
Hamilton, Col. W. S., in Black Hawk war, 286, 310–314; diggings, 317.
Harkelrhodes, —, killed in Black Hawk war, 289.
Harris, Capt. W. L., noticed, 256.
Harvey, Gov. L. P., early teacher, 347; eulogy on, 48; photograph, 168.
Hathaway, Mrs. Ann J., presents portraits, 28.
Hathaway, Hon. Joshua, contributed an early paper, 16; portrait in gallery, 28.
Hayden, S., donor, 27.
Hazel Green, or Scrabble, 317.
Hazelton, Hon. G. W., a vice President, 1862, 34.
Helena, or Pine Bend, 260.
Hendrick, King, the Mohawk Sachem, 114.
Henni, Bishop John M., portrait in gallery, 28.
Henry, Gen. James D., in Black Hawk war, 259, 316.
Henry, Capt. William, early Mineral Point pioneer, 157.
Hill, James L., member Executive Committee, 1868, viii.
History, its uses, 2.
History of Illinois, Ford's criticised, 300–304.
Hoadley, C. J., donor, 27.
Hobbins, Dr. Joseph, member executive committee, 1866–68, 38, vii, viii.
Hocquart, M., mentioned, 107, 108.
Hœfling, Wm., donor, 29.
Holden, F. A., donor, 27, 165, 169.
Holden, G. B., donor, 28.
Hole-in-the-Day, the elder, by J. T. Clark, 378; Dr. Brunson, 387; L. C.

Draper, 400; kills his guests, 405; referred to, 413, 416; death, 384, 399, 403.
Hole-in-the-Day, the younger, newspaper accounts, 402, 406; by L. C. Draper, 408; Dr. Brunson, 392, 399.
Holly, Hon. Alanson, donor, 27.
Holmes, Rev. Mead, writer on the war, 172.
Holt, David, donor, 167.
Holt, W. H., donor, 29.
Hoo-Choop, or Four Legs, noticed, 96.
Hood, Mrs. Matilda, pioneer settler, ambrotype, 168.
Hooe, Maj. A. S., mentioned, 278.
Ho-po-ko-e-kaw, a Winnebago chieftess, 297.
Hosta, Sieur D', noticed, 67.
Howard, Fort, 1827, 225.
Howe, Hon. T. O., donor, 27, 28, 165.
Hoyt, Dr. J. W., editor Agricultural Transactions, 172.
Hubbard, Gurdon S., early Chicago pioneer, 216.
Hubbell, Hon. Levi, mentioned, 341.
Hudson, Frank, first donor to the society, 16.
Hunt, Dr. John W., aided in re-organizing the society, 15; early donor, 16; librarian, 17; *Gazetteer of Wisconsin*, 171; eulogies on, 39, 45.
Huron Indians, mentioned, 80, 120.
Hyer, Hon. George, member Executive Committee, 1860–'64, 1867, 32–36, 38, vii.
Hyer, Lieut. J. K., donor, 168.

Illinois, state, donor, 27.
Indian honor—the War Eagle De Kauray, 154; love of whisky, 99, 123–125, 384; race for life, a myth, 158; slaves, 79, 83; mode of burying the dead, 99; treatment of starvation, 253.
Indian Agency, removed from Prairie du Chien, 259; curiosities added to the cabinet, 168.
Indians "crying for the dead," 99, 123, 130, 131.
Indian treaties, referred to, 1795, at Greenville, 414; 1815, at Spring Wells, 414; 1816, at Fort Harrison (?), 414; 1820, conference at St. Marie, 371, 389, 410–16; 1825, at Prairie du Chien, 123, 391; 1827, at Butte Des Morts, 179, 225; 1829, at Prairie Du Chien, 153; 1832, at Rock Island, 308, 309; 1837, by Gen. Dodge, 391; 1838–'41, by Gov. Doty, 374.
Ingham, Albert C., editor Agricultural Transactions, 172.
Iowa, State, donor, 27.
Ioway Indians, mentioned, 78, 93, 111.
Iroquois Indians, 66, 67, 70, 72, 78, 108, 109, 113, 120.
Irwin, Judge David, 372.

Jackson, Capt. G., donor, 29.
Jewett, Prof. C. C., his catalogue system, 8.
Jilson, Hon. J. B., mentioned, 364.
Johnson, Sir William, mentioned, 114, 118, 122.
Johnston, George, mentioned, 413, 415.
Johnston, John, mentioned, 416.
Johnston, Mrs. John, heroic conduct of, 413, 415, 416.
Joliet, early Western explorer, 322.
Jones, Rev. Mr., early Green Bay clergyman, 188, 190.
Jones, Hon. George W., Captain in Black Hawk war, 286, 313; delegate to Congress, 374.
Jonquiere and others, exploration scheme, note, 115–16.
Jordan, Hon. Charles S., mentioned, 343.
Juneau, Solomon, in 1825, 218–20, 222, 225, 231, 234; in 1827, settlement threatened, 225, 234.
Justice, early administration of, 128, 129.

Kansas, State, donor, 27.
Ka-po-sia, a Sioux village, 145.
Kearney, Maj. S. W., at Prairie Du Chien, 238.
Kee-wee-zais-hish, or Flat Mouth, 129, 130, 139, 141, 400.
Kellogg, La Fayette, recording secretary, 1861, 33.
Kenosha, early schools, 336, 340, 341, 346, 347, 354.
Kettle, a Fox Chief, killed, 256.
Ke-wa-kwish-kum, an Ottawa Chief, 414.
Keyes, Hon. E. W., member Executive Committee, 1868, viii.
Keyes, Rev. S. P., mentioned, 331.
Kho-ya-pa, or Eagle-Head, a Sioux Chief, 135–38.
Kickapoo Indians, mentioned, 111.

King, Mr., killed by Indians, 267, 268.
King, Joe, early Wisconsin pioneer, 221, 222, 231.
Kingsbury, Lieut., in Bad Axe battle, 261.
Kinney, Rev. Dr. M. P., early teacher, 347.
Kinzie, John H., mentioned, 96, 157, 370; addition to Chicago, 370.
Kinzie, Mrs. Juliette A., cited, 96, 155, 181; excellence of her work, 181.
Kirby, Miss, early teacher, 332.
Kirkpatrick, —, in Black Hawk war, 289.
Knistinaux Indians, mentioned, 117.
Knowlton, Judge Wiram, noticed, 278, 279, 283.
Krum, Mrs. Mary A., renders French boat song into English, 100.

Ladd, Hon. Azel P., State Superintendent, 365.
La Fayette, Gen., singular incident, 196.
Lafitau, —, early western traveler and writer, 112.
La Galissoniere, Gov., mentioned, 114.
La Hontan, —, early western traveler and writer, 67.
Langlades, first settlers at Green Bay, 9, 115, 118, 297, 323–25.
Lapham, I. A., a vice president, 1860, 32; president of the society, 1862–'68, 34–38, vii, viii; delivers address, 1866, 24; works on Wisconsin, 171; donor, 29.
La Pointe, early settlement, 322, 324, 330; modern, 379.
Lark, a Sioux chief, 312, 313.
Larrabee, Charles, early Wisconsin pioneer, 230.
Larriviere, —, early Prairie du Chien settler, 238.
La Salle, —, early western explorer, 322.
Lathrop, John H., President of Wisconsin University, 345.
Latour, Maj. L. A. H., donor, 27.
Lawrence, Hon. W. A., a Vice President, 1866–'68, 38, vii, viii.
Lead Mines, on the Des Moines River, early knowledge, 111; Wisconsin, 1827, consternation of people, 152, 203, 287; mentioned, 315; 1828, 317–19; early schools, 333.
Learned, C. J., mentioned, 275.
Leavenworth, Gen. Henry, anecdote of, 96.
Le Claire, Antoine, mentioned, 300–304.
Lecuyer, Judge, 188.
Legate, Maj. C. F., donor, 168.
Lester, Robert D., murdered, 276, 277.
Lewis, Hon. James T., a Vice President, 1863–'68, 35–38, vii, viii.
Lignery, Sieur De. See De Lignery.
Limmery, —, his power over snakes, 282.
Lindsay, —, early Upper Mississippi boatman, 144, 145, 147–152.
Little Crow, father and son, Sioux chiefs, 396.
Little Hill, a Winnebago chief, services, 309.
Little Soldier, a Chippewa Chief, 133, 139, 140.
Livre, a French coin, 77.
Locey, Dr. A. T., early teacher, 334.
Lockwood, Hon. James H., cited and mentioned, 126, 144, 146, 150–52, 155, 202, 237, 240, 274.
Lockwood, Mrs. J. H., establishes first Sunday School, 325.
Logan, the Indian orator, mentioned, 67.
Long, Col. S. H., his work, 171.
Longueuil, M. De., mentioned, 113.
Lord, Rev. Charles, aided in re-organizing the Society, 15.
Loss, Rev. L. H., early teacher, 341.
Lothrop, Rev. Jason, early teacher, 336.
Louvigny, Sieur De. See De Louvigny.
Love, Rev. W. De Loss, his work on the war, 171.
Lowry, Gen., Indian interpreter, 307.
Lowry, Rev. David, Indian Agent, 259; Indian teacher, 329, 356.
Ludewig, H. E., early donor, 16.
Lumbering, early, in Wisconsin, 242–254, 273.
Lusson, M. De St., mentioned, 110.

McBride, David, paper on capture of Black Hawk, 293.
MacDougall, George, mentioned, 370.
MacDougall manuscripts, 102.
McFarland, J. H., donor, 29.
McGregor, —, Bloody Run, 365–68.
Mackay, Lieut. Æneas, noticed, 416.
McKay, Col. Wm., expedition against Prairie Du Chien, 96, 297.
Mackenzie, Lieut. John, noticed, 339, 350.

Mackinac, or Mickinac, Ottawa chief, 103.
Mackinaw, mentioned, 66, 67, 81, 83, 84, 88, 89, 92, 97, 109, 111–113, 118, 121, 158, 378, 414.
Mackinaw boats, 97.
McIndoe, Hon. W. D., a vice president, 1865–68, 37, 38, vii, viii; donor, 27, 165.
M'Kenney, Col. Thomas L., cited and mentioned, 96, 102, 225; on Winnebago War (1827), 178.
McMyler, J. J., writer on the war, 171.
McMynn, Col. J. G., donor, 170; early educational labors, 346; state superintendent, 366.
Magoun, Rev. Dr. G. F., early teacher, 347.
Mail facilities, early, in Wisconsin, 226.
Mandeville, Jack, heroic conduct, 150, 151.
Manitowoc Indians there in 1818, 159.
Maps and Atlases, in Library, 21, 28, 31, 166.
Marquette, Jacques, early Western explorations, 9, 322.
Margot River, mentioned, 112.
Markins, Isaac, donor, 29.
Marin, Sieur, early services, 97, 104, 106, 107, 297; historical notice of, 65, 115.
Marin, —, of Acadia, note, 115–16.
Marin, La Marque De, note, 115–16.
Marsh, —, Indian agent, 181.
Marshall, O. H., donor, 27.
Martin, Hon. M. L., Historical Address, 16, 103.
Martiniere, Sieur De, mentioned, 74.
Maskoutin Indians, 110–12.
Massachusetts, State, donor, 27.
Mazzuchelli, Rev. Samuel, early teacher, 328, 349, 355.
Melvin, Sergeant, mentioned, 245–54.
Menaige, Peter, mentioned, 307.
Menomonees, or Folles Avoines, 89, 93, 98–100, 102–104, 106, 107, 110, 112, 180–82, 218, 231, 256–59, 262, 391.
Meredith, Maj. A. A., friendly offices, 23.
Merrill, Prof. S. T., early teacher, 349.
Merrill, Mrs. S. T., early teacher, 347.
Merrill, Wm. D., editor Prairie Du Chien Courier, writes Fonda's reminiscences, 205; cited, 408.
Mesnard, —, early missionary, 322.
Messersmith, John, and sons, early miners, 318.
Methode and family, killed by Indians, 126–27.
Methodist church, early, at Prairie Du Chien, 275, 276.
Miami Indians, mentioned, 110–12.
Michigan, State, donor, 27.
Miller, Hon. A. G., presents his portrait, 167.
Mills, Hon. J. T., early teacher, 332.
Mills, Gen. Simeon, member Executive Committee, 1860–68, 32–38, vii, viii; donor, 27, 28; on committee on Dodge resolutions, 177.
Mills, early, on Menomonee River, 273.
Milton College, noticed, 349, 350.
Milwaukee, Indians there in 1818, 159; Juneau trading there, 218–20, 222, 225, 231, 234; early schools, 336, 354, 357.
Mineral Point, or Shake Rag, 318; early school, 354.
Minnesota Historical Society, mentioned, 123.
Missilimackinac. See Mackinaw.
Mitchell, Martin, Wisconsin historical writer, 171.
Mix, Charles E., mentioned, 306, 307.
Mone, Capt., or probably Capt. John Moore, in Black Hawk war, 286.
Montcalm, Gen., mentioned, 114, 117.
Morgan, Col. Willoughby, noticed, 129, 227, 232, 233.
Morse, Mr., donor, 169.
Mosh-u-e-bee, an aged Indian woman, portrait of, 167.
Muck-e-ta-pe-nay an Indian chief, 216. 216.
Munsell, Joel, donor, 165; historical series, 166.
Murder Pole, mentioned, 125, 139.

NAH-TOO-ES-SIE, Sioux name for enemy, 130, 139.
Natural history specimens, 169.
Nee-no-hum-pee-kau, captured Black Hawk, 308.
Neill, Rev. E. D., cited, 65, 126, 129, 132–33, 144–46, 152, 155, 392, 408.
Ne-o-kau-tah, or Four Legs, noticed, 96.
New England Historic Genealogical society, donor, 27.
New Hampshire, State, donor, 27.
Newspaper files, their value, 7, 20.
New Zealand newspapers, in library, 19.
Niles Register, cited, 146.
Nonville, Gov. De, expedition against the Senecas, 111.
Noyelle, Sieur. See De Noyelle.

O'Callaghan, Dr. E. B., cited, 65, 111, 116, 121; *N. Y. Colonial Hist.*, 198, 116.
O'Harra, Capt., in Black Hawk war, 286.
Old newspaper files, in Library, 7, 12–15, 22, 166, 169.
Onontio, Indian title to Governor of Canada, 105.
Oreoue, or Grangula, an Indian orator, 67.
Orton, Hon. H. S., early friend of the Society, 17; member Executive Committee, 1860, 1862–'65, 32, 34–37; vice president, 1861, 1866–'68, 33, 38, vii, viii.
Ottawa Indians, mentioned, 66, 67, 69, 70, 87, 103, 104, 111.
Ouilmette, Antoine, noticed, 216.
Outagamie, Indian name for the Fox nation, 81–83.

Pacquette, Pierre, noticed, 188, 189.
Page, H. M., donor, 165.
Paine, Gen. H. E., donor, 165.
Parker and daughter, early teachers, 334.
Parkinson, Col. D. M., cited, 155; in Black Hawk war, 285; early friend of education, 334.
Parkman's Pontiac, cited, 102.
Patterson, J. B., vindicates Black Hawk's autobiography, 300–304.
Peckatonica battle, referred to, 313, 314.
Peet, Rev. Stephen, his work on Wisconsin, 171.
Pelton, E. W., mentioned, 278.
Pennsylvania Gazette, Dr. Franklin's paper, in Library, 12, 14, 166.
Pemoussa, a Fox Chief, mentioned, 78, 83.
Perotiere, Sieur De, mentioned, 76.
Perrot, Sieur Nicholas, on expedition to Mackinaw, 66; historical notice of, 65, 110.
Peset, M., priest, mentioned, 87.
Peter, a negro, killed by Indians, 1827, 148.
Petite Roche, mentioned, 194, 195.
Phillips, Maj. Asher, mentioned, 158.
Pickard, Hon. J. L., Principal Platteville Academy, 348; state superintendent, 363, 366.
Pierce, Lieut. John S., noticed, 412, 415.
Pierce, Lieut. S. W., donor, 27; writer on the war, 171.
Pierre, M. De, mentioned, 114.
Pike, Gen. Z. M., mentioned, 123, 171.
Pike's Hill, referred to, 197.
Pine Bend, or Helena, 260.
Pine, G. W., early banker, 272.
Pinney, S. U., member Executive Committee (1866–'68), 38, vii, viii; eulogy on Gen. Dodge, 173; reports resolutions on Gen. Dodge, 177.
Platteville, early schools, 333, 347, 348, 354.
Plympton, Maj. Joseph, noticed, 396.
Pontiac, referred to, 103.
Porlier, James, early pioneer and teacher, 324, 325, 353.
Potherie, De La, early Western traveler and writer, 112.
Pottawattomie Indians, mentioned, 94, 103, 110, 112.
Potts, T. D., early miner, 317.
Pouchot's Memoir, cited, 121.
Powers, Hon. D. J., member Executive Committee, 1860–'68, 32–38, vii, viii; donor, 165, 167.
Prairie Du Chien, first settlement, 197, 323, 330; 1814, McKay's expedition, 96, 297; 1825, treaty, 123–25, 391; 1826, Methode and family killed, 126-27; 1827, Winnebago war, 179-204, 225; 1828, mentioned, 235–38; 1828, new fort building, 242–54; 1829, treaty, 153; 1830, Coffin killed, 255; 1830, Indian murders near, 256–58; 1832, Black Hawk war, 259–64; 1832, cholera, 259; 132, Indian agency removed from, 259; 1834, small pox, 264–65; 1837–39, speculation, hard times, 270; 1839, early law cases, 270–72; 1842, religious interest and movement, 275, 276; 1846, garrisoned by militia, 278, 279; 1848, temperance society, 282; early steamboats, 214, 240, 261, 273; early deeds of violence, 277–78; early administration of justice, 128–29; early schools, 324–33, 353–54.
Prescott, A. D., cited, 406, 407.
Price, Capt. Glendover, in Black Hawk war, 286.
Prideaux, Gen., mentioned, 114.
Prophet, Black Hawk's, 294, 308, 309.
Proudfit, Gen. J. K., donor, 165, 167.
Puants, or Winnebagoes, 90, 93, 112.
Puck-a-she, meaning of, 26.

Quincy, Miss Eliza S., donor, 165.
Quiner, Edwin B., makes valuable donations, 27, 164, 167; work on Wisconsin in the War, 171.
Quinn, Indian interpreter, 393, 395.

Ramezay, Gov. De, mentioned, 85.
Ramsay, Gov., of Minnesota, mentioned, 408.
Randall, Hon. A. W., educational efforts, 348.
Randall, Hon. H. S., honorary vice president, 1867–68, vii, viii.
Ray, J. H., donor, 27.
Reaume, Judge Charles, mentioned, 324.
Recollet, a monk, mentioned, 91.
Red Bird, Winnebago chief, 141, 143, 145-147, 152, 179, 180, 182, 185-87, 199, 201, 202; troops refuse to march against, 152.
Red Jacket, the Seneca orator, referred to, 67.
Red Wing, a Sioux village, 145.
Reed, —, early Prairie Du Chien settler, 264.
Reeseden, —, early teacher, 330, 354
Religious interest, early, at Prairie Du Chien, 275.
Renaka, hung at Prairie Du Chien, 238, 239.
Renards, Les, French name for Fox Indians, 81.
Reynolds, Gov. John, referred to, 144, 150.
Rhode Island Historical Society, donor.
Rice, Hon. Henry M., mentioned, 404.
Richardson, Gen. James, donor, 27; member Executive Committee, 1868, viii.
Riley, Wm., Indian interpreter, 411, 415.
Robbins, Hon. Hamner, early teacher, 348; Normal School Regent, 348.
Roberts & Whiting, donors, 168.
Robinson, Thomas, donor, 168, 169.
Rocheblave, Philip, mentioned, 118.
Roche, Petite, mentioned, 194, 195.
Rock River Valley, its beauty and productiveness, 160.
Rogers, Maj. Robert, mentioned, 117.
Rolette, Joseph, 156, 198, 202, 237, 240, 272, 275, 312, 314, 334, 335, 353.
Root, Hon. Eleazer, aided in founding Carroll College, 348; state superintendent, 344, 345, 364–65.
Ross, Hon. James, member Executive Committee, 1866–68, 38, vii, viii; donor, 170.
Rountree, Hon. J. H., captain in Black Hawk war, 286, 315; early friend to education, 333; donor, 27.
Rublee, F. M., early teacher, 336.
Rublee, Horace, member Executive Committee (1860–68), 32–38, vii, viii.
Ruffee, Chas. A., mentioned, 403.
Russell, Miss Caroline, early teacher, 331.

Sabbath School, early at Prairie Du Chien, 276, 325.
Sabin, Joseph, donor, 165; historical series, 26, 166.
Sagonash, Indian name for Englishman, 411.
Sag-on-do-shee, or The Englishman, a Sioux, 136.
Salomon, Hon. Edward, a vice president, 1866-'68, 38, vii, viii; early teacher, 346; delivers address, 24.
Sas-sa-ba, a Chippewa chief, 411, 415.
Saucy Jack, or Jack Mandeville, heroic conduct, 150, 151.
Sauks and Foxes, 1700, defeated by the Sioux, 78; 1716, De Louvigny's expedition, 78–85; 1728, renewal of the war, 86; De Lignery's expedition, 87–95; 1729, defeated by the allied Indians, 104; 1730, March, defeated by Marin. 95–104; May, Du Buisson's expedition, 106, 107; Sept., defeated by De Villiers, 107; 1732, Iroquois and Huron war party, 120; 1735, De Noyelle's expedition, 120; 1741, still troublesome. 113, 114, 120, 121; 1746, a supposed war with, 103; 1756–'57, serve in French war, 117; 1825, treaty at Prairie du Chien, 123, 391; 1827, at war with the Winnebagoes, 193; 1830, kill Sioux, 256; Menomonees, 257, 258; 1832, war with whites, 259–64, 287–92; capture of Black Hawk, 293–97, 308; Black Hawk's cave, 298–99; Black Hawk's autobiography vindicated, 300; Winnebagoes engage in the war, 310–314; Sioux engage in the war, 310–314; Dickson's account, 315–317; Davidson's account, 319; 1838, Black Hawk's death, 305.

Sault St. Marie, mentioned, 378–79, 410–16.
Sauteurs, French name for the Chippewas, 104.
Savage, H. W., early banker, 272.
Savage, Rev. Dr. John A., early educator, 349.
Scha-chip-ka-ka, or the White War Eagle, 128, 153–56, 297.
Schoolcraft, H. R., 96, 97, 102, 123, 129, 188, 305, 389, 400, 414–16.
Schools, history of in Wisconsin, 323–368.
School Libraries, their importance, 366.
Scott, Col. Martin, mentioned, 265, 266, 378.
Scott, Gen. Winfield, mentioned, 308, 309.
Sears, Miss Frances, early teacher, 332.
Seely, Hon. D. J., donor, 29.
Seven Mile Bluff, 294.
Shane, Rev. John D., a collector of Western history, 19.
Shea, John G., cited, 65, 112, 329; historical series, 26, 166.
Sheboygan, Indians there, 1818, 159; early schools, 336, 354.
Sheppard, J. H., donor, 27.
Sherman, Capt. John, in Black Hawk war, 286.
Sherman, S. A., donor, 169.
Shin-plasters, early, 272.
Shipman, Col. S. V., member of Executive Committee, 1862–'65, 33–37; recording secretary, 1860, 1866–68, 32, 38, vii, viii; motion relative to Hunt eulogies, 48; donor, 27, 28, 165.
Shippin, E., donor, 27.
Sioux, or Dahkotahs, 78, 99, 111, 112; most numerous tribe of Canada, 85; at war with Chippewas, 123, 124, 390–96, 400, 401, 403, 404, 408; mode of burying the dead, 99; some of their villages, 144, 145; 1825–27, difficulties, 123–45, 147, 391; 1830, at war with Sauks and Foxes, 356, 357; 1832, join whites, 259, 310–14; 1837, fight with Chippewas, 373, 374.
Sinsinawa Mound College, 349, 355.
Skinner, E. W., member executive committee, 1866–'68, 38, vii, viii.
Skunk-skin, an Indian badge, 125.
Small pox, at Prairie Du Chien, 1834, 264, 265.
Smith, Hon. A. D., edits Sup. Court Reports, 172.
Smith, Hon. Geo. B., member Executive Committee, 1861–'68, 33–38, vii, viii; remarks on Gen. Dodge, 177.
Smith, Maj. Henry, noticed, 291, 292.
Smith, James, donor, 165.
Smith, Hon. J. Y., member Executive Committee, 1860–'63, 32–35.
Smith, Hon. Perry H., honorary vice president, 1867–'68, vii, viii.
Smith, Mrs. S. H., donor, 29.
Smith, Hon. W. E., member Executive Committee, 1867–'68, vii, viii.
Smith, W. L. G., Life and Times of Gen. Cass, cited, 411.
Smith, Gen. Wm. R., president of society, 1860–'61, 32, 33; vice president, 1862–'68, 34–38, vii, viii; aided to re-organize society, 15; delivered first annual address, 16; History of Wisconsin, 171; cited, 65, 81, 82, 86, 91, 103, 141, 144. 146, 148, 151, 152,
Smyrna newspapers, in Library, 19.
Snakes, power over, by one Limmery, 282.
Snelling, Col. Josiah, noticed, 65, 129, 141, 142, 401; orders a march on Red Bird's village, 152; sends message to the Indians, 154.
Snelling, Wm. J., noticed, 65, 123, 126, 129, 144, 152, 155; paper on "La Butte Des Morts," 95; paper on "Early Days at Prairie Du Chien," 123.
Song-uk-um-eg, or Strong Ground, 400, 401.
Spalding, Rev. H. W., donor, 168.
Spencer, Hon. E. A., donor, 167.
Split-Lip, a Sioux, exploits and death, 137, 139–41.
Spooner, Hon. P. L., edits Sup. Court Reports, 172.
St. Ange, father and son, services, 65, 107; historical notice of, 121, 122.
Staples, Rev. C. A., donor, 169.
Staples, Mrs. C. A., donor, 169.
Starvation, Indian treatment of, 253.
State Historical Society, its re-organization, 15–17; its early prosperity, 17, 18; synopsis of annual reports, 1860–'66, 1; report of, January, 1867, 23; January, 1868, 161; officers, 1860–'66, 32; 1867, vii; 1868, viii; financial condition, 3, 5, 6, 10–12, 18, 19, 21, 25, 161; library additions, 3–7, 11–14, 16, 19–21, 25–28; newspaper files. 5–8, 12–15, 19–21, 26, 28, 166; pamphlet additions, 6, 11, 12, 19, 21, 25, 27, 162, 165; maps

and atlases, 21, 28, 31, 166, 167; additions to Cabinet, 29, 168; picture gallery, 6, 28, 167; important works in Library, 13–15, 163–166; cataloguing Library, 8; improvement of rooms, 8; need of additional room, 18; rooms in capitol sought and obtained, 20–22; removal there, 23, 24; fourth volume of collections issued, 5; renewal of publication of collections needed, 22; authorized, 24; rebellion, a new source of history, 10; endowment and binding funds needed, 30, 170.
Steam-boats, early, on Upper Mississippi, 214, 240, 261, 273.
Sterling, Prof. J. W., early educator, 345.
Stewart, —, killed by Indians, 1827, 148.
Stewart, Hon. J. W., good offices, 12.
St. Lusson, M. De, mentioned, 110.
Stock, Smith, killed by Indians, 267–68.
Stone, Capt., in Black Hawk war, 287, 288.
St. Pierre, M. De, mentioned, 114.
Street, Gen. Jos. M., noticed, 236, 240, 272, 296; conference with Sioux Indians, 310–14.
Strode, Col. James M., in Black Hawk war, 287, 289.
Strong, Hon. L. M., donor, 169.
Strong Ground, or Song-uk-um-eg, a Chippewa chief, 400, 401.
Stuntz, Mr., donor, 168.
Suckow, B. W., donor, 27.
Sugar Creek diggings, 317.
Sunday Schools, early, at Prairie Du Chien, 276.
Sutherland, Gen. James, donor, 27; a vice president, 1862–'65, 34–37.

TAINTOR, Ezekiel, early Prairie Du Chien settler, 264, 271, 275.
Taliaferro, Lawrence, noticed, 141.
Tallmadge, Gov. N. P., mentioned, 344, 374.
Tank, Mrs. C. L. A., large gift of books, 162–64, 166–67.
Tank, Otto, lithograph of, 167.
Taylor, Hon. Stephen, donor, 168, 169; honorary vice president, 1867–68, vii, viii.
Taylor, Maj. Zachary, 1818, commands at Green Bay, 159; 1828–29, at Prairie Du Chien, 237, 240; a mythical incident, 158; 1832, at Bad Axe battle, 263.
Tecumseh, goes to New York Indians, 1809, 181; joined by Winnebagoes, 96, 142, 143; referred to, 411.
Tenney, Maj. H. A., donor, 29.
Tenney, H. W., member Executive Committee, 1862, 34.
Temperance society, early, at Prairie Du Chien, 282.
Terry, Capt. John B., in Black Hawk war, 286.
Thomas, Capt., in Black Hawk war, 286.
Throckmorton, Capt., in Bad Axe Battle, 361–63.
Tibbits, F. G., member Executive Committee, 1860–67, 22–38, vii.
Tippecanoe battle, incidents, 142, 143.
Titlow, A., mentioned, 278.
Todd, Alpheus, good services to the society, 64.
Tonty, Sieur De, mentioned, 76, 77.
Too-pun-kah Zeze, a Sioux warrior, exploits and death, 125–141.
Trowbridge, Charles C., cited, 370. 389, 413; on Cass' expedition, 370, 410, 413.
Turner, Prof. H. J., noticed, 64.
Twin Rivers, Indians there in 1818, 159.

VALENTINE, D. T., valuable donation, 164.
Valier, Bishop De St., mentioned, 87.
Van Der Muelen, Rev. R. J., gathered Tank Library, 167, 168; lithograph of, 167.
Van Norstrand, Hon. A. H., member Executive Committee, 1867–68, vii, viii.
Van Slyke, N. B., member Executive Committee, 1865–68, 27, 38, vii, viii.
Vattemare's literary exchanges, fruits of, 3.
Vaudreuil, Gov. De, mentioned, 77, 79, 81–84, 86, 109, 112, 113.
Vermont, State, donor, 27.
Verplanck, Hon. Isaac A., mentioned, 404.
Vilas, Hon. L. B., member executive committee, 1866–68, 38, vii, viii.
Villiers, Sieur. See De Villiers.
Vineyard, Miles, Indian agent, 393.

Wa-ba-naw, a Menomonee, 253.
Wa-ba-shaw, or The Falling Leaf, 138, 143, 144, 248, 264; location of village, 144, 147.
Wadge-hut-ta-kaw, or One-Eyed De Kau-ray, 156, 295–97.
Wakh-pa-koo-tay's regrets at waste of whisky, 123–25.
Wa-man-doos-ga-ra-ha, a bad Indian, 127, 143.
Wa-pel-lo, a Sauk chief, mentioned, 305.
Warner, E., mentioned, 278.
Warner, Theo., mentioned, 282.
War relics and curiosities, 29, 168.
Washburn, Hon. C. C., commended for congress by Gov. Harvey, 58.
Wau-ba-na-kees, or New York Indians, near Green Bay, 182.
Wau-kon Haw-kaw, or Washington De Kau-ray, 156, 297, 307.
Way-we-te-go-che, Indian name for Frenchmen, 411.
Wea, French fort on the Wabash, 114, 118.
We-Kau, or the Sun, engaged in murder, 145–46, 179, 182, 184, 186, 199–202.
Welch, William, remarks on Gen. Dodge, 177.
Wells, Hon. Daniel Jr., furnishes his portrait, 28.
Western exploration, early scheme, note, 115–16.
West, —, early Milwaukee teacher, 336, 357.
West, G. M., work on Wisconsin, 171.
West Virginia, State, donor, 27.
Wheeler, A. C., writer on Milwaukee, 171.
Whisky, Indian love of, 99, 123–125, 384.
Whistler, Maj. Wm., noticed, 178, 185, 194, 202.
White, —, in Black Hawk war, 259.
White Crow, a Winnebago guide to Gen. Dodge, 295.
White fish, Indians spearing, 159.
White War Eagle, a Winnebago Chief, 128, 153–56, 297.
White, William, early teacher, 332.
Whittlesey, Col. Charles, cited, 328.
Wide Mouth, a Chippewa chief, 129, 130, 139, 141, 400.
Wiggin, J. K., historical series, 166.
Wild cat banking, 272.
Williams, —, early miner, 318.
Williams, Rev. Eleazer, mentioned, 327, 354, 376.
Williamson, Mrs. E. M., donor, 29.
Wilson, Dr., of Sharon, efforts to save Gov. Harvey, 62.
Winnebago, Fort, 259, 260, 309, 330, 331, 353.
Winnebagoes (Puants), 90, 93, 103, 104, 113; originally from Mexico, 142; bravery and character, 142; mode of burying the dead, 99; 1811, at Tippecanoe battle, 96, 142, 143; 1813, at Thames battle, 96; levy tribute on Americans, 96; 1825, treaty at Prairie Du Chien, 123, 391; 1827, outbreak, 142–53, 156–58, 178–204; De Kau-ray's Indian honor, 154; 1828–29, a pretended gathering at Prairie Du Chien, 158; 1829, treaty at Prairie Du Chien, 153; 1832, join whites against the Sauks, 259, 306–309; provision for schools, 328; 1846, yet scattered in Wisconsin, 279–82; Four Legs, noticed, 96; Car-a-mau-nee, noticed, 181; De Kaurays, noticed, 128, 153–56, 295–97.
Winter, J. W., donor, 29.
Wiota, or Hamilton's Diggings, 317.
Wisconsin Heights, battle, 260.
Wisconsin Historical Collections, cited, 111, 116, 118, 126, 144, 155.
Wisconsin, State, donor, 27, 170.
Wisconsin, meaning of the name, 351; early explorers and missionaries, 322; early trading posts, 323; 1716, De Louvigny's expedition, 78–85; 1728, De Lignery's expedition, 86–95; 1729, allied Indians defeat the Foxes, 104; 1730, March, Marin defeats the Foxes, 95–104; 1730, May, Du Buisson's expedition, 106, 107; 1730, September, De Villiers defeats the Foxes, 107; 1732, Iroquois and Hurons against the Foxes, 120; 1735, De Noyelle's expedition, 120; 1741, Sauks and Foxes troublesome, 113–14, 120–21; 1746, supposed war with Foxes, 103; 1756–'57, Sauks and Foxes in French war, 117; 1811, Winnebagoes at Tippecanoe, 96, 142, 143; 1813, Winnebagoes at Thames, 96; 1818, Col. Edward's notice, 158; 1825, treaty at Prairie Du Chien, 123, 391; 1826, Methode and family killed, 126–27; 1827, Winnebago out-break, 142–54, 156–58, 178–204; 1828–'29, mythical incident, 158; 1829, treaty at Prairie Du Chien, 153; 1830, Sauks and

Foxes attack Indians, 256–58; 1832, Sauk war, 259–64, 287–297, 300–304, 306–315; 1835–'36, public land sales, 373; 1836, population, 336; 1836, schools, 354; 1846, constitutional convention, 341, 359; 1848, school laws enacted, 343; early schools, 323–68; first settlers educated, 324; first schools in families, 324, 353; schools among Indians, 326, 354–56; military and post schools, 328, 353; early schools in the Lead Region, 333; first schools of Eastern settlers, 335; system of public schools, 337; State University, 345; graded schools, 345; academies and colleges, 346; early lumbering, 242–54, 273; field of historic culture, 9; historical writers, 171–72; encouragement to emigrants, 159–60.

Wolcott, Dr. E. B., a vice president, 1861, 33.

Woodman, Hon. Cyrus, a vice president, 1860–'61, 1867–68, 32, 33, vii, viii.

Woodward, W. E., historical series, 26, 166.

Wool, Gen., visits Green Bay, 1818, 158.

Worthen, Prof. A. H., donor, 165.

Worthington, Hon. D., member Executive Committee, 1864–68, 36–38, vii, viii; early teacher, 336.

Wright, Hon. H. A., State Superintendent, 365; aided to re-organize the society, 15.

Wynne's History of British Empire in America, cited, 81.

Wynne, T. H., donor, 165.

YELLOW (or Painted Rock) Creek, 126.

Young, Austin, almost cannibalized, 254.

Young, Hon. E. W., donor, 27.